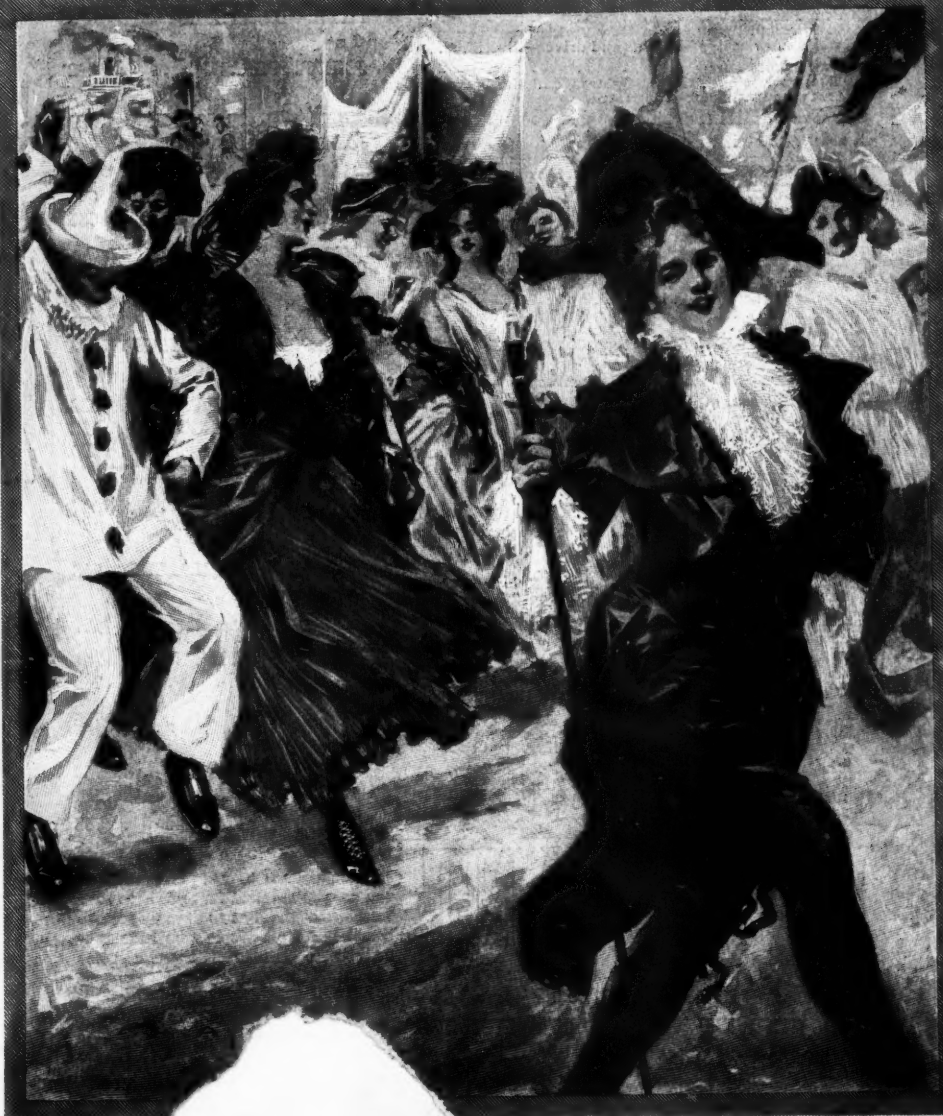


VOL. XXII.

FEBRUARY, 1900.

No. 5.

# THE MUNSEY



FRANK A. MUNSEY, 111 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.

# MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE

The entire contents of this magazine are protected by copyright, and must not be reprinted without the publisher's permission.

## CONTENTS FOR FEBRUARY, 1900.

"The Hope of Spring" From the painting by C. von Bodenhausen.	FRONTISPIECE
In the Public Eye Pictures and notes on topics of present interest and importance.	619
Central Park in Winter Nature and humanity in New York's great playground when snow covers its lawns and drives—illustrated.	RAYMOND S. SPEARS . . . 633
Some Famous Admirals The world's greatest sea fighters, and the brave deeds that won their fame—illustrated.	JOHN R. SPEARS . . . 642
The One Possible Man, A Short Story	JULIET WILBOR TOMPKINS 650
Policing the Railroads Pointing out a weak spot in the management of American railroads, and the remedy therefor.	JOSIAH FLYNT . . . 658
Cap and Bells, A Poem	ERNEST MCGAFFEY . . . 664
Ski Running—A New Sport An exhilarating winter pastime which is Norway's contribution to the round of American sport—illustrated.	HENRY HARRISON LEWIS . 665
Sailor Princes of Today Royal boys who may one day command some of the navies of the world—illustrated.	FRITZ MORRIS . . . 669
In Absence, A Poem	DOUGLAS HEMINGWAY . . 673
The Isle of Unrest, A Serial Story, Chapters IX-XIII Illustrated by Wright, Relyea, Marchand, and King.	HENRY SETON MERRIMAN . 674
The Tarleton Colors	KATE JORDAN VERMILYE . 688
Thompson's Anniversary	DAVID H. TALMADGE . . 692
An Outraged Conventionality	SARAH ARMOUR . . . 696
The Lion's Skin	HENRY WALLACE PHILLIPS 699
To You, A Poem—illustrated	HELEN NOE . . . 703
The City of the Automobile The remarkable vogue gained by the horseless vehicle in Paris—illustrated.	EDWIN WILDMAN . . . 704
The Episcopal Church in New York The foremost diocese of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States, and its high position and great social and personal influence in the metropolis—illustrated.	WILLIAM KIRKUS, M.A., LL.B. 713
A Day, A Poem	THEODOSIA GARRISON . . 730
Sophia, A Serial Story, Chapters XX-XXIII	STANLEY J. WEYMAN . . 731
The Stage With portraits of theatrical favorites of the day.	745
The Moral Adventuress The remarkable skill displayed by a certain class of women in getting something for nothing.	JAMES L. FORD . . . 755
The Temptation of Ten Per Cent How certain ingenious swindlers bid ten per cent a week for fools with money, and cornered the market.	WALTER L. HAWLEY . . 759
Literary Chat	763

# IMPORTANT

swindler. The subscription, of course, never reaches this office.

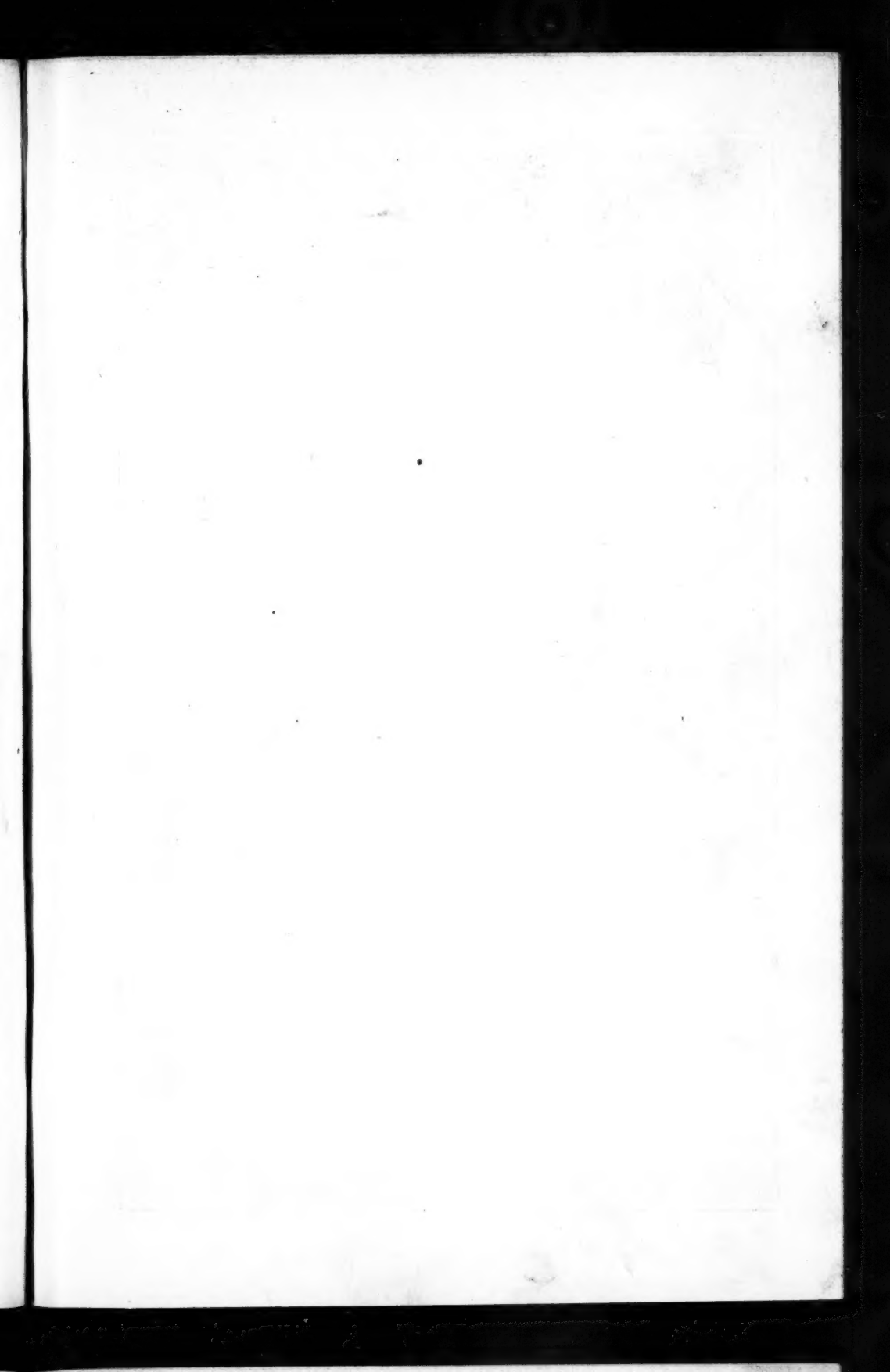
YEARLY SUBSCRIPTIONS, \$1.00 in advance. Single copies, ten cents.

ISSUED MONTHLY by FRANK A. MUNSEY,

Do not subscribe to MUNSEY'S through agents unknown to you personally. If you do, you may find that you have been victimized. Every few days we receive complaints from people who have subscribed to MUNSEY'S through some

Avenue, New York.







"THE HOPE OF SPRING."

*From the painting by C. von Bodenhausen.*

# MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXII.

FEBRUARY, 1900.

No. 5.

## IN THE PUBLIC EYE.

PICTURES AND NOTES ON TOPICS OF PRESENT INTEREST AND IMPORTANCE—MEN, WOMEN, AND THINGS THAT ARE HELPING TO MAKE THE HISTORY OF THE DAY.

### A VETERAN AMERICAN SOLDIER.

There is but a small and dwindling list of American officers who served through the Civil War and who are still on the active list of the army. Another gallant veteran recently dropped from the roll in the person of Brigadier General Gilbert S. Carpenter, who retired shortly after receiving his "star." General Carpenter was not one of the dozen men whose service dates back to the first day of the great conflict of North and South, but he was commissioned a lieutenant in an Ohio volunteer regiment just eleven days later. Early in the war he was transferred to the ranks of the regular army, and speedily won a commission in the regiment of

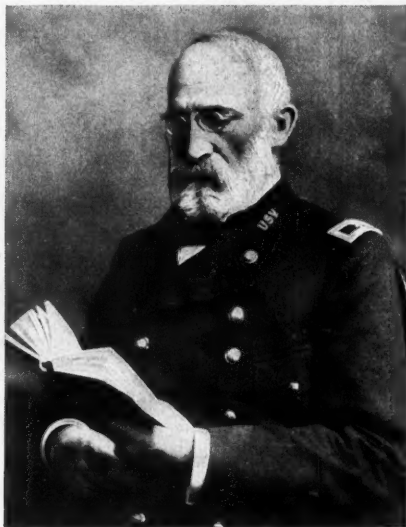
which he was afterward colonel—the Eighteenth Infantry. He saw plenty of fighting, and in the battle of Murfreesboro he was severely wounded. He came out of the four years' struggle a captain, and it is characteristic of the great stagnation of promotion which followed the war that he remained a captain for more than twenty seven years.

Two years ago, when there came another call to active duty, he was lieutenant colonel of the Seventh Infantry, which formed part of Shafter's corps at Santiago, and bore the heaviest brunt of the fighting in the attack upon Caney. Last spring he was promoted colonel of the Eighteenth and ordered to the Philippines, and the



COLONEL WILLIAM P. DUVALL, OF THE FORTY EIGHTH VOLUNTEER INFANTRY.

*From a photograph by Haynes, St. Paul.*



BRIGADIER GENERAL GILBERT S. CARPENTER, FORMERLY COLONEL OF THE EIGHTEENTH INFANTRY.

*From a photograph by Chase, Denver.*

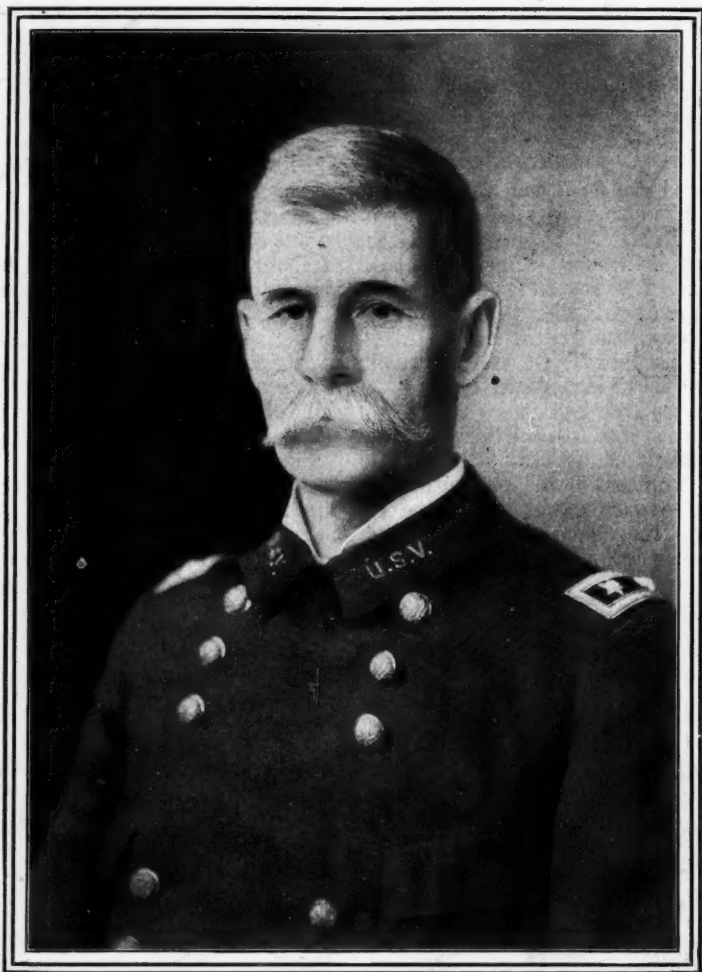
last service of his long career was a successful campaign against the insurgents in the island of Panay.

#### THE DEATH OF AN IDEAL SOLDIER.

The career of the late Major General Lawton was one which shows that romance

physique and tireless energy, who shrank from no toil or hardship, and never knew the meaning of fear.

His life was full of picturesque chapters—in the Civil War, as an Indian fighter, before Santiago, and in scattering the last forces of insurrection in Luzon. He once told of the day when he received his com-



THE LATE MAJOR GENERAL HENRY W. LAWTON, KILLED AT SAN MATEO, LUZON, DECEMBER 19, 1899.

*From a photograph by Parker, Washington.*

and adventure have not perished out of the world even in this prosaic day. The commander who fell in the forefront of the attack upon the Filipino stronghold at San Mateo was a very reincarnation of the spirit of the warriors of old. He was the ideal soldier—a man of magnificent

mission as a captain. "When it was handed me," he said, "I would not have changed places with king or kaiser. I was nineteen years old, and though my upper lip was as bare as a girl's, I was captain in a fighting regiment. I felt that if I had a vocation for anything on earth, it was the





COLONEL EDWARD J. MCCLERNAND, OF THE FORTY FOURTH VOLUNTEER INFANTRY.

*From a photograph by Johnston, Easton.*



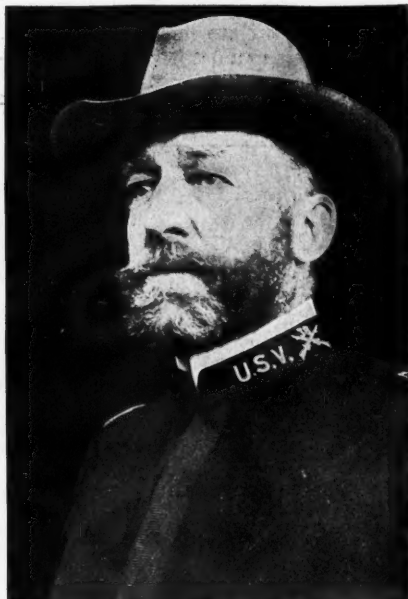
LIEUTENANT COLONEL ROBERT LEE HOWZE, OF THE THIRTY FOURTH VOLUNTEER INFANTRY.

*From a photograph by Rinchart, Omaha.*



LIEUTENANT COLONEL E. H. PLUMMER, OF THE THIRTY FIFTH VOLUNTEER INFANTRY.

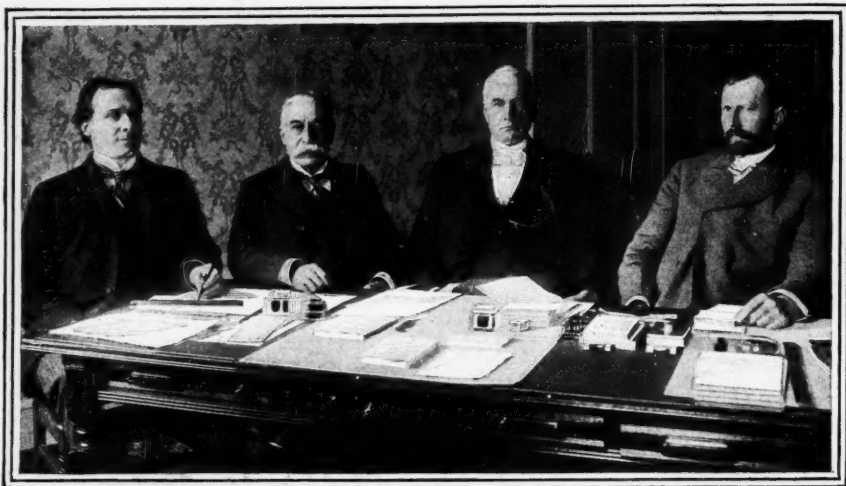
*From a photograph by Marceau, Los Angeles.*



COLONEL GEORGE S. ANDERSON, OF THE THIRTY EIGHTH VOLUNTEER INFANTRY.

*From a photograph.*

FOUR OFFICERS OF THE UNITED STATES VOLUNTEER REGIMENTS.



President Schurman.

Admiral Dewey.

Colonel Denby.

Professor Worcester.

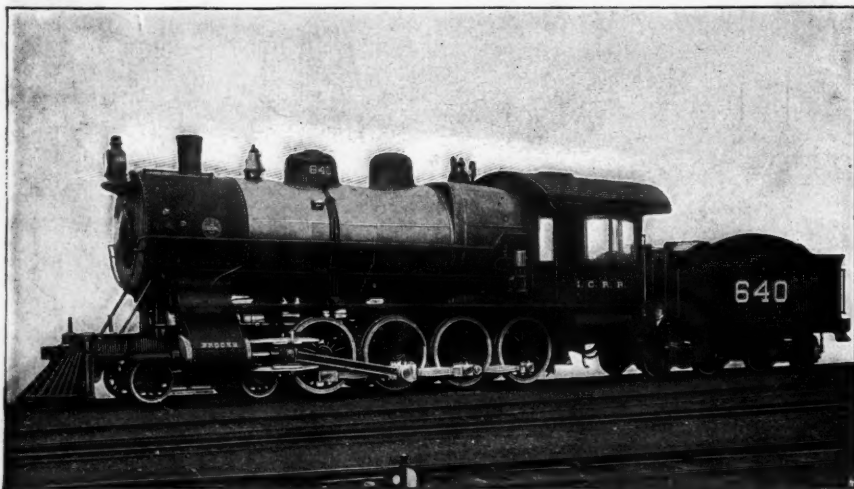
THE PHILIPPINE COMMISSIONERS, WHOSE REPORT IS THE CHIEF OFFICIAL BASIS OF THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT'S POLICY IN THE EAST.

*From a copyrighted photograph by Miss Frances Benjamin Johnston.*

life of a soldier. Then and there I determined to make the service of my country my life's work." His resolution was to be abundantly fulfilled. He saw plenty of hard service during the Civil War, and just before its close he won a medal of honor by leading a desperate and successful charge against a fortified position.

Twenty years later there came another

remarkable episode in Lawton's life, of which a fellow officer has given a striking description. General Miles had chosen him to hunt down Geronimo, the untamable Apache who had so long been a terror to the Southwest. That was a memorable hunt. Lawton and his little detachment "followed the Indians' trail over a country that God Almighty made in



A "RECORD BREAKING" AMERICAN LOCOMOTIVE—A TWELVE WHEEL FREIGHT ENGINE RECENTLY BUILT FOR THE ILLINOIS CENTRAL RAILROAD. IT IS SAID TO BE THE LARGEST AND HEAVIEST EVER CONSTRUCTED, WEIGHING IN WORKING ORDER, WITH TENDER, ONE HUNDRED AND EIGHTY TWO TONS.



LIEUTENANT COLONEL ALBERT S. CUMMINS, OF THE  
TWENTY SEVENTH VOLUNTEER INFANTRY.  
*From a photograph by Prince, New York.*



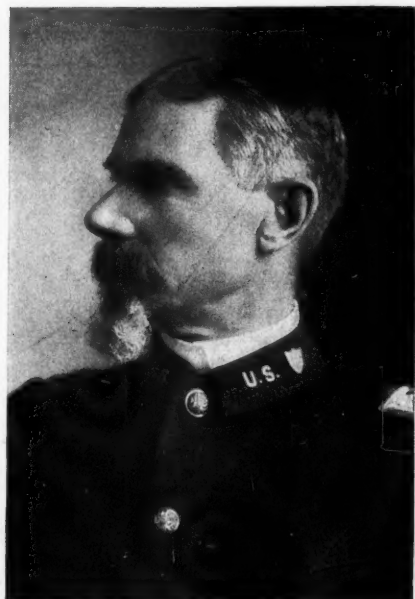
COLONEL MERRITT BARBER, ASSISTANT ADJUTANT  
GENERAL IN THE PHILIPPINES.  
*From a photograph by Hamm, Chicago.*

wrath. Farther and farther into the vast solitudes they toiled. Volcanic crests reared about them. Lava tore the leather

from their feet. They drank from springs that gushed thousands of feet above the valleys. They wandered in



LIEUTENANT COLONEL BERNARD A. BYRNE, OF THE  
FORTIETH VOLUNTEER INFANTRY.  
*From a photograph by Barr, San Antonio.*



LIEUTENANT COLONEL ARTHUR L. WAGNER, ASSISTANT  
ADJUTANT GENERAL IN THE PHILIPPINES.  
*From a photograph by Rowley, De Kalb.*

FOUR AMERICAN OFFICERS NOW SERVING IN THE PHILIPPINES.

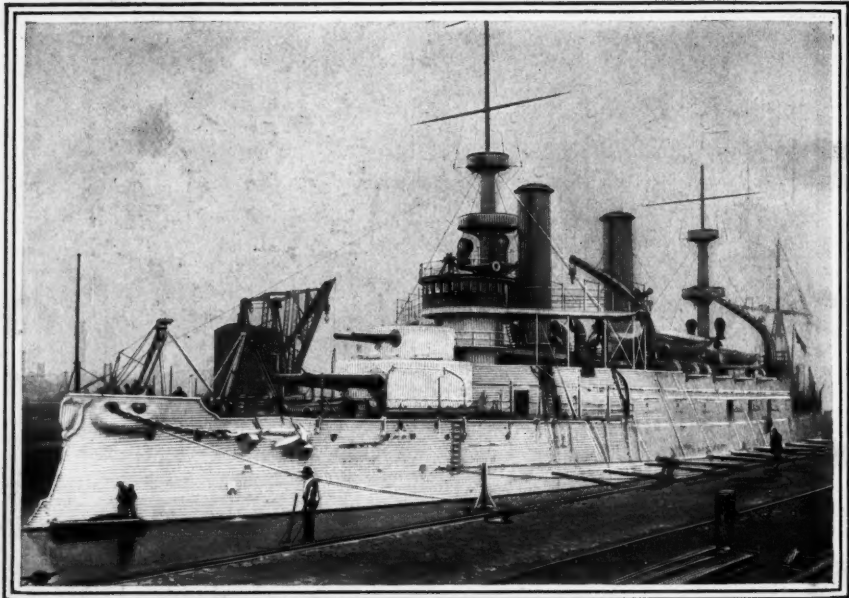
canyons so deep and dark that through the narrow ribbon of white far above them the stars were seen at midday. They lived upon animals no wilder than the men they were pursuing, and scarcely more wild than they. Now and then, from a forest of pines far above them, a shred of blue smoke drifted on the furnace air, followed by the shrill of the bullet's wild singing. The horses long since had been left behind. The cavalrymen were on foot, with Lawton at their head, his teeth hard set. 'We'll walk them down,' he told his sergeant, when the mountains were reached. He was walking them down.



LIEUTENANT JAMES N. MUNRO, FOURTH CAVALRY,  
WHO CAPTURED EIGHT HUNDRED INSURGENTS  
AT BAYOMBONG.

"Six weeks later an Indian, whose bones seemed ready to start through his skin, came into camp and said that Geronimo was ready to surrender. Lawton went alone to the lair of the starving wolves and received their submission. He stood among them, their masters by virtue of superior courage and strength and hardihood, and they followed him like sheep to food and imprisonment."

Twelve years more, and Lawton again breathed the stern joy of battle at Caney, the hardest fought encounter of the brief war with Spain, where he himself said, was finally won "by a charge such as is made only



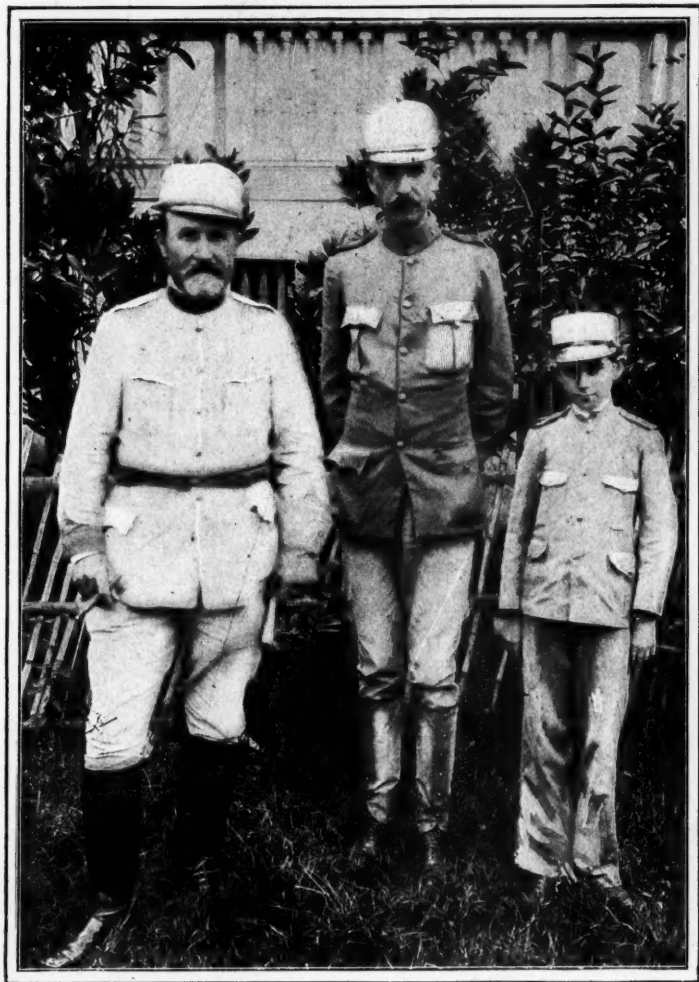
THE NEW AMERICAN BATTLESHIP KENTUCKY IN DRY DOCK. THE KENTUCKY IS A VESSEL OF 11,525 TONS, A SISTER SHIP OF THE KEARSARGE.



by American soldiers, killing, wounding, or capturing almost every enemy." In the Philippines he found no foeman worthy of his steel, but he followed up the elusive insurgent bands as tirelessly

do—to bear a charmed life, till his last fight at San Mateo on the 19th of December.

General Lawton's wife and four children were with him at Manila, and one of the latter, a boy of twelve, appears in the



General Grant.

Captain Fenton.

Manley Lawton.

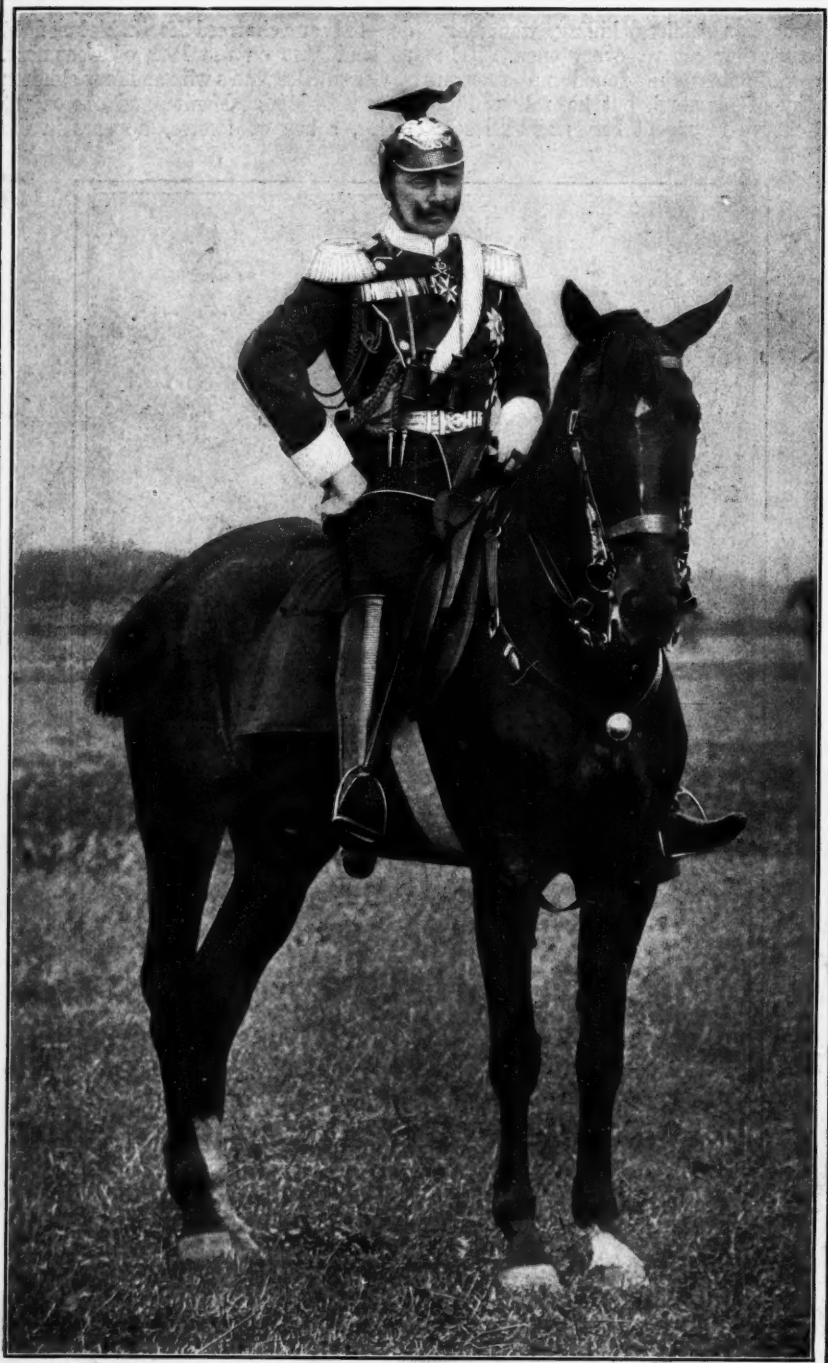
A GROUP AT BRIGADIER GENERAL FREDERICK D. GRANT'S HEADQUARTERS AT BAKOOR, WHERE HE HAS BEEN STATIONED IN COMMAND OF THE SECOND BRIGADE, FIRST DIVISION, EIGHTH ARMY CORPS.

as he had pursued the Apaches, and in every skirmish he sought the front. Utterly regardless of danger in exposing himself, and made still more conspicuous by his giant stature, and by his habit of wearing a distinctive uniform, he had always seemed—as so many daring soldiers

engraving on this page as a volunteer aid on General Fred Grant's staff.

#### A YOUNG OFFICER'S EXPLOIT.

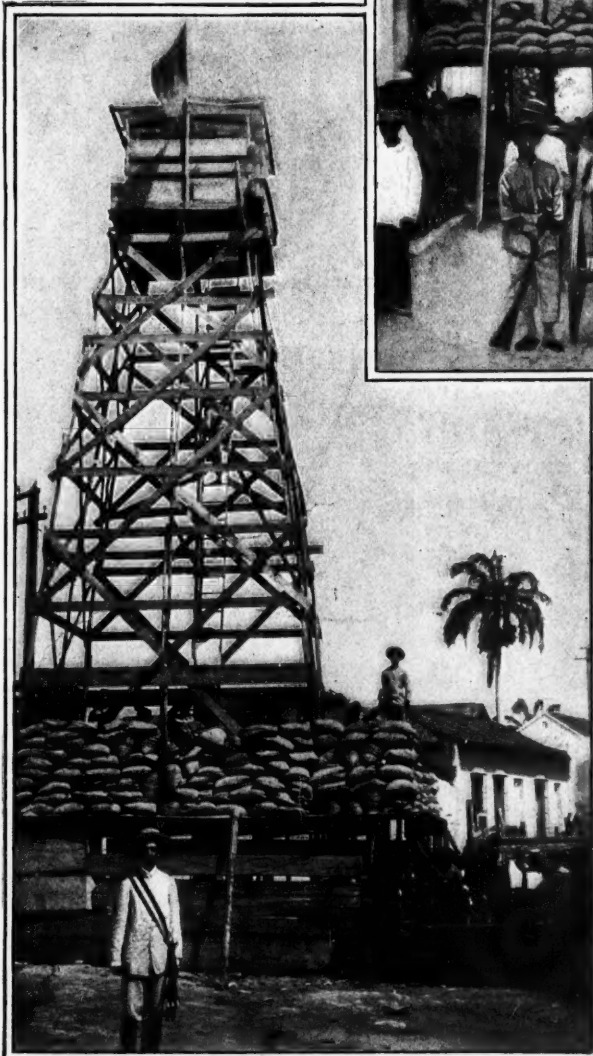
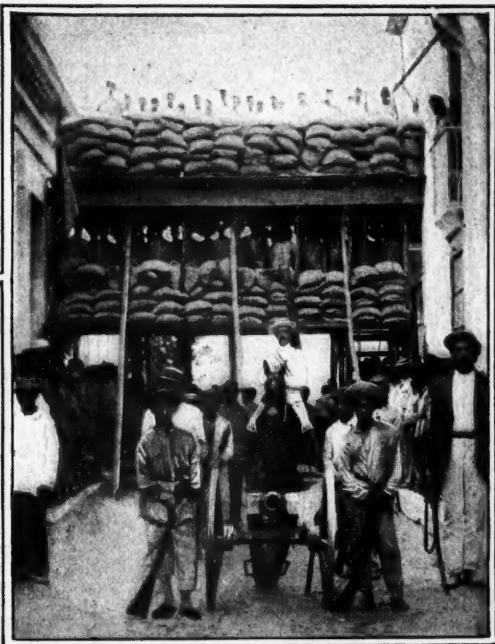
In all the long campaign in the Philippines no more clever piece of work has



THE EMPEROR WILLIAM DURING THE GERMAN ARMY MANEUVERS IN SEPTEMBER LAST.

*From a photograph by Jacobi, Metz.*

been done than the exploit of Lieutenant James N. Munro, Fourth Cavalry, at Bayombong, on November 28. The lieutenant, one of the youngest officers who have held any sort of an independent command—indeed, he is a mere boy, only two years out of West Point—was in charge of one of Lawton's scattered detach-



THE LATEST REVOLUTION IN VENEZUELA—STREET FORTIFICATIONS IN THE TOWN OF PUERTO CABELLO, WHICH GENERAL ANTONIO PAREDES ATTEMPTED TO HOLD AGAINST THE GOVERNMENT TROOPS.

ments, fifty men of the Fourth Cavalry, moving through the province of Nueva Vizcaya (New Biscay), in northeastern Luzon. Nearing Bayombong, which was known to be garrisoned by the insurgents, he tapped a telegraph wire, and sent into the town a message stating that he was advancing with a large force, and demanding the garrison's surrender. After some negotiation, General Conon, the Filipino commander, agreed to capitulate to "superior force." Lieutenant Munro replied that he would march in with a small guard; and he and his fifty men entered Bayombong, and received the surrender of eight hundred Filipinos—who never guessed that an army was not behind him—together



PRINCE ALEXANDER OF TECK, LIEUTENANT IN THE  
INNISKILLING DRAGOONS.



PRINCE ADOLPHUS OF TECK, CAPTAIN IN THE FIRST  
LIFE GUARDS.



PRINCE FRANCIS OF TECK, CAPTAIN IN THE FIRST  
ROYAL DRAGOONS.



PRINCE CHRISTIAN VICTOR, MAJOR IN THE KING'S  
ROYAL RIFLES.

FOUR MEMBERS OF THE BRITISH ROYAL FAMILY WHO HAVE GONE TO THE FRONT IN  
SOUTH AFRICA.



with munitions of war and Spanish and American prisoners.

It was a remarkably bold and successful ruse, and one which George Washington, even in his most uncompromisingly truthful moment, would have heartily approved.

#### A ROYAL POLAR EXPLORER.

Polar exploration is not usually reckoned among the comparatively limited number of amusements open to royalty; hence the young Duke of Abruzzi—who is a



REAR ADMIRAL SIR FREDERICK G. D. BEDFORD,  
K. C. B., COMMANDING THE BRITISH SQUADRON  
ON THE NORTH AMERICAN STATION.

*From a photograph by Russell, London.*



THE DUKE OF ABRUZZI, NEPHEW OF THE KING OF  
ITALY, WHO IS NOW IN THE ARCTIC REGIONS  
WITH HIS SHIP, THE STELLA POLARE.

*From a photograph by Scuitto, Genoa.*

nephew of the King of Italy, and a son of the late Amadeo of Spain—deserves the prestige of a pioneer. The Italian prince's ship, the *Stella Polare*, was last sighted about six months ago off the icy shores of Franz Josef Land. A little later a pigeon message was received from him, announcing that he had established himself for the winter at a point near the hut in which Nansen spent the long arctic night in 1895-6.

He is said to be full of enthusiasm for the difficult and dangerous work he has taken up. Before he started he had a long conference with Dr. Nansen, who at first tried to dissuade him by telling him of the hardships he was sure to encounter. Then, finding that the young duke was no whit discouraged, the Norwegian explorer offered to join him; but the suggestion was declined, Abruzzi naturally reflecting that the world would be likely to credit Nansen with the lion's share of any glory the expedition might succeed in reaping. He has declared that he will either reach the pole or perish in the attempt. He has a fine equipment, including a hundred and twenty Eskimo dogs; and the necessary funds, which were not inconsiderable, came entirely from his own pocket.

It seems to be pretty well settled that the only feasible method of reaching the long sought center of the arctic regions is by a rapid sledge journey over the polar ice, starting early in spring—in March or even in February—from a winter base as far north as possible, and returning before the June sun makes the frozen surface too soft for travel. Three explorers are

come that it will be a marvelous achievement if any one of the three reaches the goal of his hopes.

#### FOUR SOLDIER PRINCES.

When Queen Victoria's third son, the Duke of Connaught, tried to secure an appointment to South Africa, he was



BRIGADIER GENERAL HENRY C. CORBIN, ADJUTANT GENERAL OF THE UNITED STATES ARMY.

*From a photograph by Clinedinst, Washington.*

hoping to make such a "dash for the pole" this year. Two—the Norwegian Sverdrup and the American Peary—will set out from North Greenland. The third is the Duke of Abruzzi, whose starting point in Franz Josef Land is nearer the pole, and who, if less experienced, has youth, plenty of pluck, and all the mechanical assistances that money can purchase.

But such are the difficulties to be over-

politely but firmly "turned down" by the British war office—not only on the score of his mother's personal anxiety, but because no commander likes to be responsible for the safety of so important a personage. Nevertheless, four of the younger members of the English royal family have found their way to the front.

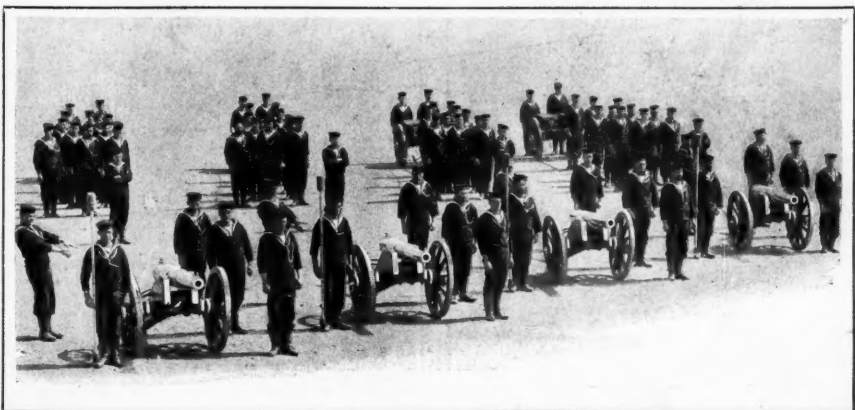
Three of these are the Teck boys, sons of the late Princess Mary, Victoria's first cousin, and brothers of the Duchess of



ON THE MARCH.



"LOAD!"



"FIRE!"

BRITISH BLUEJACKETS AS LAND FIGHTERS. A DETACHMENT OF MARINES WITH A BATTERY OF FOUR LIGHT FIELD GUNS.



HON. ARCHIBALD LIONEL LINDSAY, SECOND SON OF THE EARL OF LINDSAY.

*From a photograph by Notman, Boston.*



MISS ETHEL TUCKER OF BOSTON, WHOM MR. LINDSAY IS TO MARRY IN JANUARY.

*From a photograph by Stokes, Boston.*

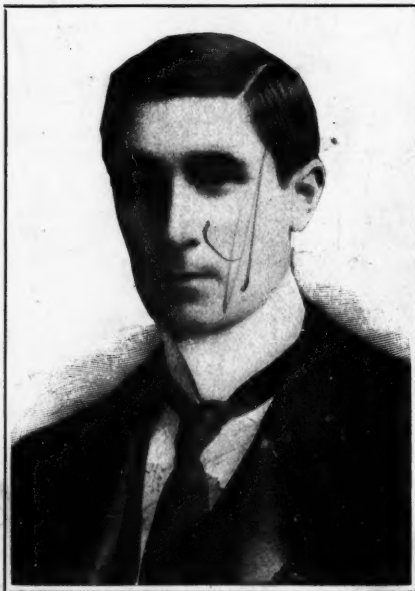
York, who will in due course be queen and empress in Victoria's stead. The fourth member of the quartet, Prince Christian

Victor, is the son of the queen's third daughter, Princess Helena, who married Prince Christian of Schleswig-Holstein.



HON. LILIAN PAUNCEFOTE, DAUGHTER OF LORD PAUNCEFOTE, BRITISH AMBASSADOR TO THE UNITED STATES.

*From a photograph by Alice Hughes, London.*



ROBERT BROMLEY, OF THE BRITISH EMBASSY AT WASHINGTON, WHO IS TO MARRY MISS PAUNCEFOTE IN FEBRUARY.

*From a photograph by Gilbert, London.*





## CENTRAL PARK IN WINTER.

BY RAYMOND S. SPEARS.

NATURE AND HUMANITY IN NEW YORK'S GREAT PLAYGROUND WHEN SNOW COVERS ITS LAWNS AND DRIVES, AND ICE INVITES SKATERS TO ITS LAKES.

THE flurries of snow curling over the Palisades, sweeping across the broad Hudson, fleeing from the illuminated buildings and streets of Manhattan Island, find a soft bed on the lawns and under the black trees of Central Park. It is not such a resting place as a sturdy breasted, self respecting Adirondack snow storm would deign to seek, but to the weary, travel stained, smoke begrimed snow which gets so far south and so close to the sea as the mouth of the Hudson, Central Park is a far better resting place than the dirty pavements between the human dwellings. If any one thinks this a far fetched metaphor, let him wade through the slush of New York's streets to the quiet paths and snow laden trees of Central Park some day after a snowfall. If ever snow looked buoyant and cheerful it is that which escapes over the piles of brick and stone to

the comparatively natural environment of the Park.

Not only will the snow be interesting to contemplate, but the people one meets, and all the surroundings, have a new charm; for the snow has a distinctive way of bringing out angles and curves, and there are many chances of making unexpected discoveries. Almost every sort of humanity goes to the Park at one time or another, and those who are kept away by a little snow are hardly worth considering. Besides, the snow attracts some who would not go there save that they wish to see again the festooned trees, and feel the cold, sweet breath of a snowy field, with which they were familiar in years and joys gone forever. These are most interesting of all.

It is said that the original idea of Central Park was that it should be a patch of real country amid a city, a place to

which men could go and enjoy fresh air and country scenery, including the broad fields, the sugar bush, the pastures and farm buildings, which go to make up respectable country. With this object in mind, around the borders of the new park were set out trees whose thick tops would shut out all view of the two or three story buildings which it was presumed would one day be built around it.

"But," says the present board of Park

In the snow curious trails and signs may be found, evidence of the queer doings of visitors. Here is a place where a full grown man must have lain down and rolled over and over—perhaps he was the stately six footer who was seen to enter the Mariner's Gate, on the west side at Eighty Fifth Street. There is another place, near the reservoirs, where one can decipher how somebody with trailing skirts fled, pursued by a square toed indi-



WHEN THE BALL IS UP—A CROWD OF SKATERS ON THE LAKE, NEAR SEVENTY SECOND STREET

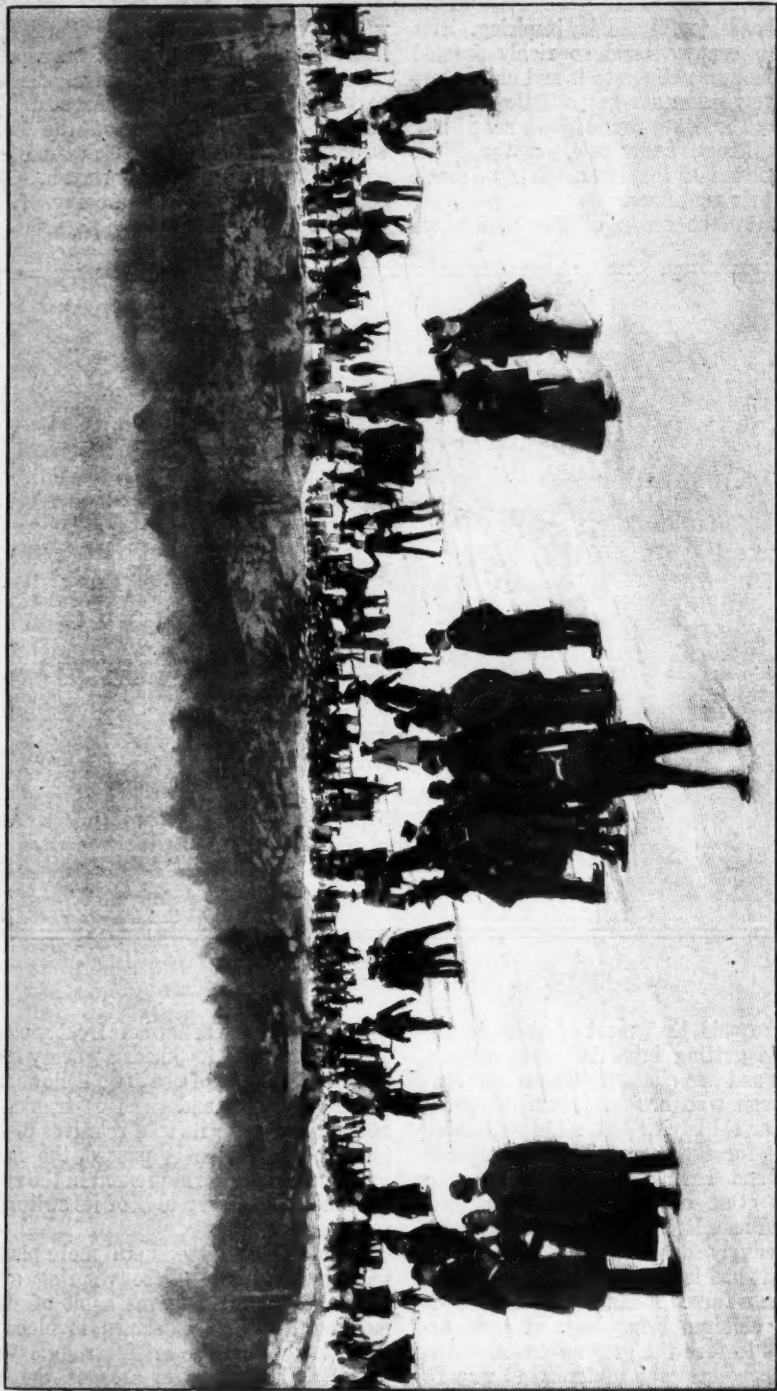
*From a photograph by Byron, New York.*

Commissioners, "they (the founders) did not look forward to the day of fifteen story apartment house and hotel architecture, and their plans failed, for it is impossible nowadays to shut out all view of the city from those who are there to seek the aspect of the country."

There were some other things the founders did not contemplate—"keep off the grass" signs, for instance. The crowds that visit the Park, were they to receive full liberty, would wear and tear the lawns, shrubbery, and trees to pieces; so in every direction lead asphalt paths, wide enough for six, to which one must keep during most of the year. But a fall of snow opens the way to any place in the Park.

vidual, into high banks on which both floundered and jabbed their arms into the snow to the elbows, accounting for the gloves and rubbers picked up by the caretakers after the snow melts. Of course, these juvenile antics of grown people usually take place after the lights of night appear, but in the less frequented localities, daylight sometimes witnesses such spectacles.

But it is the children that glory most in the snow, and find in it temptations fit to make the nurses weary. Some little tots have their own way and waddle through it to their hearts' delight, packing uneven snowballs and throwing them at any one near by, screaming and rolling over for glee. They wrestle, race, and shake



ON THE CENTRAL PARK LAKE—"THE CHINKING MUSIC OF THE SKATES SINGS AN UNFORGETTABLE CHANT."

*From a photograph by Byron, New York.*

their heads, joyful and joy inspiring. But there is many a child so richly dressed that the nurse clings to it and chides lest the lovely garments get a little snow on them. These are found down near Fifty Ninth Street, as a rule, on the Fifth Avenue side of the Park, talking French with their guardians.

But to the credit of the children it

wild cats which make the Park their home are able to kill them from time to time. The scenes of these tragedies are to be found after every snow storm, especially along the edge of the lakes, where the shrubs are thick and low enough to resemble underbrush. The tragedies are real, and worthy of the observer's attention.



AT THE EDGE OF THE LAKE.

*From a photograph by Byron, New York.*

must be said that most of them do succeed in getting into the snow, spite of nurses and fine clothes. There is no Park policeman who has not found a four or five year old boy or girl, all alone, exploring the forests "across lots" through the snow, and having adventures at every jump. One or two of the big, good natured men have been frightened to find a seemingly dead child in the snow—where it had lain down to sleep, as much alive as a furred Eskimo papoose.

The children bring bags of nuts and cookies to feed the gray squirrels, and as living is so easy the squirrels get very fat and lose much of their naturally alert and spry ways. Consequently the lean, half

In the snow one sees where a cat sneaked along, sinking to its knees at every step, taking advantage of the little hollows, the thickest bushes, and the tree trunks, to conceal itself like its wild relatives of the big woods. Where it paused, the mark of its crouching form pressed in the snow is found, and the brushing of its switching tail marks the eagerness of the hunt. The end of the chase is still more plainly indicated, for the vigorous spring at a mouse or squirrel leaves a bit of deep molding. Success is shown by blood in the snow where the brief struggle took place. When the prey escapes, the disappointment of the hunter is noticeable in the way the trail turns aside from the





A CENTRAL PARK DRIVEWAY IN WINTER. "MOST OF THE HORSES DRIVEN IN THE PARK ARE THOROUGHBREDS."

*From a photograph by Byron, New York.*

track of the game, as if to say, "Well, you got away that time!"

There are other pot hunters besides cats in the Park, and they are far more

interesting, because they are not mere outcasts and runaways, but genuine freebooters, who always were and always will be on the lookout for a chance to kill be-



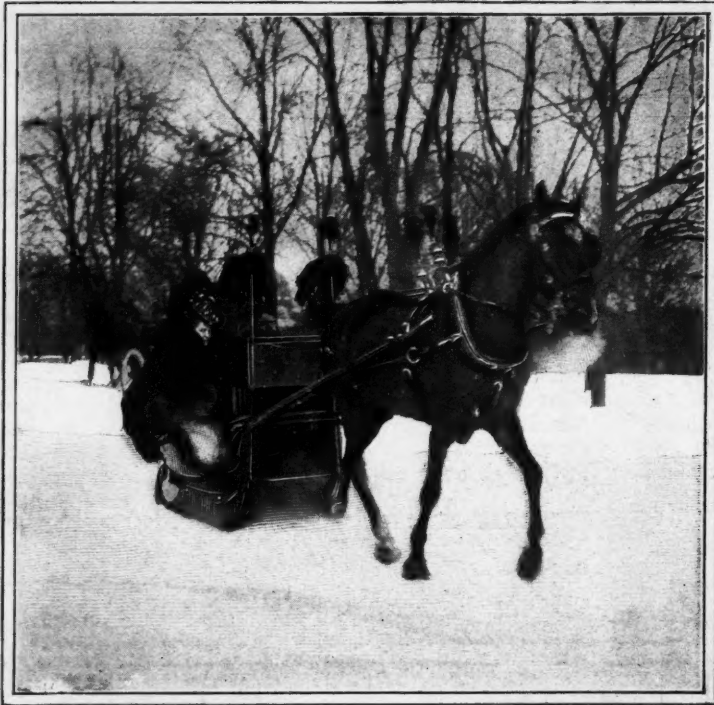
CURLING, THE SCOTTISH WINTER GAME—THERE IS ROOM FOR MANY SPORTS IN CENTRAL PARK, AND A CORNER IS GIVEN OVER TO THE ENTHUSIASTS OF THE "STANES" AND "BESOMS."

*From a photograph by Byron, New York.*



fore eating, and wouldn't eat off a plate if they starved for it. These are birds of prey, fierce hawks which swoop down upon the careless Park birds, bringing sudden death to robins and sparrows; and owls which fly by night—winged destruction to sleeping birds among the branches of the trees. These fierce visitors appear with the storms which cause the small mam-

are proud of their muscle, and take such good care of it as to surprise the stranger—especially the belligerent one; and many of these muscular men train in the Park. They are not allowed to wrestle or box, or even throw snowballs, but up and down its hills with the stone steps, asphalt walks, and miles of picturesque territory there are runways fit to train the cross



A WINTER MORNING DRIVE IN CENTRAL PARK.

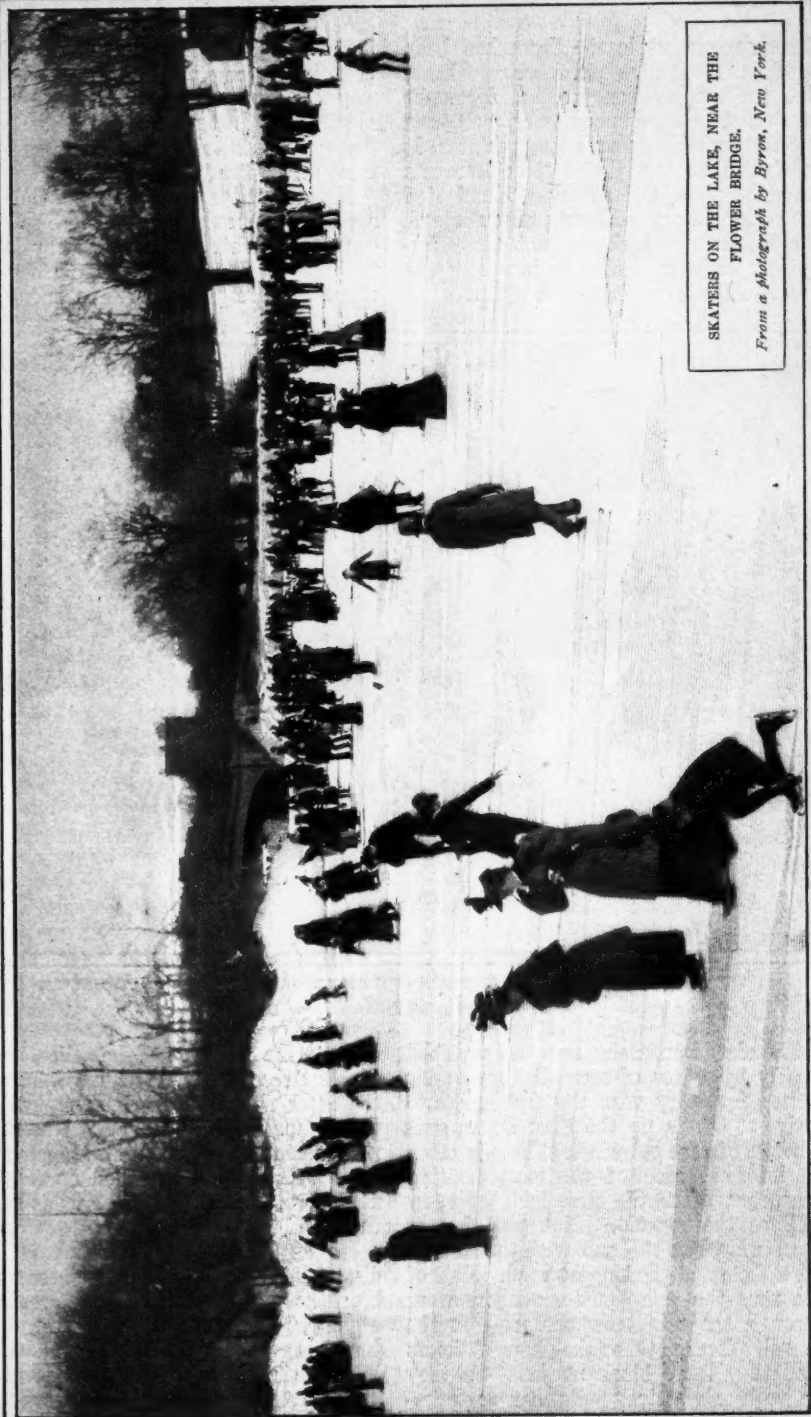
*From a photograph by Byron, New York.*

mals of their own haunts to hibernate and the birds to seek warmer latitudes.

The birds wintering in Central Park are its most remarkable feature to the minds of those who like to study the ways of nature. There, in the heart of the greatest American city, one may see things which naturalists in vast forests have tried to see in vain. A mere catalogue of the species of birds seen in the Park would number hundreds; and the winter residents and visitors count up by the score. But New Yorkers go to Central Park for many things besides the study of bird nature. Thousands of them

country runner. Here many prize winners have developed, notably the long distance runners. They come along in pairs and by the half dozen, at a dog trot, and pass every one. They travel at night, usually, or very early in the morning, from early fall to late spring. They are members of clubs, as a rule, and often run a mile or more to get to the Park. Neither rain nor snow deters them, and the lonely Park policemen like to see their black clad figures rustle along the silent paths.

Of course, if there is very cold weather, skaters become buoyant with the hope of good glary ice; but of late years—for



SKATERS ON THE LAKE, NEAR THE  
FLOWER BRIDGE.

*From a photograph by Byron, New York.*

three seasons at least—there has been but little skating in Central Park. The ice quickly honeycombs, for some mysterious reason, presumably salt, and the skating rinks do a thriving business. It is too bad, because the Harlem Mere is a beautiful place, and at night, illuminated by white and colored lights, the figures on the ice make a spectacle not easily forgotten, while the chinking music of the skates sings an unforgettable chant.

the racers are generally to be found here and there along the course. The finish may or may not be exciting from the sporting man's standpoint, but in one sense the end of the ride is only a commencement of the fun.

Most of the horses driven in the Park are thoroughbreds, and some are so nervous and high strung that runaways occur frequently. Last November, for instance, there were eighteen serious enough to



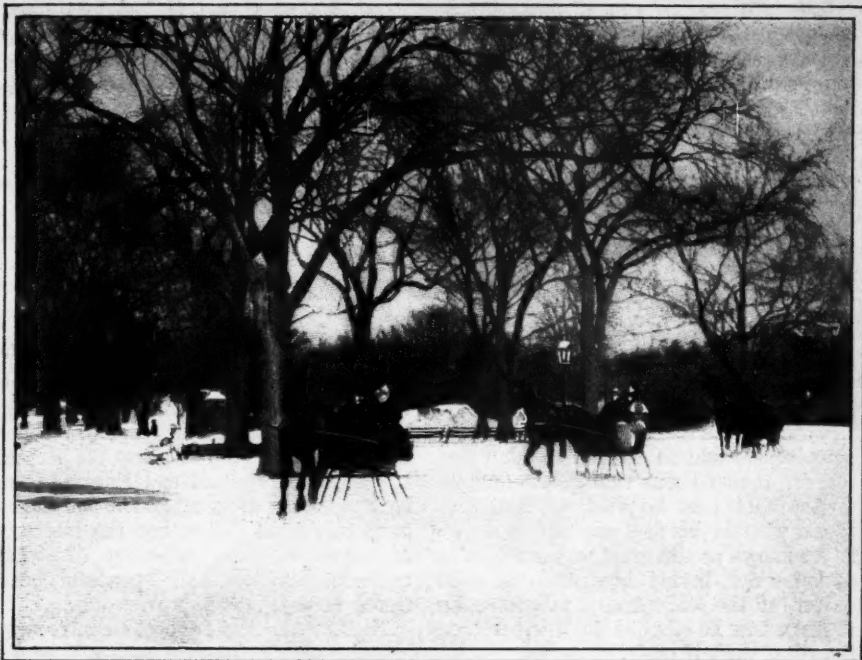
THE EAST DRIVE'S ENDLESS PROCESSION OF VEHICLES ON RUNNERS AND ON WHEELS.

*From a photograph by Byron, New York.*

The clouds promising snow are watched closely by scores of men who love their horses, for every year the first sleigh to arrive at Case's, up the East Drive, gets a bottle of rare old wine. There is often an informal race of the most exciting character, after the first inch of snow whitens the ground. Not the fastest horse wins, but the one with the strongest muscle and the longest wind. Half of the time the sharp cutter runners wear through the thin snow and rasp on the gravel. Every time the horses' hoofs land they leave black marks. On they go, with only a stray policeman or pedestrian to watch them for long stretches, though groups waiting to see and cheer

come to the attention of the police. Some of them resulted in no damage, but carriages or sleighs are often wrecked and the occupants badly injured. The police risk their necks every week stopping the mad dashes of uncontrolled horses, and more than one of them has lost his life in the work.

In one respect Central Park is very disappointing. Eyes that have seen a real brush heap, a dead tree lying prostrate, a genuine axe chopped stump, seek vainly for these reminders of the wild woods. Nowhere in the eight hundred odd acres is a place that is truly wild. The trees stand straight, and the branches are trimmed off symmetrically. The snow lies flat on the



SLEIGHS "BUILT FOR TWO," THE VEHICLES MOST POPULAR WITH MANY OF THE WINTER DRIVERS IN CENTRAL PARK.

*From a photograph by Byron, New York.*

ground. It would be such a relief to find one acre, if not as nature made it, at least grown to untamed bushes and dense with the dead limbs of fallen trees.

Of the winter sights in the Park, perhaps the most unique is that of the gulls in the main reservoir. These scavengers of the sea, who on their native beaches are so timid that they go gyrating away at sight of a man, come to the Park, at sundown, by the thousands, and drop into the reservoir to rest for the night—a great mannerly assemblage, beautiful and instructive to contemplate. Who told them that shooting in the Park is forbidden? Even wild ducks have grown tame in the lakes, and will feed from the fingers of the little tots.

The old watchman at the reservoir says, that one night the reservoir froze, and caught the gulls in the nip. There was a great commotion in the morning, when the birds awakened and found themselves frozen fast. They quieted down after a while; then one of them uttered a cry, whereat the whole flock flapped its wings and flew, lifting the thick ice in a solid

sheet with them. How they thawed out, the old man did not know; but the birds were all back that night as usual. Ever since then, my veracious informant adds, the cries of the bird sentinels have been heard at intervals during the night, presumably calling "All's well, and the water's warm enough!"

People who do things in the Park are the exception. In proportion to the mere saunterers, the breathers of the good air and the observers of the life about them, the runners, riders, and naturalists are in a very small minority. The seats are constantly in demand. The ones along the drive, winter and summer, are almost always full, but through the Ramble, where quiet reigns, self contented sweet-hearts may be found morning, noon, or night. The usual pace of the Park pedestrian is a slow, very slow walk. The average visitor never has an adventure. Possibly he may see a runaway, but that is all.

Central Park is not a place for action, but observation. It is a spot where one may rest.



# SOME FAMOUS ADMIRALS.

BY JOHN R. SPEARS.

A GROUP OF THE GREATEST SEA FIGHTERS IN THE ANNALS OF THE WORLD'S NAVIES, FROM  
MARTIN VAN TROMP TO GEORGE DEWEY, AND THE BRAVE DEEDS  
THAT WON THEIR FAME.

OF all the men who have borne the title of admiral, and by deeds done afloat have earned a place in history, none better deserves early mention in a story of the greatest of that rank than Admiral Martin Van Tromp, the Dutchman. A most remarkable man was Van Tromp; so remarkable, indeed, that though he was defeated oftener than he was victorious—in spite of the fact that he died, at last, in a battle wherein his fleet was defeated—he is yet known as the greatest seaman of a nation which, in his day, ruled the wide welter of the sea. And it is interesting to learn how he climbed to this perch on the royal yard, if one may say so.

He was born a sailor—was the son of the commander of a frigate. Frigates in that day were not large ships. Many of them, though they carried twenty guns or more, were less than ninety feet long—not so long as the victorious yacht *Columbia*, nor yet so long as an Erie canal boat. But they were the schools of the hardest men the world ever saw.

Van Tromp was in one of these schools with his father when but eleven years old—he was born in 1597—and while serving as a midshipman at that age saw his father killed and the ship captured by the French. To stir his blood still more deeply, he was detained on board a French ship in a menial capacity for three years after he was captured.

At twenty five he was executive officer of a line of battle ship; at twenty seven the captain of a frigate; at forty a vice admiral in the navy of his country, and in command of a fleet which in 1639 met and wholly defeated a Spanish fleet superior to his own in both the number of its ships and the weight of its metal. As it happened, France was at that time interested in defeating the Spanish, and the French, who had degraded the Dutch boy thirty years before, now made him a noble in recognition of his ability. It was

Martin Van Tromp's first triumph of international renown.

## THE RIVALRY OF DUTCH AND ENGLISH.

His next was in 1652—in the days when Cromwell ruled England for England's good; when the British first reached out with manly hand to grasp the scepter of the seas. Holland and England were both republics, after a fashion, and should have cultivated peace; but the interests of commerce—the interests of what unthinking people call "peaceful commerce"—precipitated war.

Neither the merits of the controversy nor the first aggressive acts can be described here, for Van Tromp had nothing to do with the quarrel until early in 1652, when he was ordered to maintain the Dutch supremacy in the narrow seas between Great Britain and the continent. Observe that here was an order to defend Dutch interests from English aggression, and that in obeying these instructions Van Tromp sailed his fleet right to the Downs the moment he was ready for action. He knew, though it is not recorded that he said it, that the best defense against an enemy's fire is a more active fire of your own. He would defend Holland by attacking the enemy.

But now he was not dealing with Spaniards. He was to meet the children of the Vikings. A drawn battle ensued; indeed, he lost two ships and the English none. Going back to Texel, Van Tromp refitted, and on June 2 of the same year sailed out once more, with a larger fleet, but only to suffer a greater disaster. A calm prevented his reaching the British when he might have crushed them, and then a mighty storm drove him home with his fleet badly shattered.

At that a mob of his countrymen, who had been accustomed to victory, actually drove him from the navy—by insults stung him into resigning. But those who



took command in his place did worse. He had not been defeated. They were, and by one of the most remarkable men that ever appeared on the British naval register. Fancy a general of the army

countrymen turned to the insulted Van Tromp and begged him to take command once more.

That year of 1652 was a famous year on the narrow seas. December 9 saw Van



ADMIRAL MARTIN VAN TROMP (1597-1653), THE GREATEST OF THE DUTCH ADMIRALS.

going afloat for the first time at the age of fifty and making fame as an admiral! But that is what Robert Blake of England did. They have a famous cruiser in the British navy now that is called the Blake—a swift, well armored, powerful cruiser. Never was a man's name perpetuated by a more appropriate memorial. Never was a ship honored by a better name.

#### ROBERT BLAKE AS A FIGHTER.

Blake, by his wonderful energy, created the ships his country needed; and by his undaunted courage and the genius for battle that was born in him, he fought them to victory when completed. He "courted war like a mistress." He met De Ruyter and De Witt and drove them to the Texel so badly whipped that their

Tromp off the Downs again, and on the next day, after twenty four hours of "jockeying" for the weather position, the brave old Dutchman wearied of the attempt, and by his actions, if not his words, said, as Commodore Perry said on Lake Erie, "To windward or to leeward, *they shall fight today.*"

That was a fight to linger forever in the history of the sea, for not only did they lock yard arms, broadside to broadside; at one time four ships, two British and two Dutch, were all lashed together while the crews charged to and fro over the rails and waded in blood to work their guns. But when it was over, Van Tromp lashed a broom to his masthead and reached up and down the British coast. He had swept his enemies from the nar-

row seas. Blake, of whom it was written, "It would have been hard to find the thing which Blake dared not do"—even he was defeated, so that the London merchants

with the upper deck of the ship, but, marvelous to relate, Van Tromp escaped unhurt, and his vessel was still able to float and steer.



ADMIRAL ROBERT BLAKE (1598-1657), WHO BROKE THE NAVAL POWER OF HOLLAND AND MADE ENGLAND MISTRESS OF THE SEA.

*From an engraving by T. Preston, about 1730.*

were as badly frightened as were certain timid souls along our own Atlantic coast in the spring of '98.

But Blake had not done with the sea. There was little to choose in ability between the two men, but Blake had ships of English oak, while Van Tromp's were generally built of soft wood. Moreover, Blake's were of a deep model that could point well up to the wind, while Van Tromp's were of very shoal draft and could not work to windward. A day came in June, 1653, when the old Dutchman saw the British sailors come pouring over his own rail irresistibly, and hope, but not courage, fled. Grasping a burning match from a gunner's hand, he flung it into the magazine. The explosion hurled the whole force of boarders to destruction,

Nevertheless, his time to die was at hand. He was defeated in this battle, and he did not live to see the end of the next. Standing on his quarterdeck, where his uniform made him the target of the enemy's marines, he was shot down, and saying, "Bear up, my boys! Conduct yourselves so that my death may be as glorious as my life has been," he passed away.

Make no mistake about those words. It was the heart of the man that spoke, not the vanity. He who, like Blake, "courted war like a mistress" found the exaltation of his mind in time of battle glorious beyond adequate expression.

#### ENGLAND'S HEROES OF THE SEA.

And then there was Nelson. One must pass over enough heroes to man a ship in

reaching his name. Think of Benbow, who would be carried on deck in a hammock after his leg was amputated! Think of Sir Richard Grenville, in the *Revenge*, sinking two superior Spanish ships alongside, driving two more, wholly wrecked,

Here, then, we first see the real character of the man. His was "a smart working ship," and, having some freedom of choice, he "ran athwart the bows of the Spanish ships as far as the ninth from the rear," which was "the huge *Santissima Trinidad*,



CAPTAIN JOHN PAUL JONES, ADMIRAL IN THE RUSSIAN NAVY (1747-1792), THE MOST FAMOUS "SOLDIER OF FORTUNE" OF THE SEA.

*From an old print.*

ashore, and continuing the fight even when every mast was gone, every cartridge fired, every pike broken, and he himself was mortally wounded!

But lack of space drives us to Nelson. From his birth in 1758 until 1793 he was unknown save at the admiralty office, where, after he had entered the navy, he steadily compelled recognition by good and brave service. By 1793 he had risen to a modest eminence, and was sent to the Mediterranean in an independent command. Four years later he was at the battle of Cape St. Vincent as captain of a ship of seventy four guns.

of one hundred and thirty guns, four decks"—the largest ship then afloat. Her he chose for his first victim. Sit down and measure this choice of positions by the rules of common prudence, and you find that Nelson was reckless to the verge of insanity. But judge him by the standard of heroes, and his foresight is found nowise short of inspiration. For as he was inspired, so his inspiration spread to his crew, and to all other crews who saw his magnificent gallantry. The Spanish had twenty five sail of the line to the fifteen of the British, but what did that matter save to add to the joy of battle?



HORATIO, LORD NELSON (1758-1805), THE GREATEST OF THE ENGLISH ADMIRALS.

*This statue stands above his grave in St. Paul's Cathedral, London.*

At St. Vincent Nelson won a brilliant victory, though not a complete one. He also won the rank of rear admiral, the insignia of the Bath, and a gold medal; and so he came to command at Aboukir Bay, where the so called battle of the Nile was fought in 1798. A great French fleet under Admirals Brueys and Villeneuve was supporting Napoleon's operations in Egypt, and Nelson found them lying in Aboukir Bay. They were anchored in a curved line, near the shore, with one end supported by a battery of twelve guns, located on an island. The Frenchmen

thought the English would not dare go between them and the shore, but that gave Nelson his opportunity. He sent a squadron close in shore, and so put one end of the French line between two fires so hot that the ships were shattered and destroyed. The unemployed end of the line might have come to the relief of those engaged, and Brueys signaled for it to do so, but the great clouds of smoke fogged in the flags, and Villeneuve did not have the genius to act without orders.

It was the audacity of the great commander that gave him complete triumph, but if you would learn the heart of the man you must read the words he wrote about Captain Trowbridge, whose ship, the Culloden, in leading the squadron that went in shore, grounded. Trowbridge was unable to get into the fight, yet he served his commander well, because the Culloden was as a beacon to show the other vessels where deep water lay. Nelson wrote:

"The merits of that ship and her gallant captain are too well known to benefit by anything I could say. Her misfortune was great in getting aground *while her companions were in the full tide of happiness.*"

"This depicts the whole great hearted, big spoken stock of the English admirals to a hair," said Robert Louis Stevenson, long years afterwards. They were "in the full tide of happiness" when they could get alongside the enemy.

#### A MAGNIFICENT MUTINEER.

But we have other portraits, equally accurate and still more thrilling. There was that one of Nelson at Copenhagen. Sir Hyde Parker, chief in command of the British fleet, made signal to retire, but Nelson, blind in one eye, put his glass to that eye when he turned toward the flagship, "in that mood of mind that sports with bitterness." Then he said:

"Damn the signal! Keep mine for *closer battle* flying. Nail it to the mast!"

A little later "a shot through the mainmast knocked the splinters about, and he observed to one of his officers, *with a smile*:

"It is warm work, and this day may be the last to any of us at a moment. But mark you—I would not be elsewhere for thousands."

The glorious, the magnificent mutineer that he was! Let the carpenter point out



that he was insubordinate, and describe the fate that would have followed had he failed, but I will reply that the genius that finds such exultation of mind as

too, that famous order: "No captain could do wrong who placed his ship *close alongside* that of an enemy." He foresaw every important movement, planned for



ADMIRAL DAVID GLASGOW FARRAGUT (1801-1870), THE NAVAL HERO OF THE AMERICAN CIVIL WAR.

*From a photograph.*

Nelson's in his work, never did and never can fail. "Keep mine for *closer battle* flying!"

At Cadiz, before the battle of Trafalgar, we have a different view of the man—the genius that disposed his ships in such fashion that he had the French force constantly under observation. He had them bottled in Cadiz, and he held the cork close in—as Sampson held the Spaniards at Santiago in 1898. There were two frigates well in at Cadiz; two battleships at Santiago. It was not in Nelson's genius to do long range blockading or long range fighting. Consider,

it, and then for those cases of detail which could not be foreseen he gave the order "Get close alongside." Those words were well nigh the most important of his life, as they were well nigh the last. For Trafalgar was at hand, and his life's blood was to redden the deck of the Victory. When trying to determine whether this or that naval officer is a hero, try him by Nelson's words and deeds.

Villeneuve commanded the allied fleet—unfortunate Villeneuve! It is not, perhaps, in the Latin blood to be great at sea, but whatever may have been his inherent qualities he was hampered by



written orders to avoid battle. He was but a puppet, as French admirals have usually been, worked by a string from Paris.

Strictly speaking, the first American admiral was Esek Hopkins of Rhode Island, who was appointed "commander in chief" of the first American naval squadron, even though the title of admiral was not used. The first American who actually gained the title was John Paul Jones, but he had to go to Russia to get it. It may be worth while to consider what were the prominent qualities of this genius of the sea.

Take him, for instance, when he was in France, fitting out the *Bonhomme Richard*. So eager was he to get away to sea that he did not hesitate to use his own money to forward the work of equipping his ship. Was it love of blood that made him so—the thirst for a sight of an enemy with bleeding wound? Not at all. Nor was it a mere vain love of applause. Recall how, when he had won his laurels, and an admirer would have crowned him in a Paris theater, he drew back and refused the vulgar honor. But there was a fire in his blood that blazed only when he was in the midst of the flame and smoke of battle.

#### JOHN PAUL JONES AND THE SERAPIS.

With infinite toil, based on endless patience, Jones got away from port, and then began the unwearied hunt that was rewarded at last by the sight of the *Serapis*. She, too, was commanded by a brave man, and the two ships with but slight maneuvering drew together for battle, with the *Richard's* bow over the quarter of the *Serapis*. They had exchanged broadsides, but now no gun would bear, and there was a cessation of firing.

Seeing this, Captain Pearson, of the *Serapis*, thought the Yankees would board him instantly. When they did not come tumbling over his rail, he called out to know if they had hauled down their flag. The answer was immortal—the words of a true genius of the sea. Said John Paul Jones:

"I have not yet begun to fight!"

And that was true. A little later they separated, then came together again, broadside to broadside, and Jones himself took a hand in lashing the two together; and once more life became sweet for that man of the sea.

The ship's carpenter helped Jones to lash the ships together, and, irritated by some trifle, began to swear. Jones rebuked him because death was abroad. The British tried to board, but Jones met them at the rail, almost alone, and the British sailors fell back. With his own hands he worked the *Richard's* nine pounders, and so well did he aim that he swept the deck of the enemy and cut down his mainmast.

Meantime, however, the English gunners on the deck below were shooting the old Indianan from under the feet of John Paul Jones. Ports were knocked into a cavernous hole. Fire was ravaging her timbers, and shot holes at the water line were flooding her hold. Her surgeon, finding the rising water likely to drown him and his wounded, came on deck and reported that the ship was sinking. Jones knew it was true, but the spirit of the man was superior to every disaster.

"Would you have me surrender to a few drops of water?" said he, and then ordered the surgeon to help get another poop deck gun to bear. Neither shot nor fire nor flood could daunt a man who found the air sweetest when mingled with the smoke of battle. And then a sailor aloft, animated by the spirit of his leader, crawled out on the main yard, dropped a hand grenade into the powder on the gun deck of the *Serapis*, and so created enough havoc to end the battle just in time. The *Serapis* was captured and taken into port. The victorious *Bonhomme Richard* was so badly wrecked that she sank, in spite of mighty efforts to save her.

After the days of Jones no American naval officer attained a rank higher than that of captain, with the complimentary title of commodore while in command of a squadron, until the Civil War came upon us. On July 16, 1862, the grade of rear admiral was authorized. David G. Farragut was placed at the head of the list of nine rear admirals then created, and it was with the flag of that grade above the deck of the *Hartford* that he sailed up the Mississippi to New Orleans.

#### THE NAVAL HERO OF THE CIVIL WAR.

That Farragut was a true son of the sea, no one doubts. He was in command of a merchant ship at the age of twelve, under Commodore David Porter, when

that celebrated sea captain had the little frigate *Essex* on the west coast of South America, in the war of 1812. But if one seeks proof of his genius, it will be found in the stories of the battles in the Mississippi and at Mobile.

It is to be observed that, like every great sea fighter, he had a genius for preparation as well as an inspiration for deeds in time of battle. Recall how he daubed his ships with the slime of the Mississippi to render them less visible while passing the Confederate forts. That slime was the forerunner of the dull lead paint used on our battleships, and the bottle green paint on our torpedo boats, in 1898. We may see the genius of the man in seeming trifles as well as in the most exalted periods of action, though the heroic deeds of battle are best known—such a battle as that of Mobile, for instance.

There were torpedoes under water at Mobile, but a narrow channel marked by a red buoy had been kept clear, close under the fort, for the benefit of blockade runners. Farragut knew all about that channel and the dangers beyond it, but finding the fairway too narrow for his force and a vessel ahead hesitating, he broke through the line, and with the powder charged devils thumping the bottom of his ship, he said:

"Damn the torpedoes! Go ahead."

And that was an inspiration, not a foolhardy act. By the swift working of the mind of genius he grasped the whole situation. He saw the peril, which was real enough, for one monitor was sunk. He saw that many of the torpedoes were harmless, however, and calculating the chances in a flash, and reckoning the influence his actions would have on his fleet, he decided to go ahead; and he went ahead and gained a great victory.

#### DEWEY AND MANILA BAY.

And so we come to the man who won his four starred flag at Manila—to our Admiral George Dewey. Praise him as we may, and give him swords and loving cups and a home to live in, it will never come to pass that we overestimate the value of his services to his country.

Of his early deeds we have room to say only that he had sailed with Farragut. How he made ready his fleet for Manila, how he planned his arrival on the coast

of Luzon so that he should have daylight for searching its hiding places; how he waited for nightfall, and then steered boldly past the forts that commanded the entrance of Manila Bay—all this has been told often and well.

He was entering a bay that had never been surveyed properly. He was to confront guns so heavy that only a battleship could withstand their shot, if accurately aimed. It was a task for battleships that had been given to him, and he had only protected cruisers with which to make the fight. But he had what was better even than armor plate. He had the energy, the persistence, the courage, the insight—in short, the genius of the old sea warriors. He trusted to his own fire for protection against that of the enemy—even against the fire of guns ashore, any one shot of which might have destroyed the *Olympia* had it struck her fairly. If studied in detail and compared with the fights that are famous in history, the battle of Manila Bay grows upon the student as something to excite wonder.

But when that is said, it does not yet tell all that Dewey has done for his country. We must add that it was a timely victory—one that broke the spirit of the enemy, and that stirred the blood of Dewey's countrymen till it boiled. Further than that, he showed such manliness in the diplomatic work following the battle, that he raised the prestige of America in the eyes of all the world.

It is a splendid record, but the most lasting feature of his influence is yet to be described. Dewey was a country boy—a typical youth of his people, as he is a typical officer of the American navy. His eminence is due not to the accident of birth, not to wealth inherited or accumulated, but solely to work in every way well done.

When the thunder of the guns at Manila found echo in the welcome to Manila's hero, the sordid ideal of a man who had "made his pile"—the ideal of "peaceful commerce"—gave way, at least for a time, to the ideal of a man whose first thought has ever been of duty to be done for his country; whose second thought, perhaps, may have been of the glory to be won by brave deeds; but who took no thought at all for the sordid gains of monetary reward.

# THE ONE POSSIBLE MAN.

BY JULIET WILBOR TOMPKINS.

HOW A GIRL SPENT A WINTER AS A "PAYING GUEST" IN A VERY REFINED ESTABLISHMENT,  
WHICH THE CRUDE OBSERVER MIGHT HAVE CALLED A BOARDING HOUSE,  
AND HOW A MAN, SAVED HER LIFE.

A CONSTRAINED silence ruled the long table. The boarders ate delicately, their elbows very close to their sides, an expression of miserable self consciousness on their faces. Nobody looked frankly at anybody, and when the different stages of the meal called for remarks, such as, "Light, if you please;" "No, no gravy, thank you," they came in tones of thrilling sweetness, suggestive of extreme refinement and a happy desire to be obliging.

Elsa had a sense of humor for her saving. She scrutinized the incongruous flotsam that the human tide had cast up on this dreary reef, and amused herself by smiling with open friendliness when she caught their nervous side glances, an overture that evidently made them very uncomfortable.

"There isn't a possible woman," she decided, as the soup gave way to the salad, which preceded the meat somewhat pointedly, as though to show the prejudiced that this was the really correct order. "Thank goodness, there's one possible man. He looks as if he'd laugh if he dared. I wonder if he's really nice, or if it's just the awful contrast? Would I like him anywhere else?"

The one possible man lifted his eyes at that moment, so she deftly slipped her glance along to a sallow little bride, who sat in rigid discomfort beside her heavily mustached husband and kept her eyes fastened to the movements of her hands with a fictitious air of absorption.

The landlady formally broke the silence.

"Mr. Brandon, may we hope for some music after dinner?" Her voice alone would have told one that she held her little finger gracefully crooked away from the others when she lifted her fork or cup. An exquisitely gentle chorus of "Ah, yes, Mr. Brandon!" rippled round the table. The young man opposite glanced at Elsa, hesitated a second, then lifted his head a trifle defiantly and answered:

"Why, certainly, Mrs. Waite."

"Evidently he's a general favorite. I don't like that," reflected Elsa with a twinge of disappointment. "What does he want to be popular with these stiffies for? Any way, he knew enough to be ashamed of it before me. That's some comfort."

"Perhaps Miss Nordhoff is musical?" went on the landlady with affable intentions.

"Not a bit," said Elsa cheerfully. "I've no parlor tricks whatever."

A shocked pause followed. Mr. Brandon raised his eyebrows as though to intimate that she had been rude. There was too much truth in the implication for Elsa to take it patiently.

"There is so much bad music in the world, I'm always rather glad I haven't added to it," she said to her neighbor; but her clear voice traveled around the table. The nervous spinster beside her was confused, and said the worst possible thing:

"But Mr. Brandon plays delightfully. I know you will enjoy it."

"Oh, I am sure of it," said Elsa, setting her teeth as she felt her color rise. "Fool, donkey, idiot!" was her inward reply.

She determined to go pointedly to her room, which was three stories away from the piano, immediately after dinner, but, as she rose, her eyes met those of the one possible man, and from behind his glasses flashed an unmistakable gleam of amusement. There was such complete understanding of the whole situation, and of what had irritated her, in his glance, that Elsa, after a reluctant moment, relaxed into an answering smile.

"Any way, he's a big improvement on the rest," she admitted, as Mr. Brandon took his place at the piano.

He played unusually well. The desires of the audience hovered between the "Melody in F" and "There Is a Tavern in Our Town," but he met them all with

friendly willingness, then, with a glance at Elsa, broke into a fantastic Hungarian dance of Brahms' as though he divined what would please her.

"Very pretty," murmured the audience, as Mr. Brandon finished with a little explosion of chords and rose. "Very pretty, indeed. Now, Miss Jonas, aren't we to have a little recitation?"

Elsa located the door and measured her distance from it. She felt that this was for her benefit, but the temptation to escape was too strong to resist. Before Miss Jonas had done half her protesting, she was three flights away.

"I'm perfectly horrid," she told herself, leaning against the window and looking down into the lighted street. A door slammed distantly, and then she saw the one possible man hurrying down the block, pulling on his overcoat as he went. She smiled to herself.

"So he's horrid, too," she said, with satisfaction.

It seemed to Elsa, the first week or two, that Mr. Brandon did not properly appreciate the fact that she was the one possible girl in that stiff and guarded assemblage. There was sympathetic understanding in his glance when the exasperating refinement of the table talk tempted her into some revolutionary remark, and often, outwardly unconscious, he averted the punishment of cold silence that the others would have inflicted upon her. He laughed with deep enjoyment at her impatient exclamation, "They're all such perfect ladies!" And yet he seemed as ready to talk with any one of them as with her, showing himself purely impersonal and friendly with everybody. He was evidently a great favorite. And though Elsa scorned him for it, she had to admit that he carried the position well, and without loss of dignity.

She understood his attitude better after a little incident had given her the key. She was walking home late one afternoon tired with a long day of modeling, and discouraged with trying to make ability and enthusiasm spell talent, when Mr. Brandon fell into step beside her.

"Do give me some advice," he began. "I want to send a present to a new baby, and I can't think of anything but rattles. I don't like to ask Mrs. Waite; I'm afraid she'd think it indelicate, some way."

Elsa laughed.

"How nice a thing do you want?" she asked. "A big present or a little one?"

"Well, it's my sister's child, but I can't go more than five dollars. I want it something that Molly—my sister—will get some fun out of, for I don't suppose the small boy will be especially excited over it."

"How would a dear little fine gown do—quite plain and very sheer?" she suggested, deeply interested.

"That's it, exactly," he said. "I don't know what sheer is, but it sounds great. How do I buy it? Don't I have to know the length of the kid?"

"No! Of course not. Just 'infant's size.' If you want to get it now, I'll help you."

"Oh, would you? Will you?" He was explosive in his gratitude. "I might get him a girl's dress by mistake. Think how he'd hate me!"

Elsa took full command of the expedition, and became wise, judicial, and somewhat maternal over the little gowns, as women love to be when shopping for other people's babies. Brandon sank on a stool and watched her with stimulating helplessness. She made instant decisions.

"Too much trimming. No, no embroidery. That isn't fine enough. Let me see some with hemstitching. Yes, this is nice. This is just the thing."

She held the gown up and explained its good points while he cautiously felt it with his thumb and finger and tried to look intelligent. She interrupted herself to bow to some one passing, and Brandon glanced up.

"Good Lord!" he exclaimed, dropping the gown and backing away.

"What is it?" she asked.

"Do you realize whom you bowed to then?"

"Why, yes; Miss Jonas."

He looked helplessly at her untroubled face.

"Oh, it's evident you never lived in a boarding house," he said despondently. "You're brave now, but you'll be cowed in time. Never mind, let's buy the thing and go."

They walked back, dawdlingly, yet talking with a slight effort, both a little oppressed by the realization that, though they knew each other intimately by sight, there were, after all, strangers.

It was dinner time when they arrived,



and most of the boarders were assembled in the parlor as the two came in together. Then Elsa understood Brandon's fright. Nothing was said, or even looked. But the whole atmosphere was charged with significance. The great Matrimonial Prospect that hovers over such establishments had suddenly taken shape and descended.

Miss Jonas bent discreetly over an album as though to show that she did not wish to be prying and would see no more than they wanted her to. Mrs. Waite had some carefully irrelevant question ready for Brandon. Little spurts of conversation were forced to cover their probable confusion. To Elsa, whose spirit was still unbroken, this was entertaining, but Brandon was plainly irritated.

"I suppose he has had too much of it," she thought. "No wonder he isn't too ready to make friends with a girl."

As she went by Miss Jonas' door later that evening, a fragment of conversation reached her.

"—to be shopping together," Miss Jonas was concluding.

"Very peculiar errands for a young girl to undertake with a gentleman, in any case," said Mrs. Waite's carefully restrained and modulated voice.

Elsa passed on with a shrug.

"These perfect ladies—how hopelessly vulgar they are!" she said to herself.

Mrs. Waite always told each new boarder that a pitcher of milk and a plate of crackers were placed on the diningroom table every night for the benefit of those who were up late.

"After a lecture or a concert, a little refreshment is often very welcome," she explained to Elsa.

"Yes, I should imagine so," said Elsa demurely.

She remembered this with gratitude a few nights later when she let herself in, hungry and overrunning with vitality, after an evening of vigorous work at a gymnasium. The parlor was dark, but she felt her way to the dim light in the diningroom. The pitcher and crackers were there, and in front of them, slouched down pensively over a half emptied glass, sat the one possible man.

"I should like to look at some nice, fresh milk, if you have any," she began with the affable condescension of Mrs. Waite marketing.

He jumped up with a laugh.

"Certainly, madam. Infant's size?" he asked, pouring her out a glassful. Elsa examined it critically.

"There's such a thing as too sheer," she said. "Never mind, I could eat the pitcher, I'm so hungry."

A bright idea shone in his face, and he opened his mouth to speak, then closed it.

"Well, say it," she commanded. She was sitting on the table, looking across her glass with eyes that were a challenge to any one with a spark of responsiveness in him. She was brimful of life and innocent devilry born of youth and health.

He glanced at the clock, which pointed to ten.

"It was just a wild, rash thought," he said. "Of course, you wouldn't be interested—but there's a jolly little place for oysters not two blocks from here."

She put down her glass.

"Oys-ters! Oh!" she breathed.

"It's a *nice* place," he went on, examining a bit of cracker. Then he looked up over his glasses and their eyes met. There was a little explosion of laughter.

"Do let's," she whispered. A moment later they were tiptoeing out like burglars.

"It's a dear little place," she commented as they took their places at a table under an imitation palm. "I want them fried and I want a lot. Oh, if the boarding house could see us now!"

He looked nervously over his shoulder.

"I can't help feeling that they're right behind us. I don't dare let go of my face for an instant for fear I'll look interested and get caught in the act."

"Do you know," she said thoughtfully.

"I think it's just as well that I came to that temple of refinement? A little while, and do you know what would have happened?"

"I would *not* have fallen in love with Miss Jonas," he protested.

"Well, you'd have been just about fit to. You were naturally very human; I dare say your schoolmates liked you. But it's getting crushed out of you. You don't dare be yourself. Because they can't understand anything but an affable nonentity, that's no reason you should grow into one. And you will if you don't rouse yourself."

"But it's so much easier," he pleaded.

"I like to live in harmony with my surroundings."



"I know it. You want them to like you," she said in a discouraged tone. "Those mummies! I'd as lief be popular with—with a row of dried cattails. And you're afraid of them, too, of their gossip. Next thing you know, you'll be crooking your little finger."

"Oh, come!" he protested. "Didn't you see right off that I wasn't the same kind—even though I did music for them?"

"Yes; but a year later I might not have. It's just as well I came."

"I can't regret it." He smiled back at her. "Now what else to eat?"

"Nothing after these heavenly oysters. Oh, I feel gloriously defiant tonight! I could dare the whole boarding house."

"I'm glad there's a night's sleep between you and them," he answered, shaking his head. "I was brave when I came, too. I liked whom I liked, and didn't care who knew it. You wait."

"I won't be cowed. I shall be stronger than circumstances," said Elsa, pushing back her chair.

"I feel as though we had been signing the Declaration of Independence," said Brandon. "Do you know that you are very inspiring? Being with you feels just like waving a flag. I see stars and stripes wherever I look."

"I really have done you good," she said with satisfaction. "That's a personal remark. I didn't suppose you'd get to such a thing under six weeks. A year later you wouldn't have."

"Yes, it's just as well you came," he admitted.

When Mr. Brandon came in to dinner the next night, Elsa, pleasantly conscious of the stride their friendship had made, looked up for a special greeting. But the spell of the boarding house had settled over him again, or else last night's progress had been of less importance to him than to her. He bowed to her and Miss Jonas with the same impersonal and unmeaning friendliness, and was soon apparently absorbed in the little bride's tale of a disastrous shopping expedition, which had led to her paying ten cents a yard more for exactly the same thing.

Elsa drew in her friendly glance, ate her dinner in contemptuous silence, and went to her room the instant she had finished her coffee. From below came faintly the sound of the piano. The concert was no shorter because of her absence.

"Oh, he's hopeless!" she said impatiently. "He likes any one he's with. If he can't see——" The sentence was not finished.

It was a week before she and Brandon had speech with one another, for she purposely cut short her dinners, and he breakfasted earlier than she did.

"I wish there was another possible person, man or woman," she thought irritably. "I must have some one to exchange an intelligent word with once in a while; some one who can see the difference between me and Miss Jonas. Oh, I know she's just as good in the sight of heaven!" This in answer to the reproof any well regulated parent would have slipped in at this point.

It was Sunday afternoon, and Elsa was walking aimlessly down Madison Avenue, thinking of all the hopes and ambitions she had brought to the great city, and of the small remnant that remained to her now that she had seen what others were doing—dismal thoughts that showed in her face and step.

"I won't give up yet," she concluded, and threw back her head, to find herself face to face with Brandon. He was so glad to see her, and so frankly unconscious that there had been any jar in their relations or that their friendship had retrograded, that Elsa suddenly decided she had had no grievance after all, and was a little ashamed of her past attitude.

"There's no one who knows us in sight; let's shake hands," he said, in a half whisper.

"I think we may risk it," she answered, glancing cautiously up and down the street.

"Doesn't it feel reckless," he laughed, letting her hand go with regret. "Can't I come with you? I've got flags today, too."

"Mine are all at half mast," said Elsa. "There has been a death in my hopes, and I foresee several more. The mortality promises to be something awful. I'd like some music, something quiet and requiem-like."

He looked at her with curious intentness.

"I wish I could give you some," he said after an interval. She tried to laugh herself away from the seriousness they were slipping into.

"So do I, if you would play for just me," she said. "I can't enjoy even Hun-

garian dances if I have to share them with Miss Jonas. Now you'd be perfectly willing to share them with any one, from Mrs. Waite to Amelia."

"Well, I don't sing for them."

"Do you sing?"

"Do I sing!" he boasted, and they both laughed.

"Would you, for me?"

"This minute, if we only had a place to go."

"Oh, I want it! I want to hear you. I think perhaps you really do sing well. Mr. Brandon!" She stopped short with her finger up, listening. The sound of an organ came to them through church doors. Afternoon service was going on. "Come in and sing to me there," she said. "Why not?"

They entered on the Cantate Domino. Brandon took it up in a half voice at first, then, as others around joined in, the notes gradually crept away from his restraint and came out full and satisfying. Elsa understood how he could give his music right and left if he had this in reserve. It was only a high baritone without a very wide range, but for her each note was suffused with a quality that gave her a physical pleasure almost painful. It seemed to fill her ears full and to leave no room for any other desires.

"The round world and they that dwell therein;" the voice suddenly faltered and stopped. She looked up, startled, to see him staring in dismay at a most refined and ladylike bonnet not three pews in front. Her own breath went, for under it was the unmistakable back hair of Mrs. Waite.

Several people turned curiously as the voice broke off, and the bonnet began to move in a dignified circuit. They watched it with the fascination of terror till the tip of the long and pointed nose came into sight, and then, moved by the same impulse, they dropped on their knees and bowed their faces on the back of the pew in front. When they dared look up the bonnet had swung back into its normal position.

"Shall we slip out?" Elsa murmured, embarrassed at the fervor of their attitude.

"She'd look around. I don't dare." And he hastily ducked his head as the bonnet made a slight motion. They sat uncomfortably through the short service

and left on the instant of release, while others were still struggling with wraps.

"I wonder if she saw us," said Elsa with a long breath, when they were safe on a side street. "I suppose she'd consider church even more pointed than shopping."

"If only my singing wasn't found out," Brandon exclaimed. "I couldn't, couldn't do it at the house. And how could I refuse?"

Elsa went back to the remembrance of the chant with a deep sigh.

"Well, you can sing. That's settled for ever and ever," she said.

They nodded casually to each other when they met in the diningroom that night and enjoyed the idea of their own adroitness until the voice of Mrs. Waite shattered their complacency.

"Did you enjoy the service this afternoon, Miss Nordhoff?" she asked in her carefully arranged tones. "We think Mr. Wykoff reads delightfully."

She openly avoided looking at Brandon as Elsa stumbled through an answer, and all the others kept their eyes discreetly away from him. But the air hummed with significance. When the meal was over there was the usual request for music, but nothing was said about singing.

"Any way, that's safe," they telegraphed each other.

The next night the bride brought a friend to dinner, and, after an elaborate series of introductions, she was installed in Brandon's seat.

"Miss Jonas is not with us tonight. We will ask Mr. Brandon to take her place, when he comes," Mrs. Waite explained. A little shock of silence ran around the table, for that was the seat next Elsa's. She shook out her napkin unconcernedly. Her flags were up tonight, and she was brave for anything.

Mr. Brandon came in on a deadly pause. There was a general holding of breath, and Amelia stood gaping over two tilted soup plates while Mrs. Waite delivered her evidently rehearsed little sentence. The one possible man took his place with a pitiful effort to look unconscious, and plunged into conversation with the anæmic music teacher on his left, to prove his indifference to the opportunities of his new position. Elsa finished her soup in amused serenity, then deliberately addressed him.

"Did you notice what the extra was

about, Mr. Brandon, the one they were calling just at dinner time?" she asked.

He began a distant and somewhat confused answer, but in the middle he suddenly caught her eye. In an instant the absurdity of the situation struck him. His tense muscles relaxed, and though his face remained grave, she knew that they were laughing together.

Mrs. Waite deftly served out topics, very much as she served the fish, a pale slice to each person, and gave the two an obvious chance to enjoy each other. Brandon would have turned stiffly from the opportunity if that little spark from Elsa had not kindled his sense of fun and shown him the situation from the outside standpoint. They talked with frank enjoyment, their voices neither raised nor lowered, slipping in an occasional aside.

"I've been wondering how I could contrive to speak to you tonight," he managed to say. "I have just come into two tickets for the Philharmonic. Do I know you well enough to ask you to go with me?"

"No, hardly," said Elsa; "but I know you well enough to say that I will with pleasure. You see, I know all your family history and why you live in this abode of departed spirits and everything."

"Evidently our landlady has been giving you a good time," he said disgustedly. "I came here because my mother wanted me to help her out, and I've never had the courage to leave. How about going to-night? Shall we start in detachments and meet on the corner?"

"Indeed we won't. We'll walk out of the front door."

He drew a long breath.

"You're brave now. But you wait," he said.

He was playing when she came down, pretty and fresh, with a white satin collar against her smooth skin and her hair fluffing up into a velvet toque.

"I'm ready, Mr. Brandon," she said tranquilly from the doorway. A wave of excitement flooded the room, so tangibly that he felt as though he were wading through it to reach her, though no one moved or gave a sign. She smiled a friendly good night to the others as he opened the front door for her. They answered confusedly. The clatter of dishes in the diningroom beyond had ceased, and Amelia's long, pale face hung for an instant in the gloom at the end of the

hall. The door slammed, and they went soberly down the steps and out of range of the windows. Then they faced each other and let the laughter out.

"Mustn't it be awful to have matrimony on the brain like that," Elsa exclaimed. "They can no more understand a modern girl and man than they can see a joke. That two people can be friends, even great friends—even play quite hard, and yet not come within a thousand miles of marriage, is beyond their grasp."

"It seems to be always those dried, bloodless people without a spark of fire in them who think most about love, any way," said Brandon thoughtfully. "While we who are fully alive, made of flesh and blood and vital organs——"

"We keep it at one side," she agreed.

"Well, it's a wise division. There'd be the mischief to pay if we didn't," he said, and shrugged the topic away.

Mr. Brandon seemed to come into a great many concert and theater tickets after that, and Elsa, with the freedom of the American girl living where she claims no set, went with him without a thought for conventionality. It grew to be such a frequent thing that a signal code on the subject was established. If, on sitting down, he moved his butter plate from the left side to the right, it meant, "Can you, tonight?" Her "Yes, with pleasure," was expressed by lifting her glass of water, while readjusting her napkin said, "So sorry, but I can't."

At first she insisted on going boldly, even conspicuously, but gradually the elaborate unconsciousness of the other boarders, and the staring interest of Amelia, hovering over their exit from the end of the hall, began to tell on her nerves. One night, joining him at the foot of the stairs, she tiptoed out, and held up a protesting hand as he slammed the front door.

"Do be careful. For once we've escaped them," she whispered. He crowed over her delightedly.

"Didn't I tell you?" he triumphed. "Oh, you were brave once, but I knew it couldn't hold out."

"Well, I don't care. Any one gets tired of being shadowed. Just this once it was a relief to escape."

"H'm. Then you didn't happen to notice Miss Jonas' window curtain as we came down the steps."

"Did she——"

"I'm not saying anything. And it may have been the wind moving it."

"Or the cat," said Elsa scornfully.

She rebelled at the espionage, yet, after all, the clandestine air it threw over their expeditions was half the fun, and doubled their intimacy.

"I feel like the leading lady in a farce," she told him one Sunday night. "I don't suppose any earthly power could convince them that we are simply good comrades. Won't they be disappointed, though!"

"Won't they?" he laughed. And then they both fell silent, and a little embarrassment crept up between them from no one knew where. It did not go until the service was half over, and he had sung the chant for her in a way that made her eyes burn. He pulled her cape around her and gave it a little pat when they went.

"I think we're sort of pathetic," he said. "We can't have a simple little visit together without going out into the cold streets, and when I want to sing to you, I must take you to church."

"But what would this winter have been without you!" she exclaimed. "You have saved my reason. I shall be grateful to you all my life."

"Don't. That sounds like a farewell speech."

"Well, it is, very nearly. I'm going home week after next." He made no comment, and she hurried on. "I've had an honest try at what I wanted, and I'm satisfied now that it isn't for me. I must go home and readjust myself, start life from a new standpoint. I don't mind. I'm glad I had it out with destiny." Her voice was aggressively cheerful, and defied sympathy. He opened the front door for her in silence, and she hurried in and up stairs with an indifferent nod.

Excitement almost burst the bonds of decorum when it became known in the boarding house that Miss Nordhoff was going. They did not like her especially, but they showed a maddening determination not to stand in her way. Miss Jonas made several absurd excuses for sitting next to the little bride at dinner, that Brandon might be forced to take her place. If Elsa stayed down stairs for the piano playing, the rest gradually melted away on murmured pretexts and left the two ostensibly alone, though frequent

errands took them back and forth past the open doors, and Amelia dropped butter plates and upset glasses in her faint hearted attempts to clear the table with her eyes and soul fixed on the gap between the portières.

The worst of it was, they had suddenly grown self conscious, and their attempts to laugh it off fell miserably flat. They resented the interference too much to take advantage of it, and saw almost nothing of each other.

"We're being *deus-ex-machina'd* into absolute hatred," Elsa reflected dismally, as her last morning came around.

She was down early for breakfast and found the room still empty except for Brandon, who stood by one of the windows reading the paper. His "Good morning" was constrained, and roused in her a sudden resolve to pull things straight, and a new courage.

"Hasn't it been oppressive?" she said, with a laugh. "I'm worn out. Why couldn't we have put up a placard: 'We are not in love and are not going to be?'"

He looked at her soberly.

"How do we know what we're going to be?" he asked.

"Oh, we wouldn't. It would be too flat," said Elsa hastily.

"Of course the excitement would be irritating. But would one let that stand in the way of——"

"Oatmeal or hominy, Miss Nordhoff?" said the voice of Amelia. Brandon turned impatiently and frowned into his paper, but Elsa smiled to herself as she took her place.

"Harmony, this morning," she said.

"So we are to lose Miss Nordhoff today," was the universal comment as the room filled, and Brandon's face was covertly scrutinized to see how he took it. He ate his breakfast with disappointing serenity. Amelia looked reproachful when he asked for more bacon, and his hearty laugh at some chance remark gave Elsa an unexpected pang.

"Well, there will be other possible girls here in my place," she told herself.

He caught her eye at that moment, and then, looking away, absently moved his butter plate from left to right. She caught her breath a little as she lifted her glass and drank to their past good times, then readjusted her napkin for the seldom used signal, "Sorry, but I can't."



Her cab was at the door when she left the table, and the others surrounded her to offer limp handshakes. They were all so ill at ease, so troubled with the burden of their bodily selves, with the knowledge that they were being looked at and listened to, that Elsa hurried the ceremony. A quiver of excitement shot through the assembly as she held out her hand to Brandon. He shook it with cheerful nonchalance, and, as she drove off, went swinging down the block towards town without, apparently, a care or a regret in the world. The boarders scattered to their rooms in blank disappointment.

"Of course it's—it's just an everyday thing to him," Elsa said to herself in the corner of her cab.

It seemed a very dark, dreary morning when she stepped out at the station fifteen minutes later. She was leaving all her hopes and ambitions in the city, and perhaps something else. She turned forlornly towards the ticket office.

"I have it for you," said a voice beside her. "Will you stay here while I see to your trunk?"

Such a flash of bright surprise crossed her face that the one possible man laughed outright.

"Did you suppose I would let you go like that while there was a trolley car in town?" he asked. "I thought you caught my signal and gave me permission."

"I never thought of your seeing me off," she said happily.

"And you needn't now," he said. "By a strange coincidence, I happen to be taking the same train. I hope you don't mind?"

They were early, but took their places in the car as excited as runaway school children. The sun seemed suddenly to have come out in the dark station.

"We can do anything we like, and no one to notice or care," he exulted. "Let's call each other Elsa."

"Oh, yes," she said. "I'm so tired of the eternal title. Do you suppose any one ever knew Miss Jonas well enough to call her Myrtle?"

"Her mother might have."

"No; I think she called her Miss Jonas. Oh, you have been a comfort! But I don't envy your living it down."

"Why live it down? Why not let them glory in their cleverness for once?"

he said, plunging into deadly earnest so suddenly that it took her breath away.

"Oh, no! Oh, we couldn't," she stammered.

"But, Elsa dear! You wouldn't let something real go just because——"

"It isn't only that," she said, her eyes on the handle of her little bag, which she was working nervously back and forth. "I mean, it would be so purely, evidently propinquity if we—— The one possible man, the one possible girl; inevitable result. Don't you see? I should distrust it. I've no respect for things that just grow out of opportunity—desert island romances."

She looked up, and colored to find him smiling at her. He laid his hand on the handle beside hers.

"But there has been plenty of propinquity around, and it never worked before," he said. "I've known no end of girls, very well; done things with them and seen them every day. Nice girls, too." Elsa raised her chin a little. "But nothing happened," he concluded, and his hand closed over hers.

"Oh, Miss Nordhoff, I'm so fortunate to have caught you. You left this, and I thought I'd run right after you with it. I was afraid you might need it on the way."

They had jumped guiltily at the voice, and cowered helplessly under the agitated eye of Miss Jonas, who stood holding out a little fur boa. Elsa recovered her wits enough to take it and plunge into effusive thanks.

"Oh, it was no trouble," fluttered Miss Jonas, trying to look as if she did not see Brandon. "They let me through the gate. I thought if you were accustomed to wearing it——"

"It was very kind," repeated Elsa. "Won't you—sit down?"

"I must hurry back. I'm so fortunate to have caught—to have overtaken you. Good by again." And she scurried away, bursting with the importance of the news she had to tell.

The two looked at each other in dismay.

"Oh, dear! Now they'll think they were right from the beginning," Elsa exclaimed. Brandon faced her squarely.

"Well—weren't they?" His voice was compelling. Her color rose under her veil, but she looked up bravely.

"Yes; you have been the one possible man—in the whole world," she said.

# POLICING THE RAILROADS.

BY JOSIAH FLYNT.

AMERICAN RAILROADS AS "AVENUES OF CRIME"—A WEAK POINT IN THE MANAGEMENT OF THEIR VAST PROPERTY INTERESTS, AND THE REFORM WHICH ONE SYSTEM HAS SUCCESSFULLY ACCOMPLISHED.

ENGINEERS build railroads and are largely represented in their management, but in both building and operating them they are dependent, at one time or another, upon some kind of police protection. Indeed, there are railroads that could not have been constructed at all without the aid of either soldiers or policemen. The Trans Caspian railroad was built largely by soldiers, and is still superintended by the war department at St. Petersburg rather than by the minister of ways of communication. The Siberian line is, in parts, the result of the work of convicts who were carefully watched by police guards, and the Russian civil engineers in Manchuria have needed the protection of Cossacks merely to survey that end of the road. In Germany, practically all the railroad officials, from the head of the engineering department down to the track walkers, have police power. The conductor of a train, for instance, can put an obstreperous passenger under arrest without waiting until a station is reached, and resistance to him is as serious an offense as is resistance to the ordinary *Schutzmann*.

In Europe, it was seen, when railroads were first coming into use, that police efficiency, as well as that of the technical railroader, would be required, if the properties were to be well managed, and it was secured at the start. Before the railroads were built it had been made plain, after long experience, that even on the public turnpikes policemen were indispensable, and the authorities decided to employ them on railroads as well. The protection of life and property is a very serious matter in Europe, where precautions are taken which in the United States would seem superfluous. It avails nothing in Germany, for example, for a director of a company to excuse the loss of money intrusted to his care on the ground that he thought he was acting in a businesslike

manner. Inspectors, or commissioners, are appointed to see whether his transactions come up to the standard of what is considered businesslike, and if they find that he has not exercised good judgment, although there may have been nothing intrinsically dishonest in the way he has managed, his bondsmen frequently have to reimburse the stockholders for the loss that his mistakes have brought upon them. It is the spirit of carefulness behind such a precaution as this which goes to explain why the Germans have the systematized police surveillance of railroad property referred to. Much of this surveillance is in the hands of the municipal police and rural constabulary, but the fact that the bulk of the railroad officials have police authority shows how much protection was considered necessary to manage the properties carefully.

In the United States the idea seems to have been that the engineers and managers could be relied on to get out of railroad investments all the profit that was in them, and that the assistance of policemen could be dispensed with except as watchmen. It is true that, for a number of years, railroad companies have had on their pay rolls what are called "railroad detectives," but up to a few years ago there was not a well organized railroad police force in the United States, and yet there is no country in the world, at the present moment, where railroads are more in need of such auxiliary departments. A great deal of money would have been saved to investors, and not a few lives would have been spared, had the American railroads seriously taken up this police matter in the early days of their existence, and until they do, say what we will about the luxuries to be found on American trains and the speed at which they run, American railroad properties, in this particular at least, are inferior to those of Europe in management.

The purpose of this paper is to call attention to the inadequateness of the police arrangements now prevalent on nearly all railroad systems in the United States, to show what has resulted from this inadequateness, and to interest railroad men and the general public in police organizations which will be equal to the work necessary to be done.

To bring out clearly the defects of the prevailing railroad police methods in the United States, it seems appropriate to take a concrete case, and describe the situation on a railroad which I have been over as a passenger and as a trespasser. It employs about sixty men in its police department, and is one of the most tramp infested roads in the country. The maintenance of the so called detective force costs the company about forty thousand dollars a year.

By way of illustration, I will give a résumé of conversations that I had respectively with a detective, a tramp, and a trainman that I encountered on the property. Each of these men was representative of his class, and spoke his mind freely.

#### A TYPICAL RAILROAD DETECTIVE.

The detective had started out in life as a brakeman, but his eyesight became faulty after a few years, and he got a position on the police force. He had just passed his fiftieth year when I met him, and was heavy, unwieldy, and inclined to be lazy. His beat consisted of forty miles of track, and he generally went over it in a passenger train.

I asked him whether he found many tramps on passenger trains. He was not supposed to devote all his time to watching trespassers, but they were so obviously a nuisance on the property that it struck me as peculiar that he did not ride on trains where they were more likely to be found.

"No," he replied, in a drawling voice, to my query, "I don't find many tramps in passenger coaches; but I know where their camps are, and several of us raid 'em every now and then."

"I should think you would want to ride more on freight trains," I went on, "and catch the trespassers in the act, so to speak."

"I'm too heavy to fool around freight trains; besides, I don't want to have a knife put into me. Some o' them tramps

are mighty quick on their feet, and if I went at 'em they'd have a razor cut in me before I could turn round."

I asked him, in view of his age and "heaviness," why he did not try to find employment in some other department of the road more suited to his abilities. Railroad companies are often very lenient with employees of long standing, and give them easy positions in their old age.

"This is the easiest department the road's got," he returned. "Besides, I'm my own boss."

"Don't you have to make regular reports to any one?"

"I go to the trainmaster's office every morning for orders, but he don't know much about the business, and generally tells me to do as I think best. We men haven't got a chief the way the regular railroaders have."

"Who is responsible for what you do?" I inquired.

"Nobody, I guess, but the pres'dent o' the road."

"How do you spend your time?"

"Well, I go to the trainmaster in the morning, and if he hasn't heard of anything special, like a car robbery or an accident where there's likely to be a claim for damages, I stay aroun' the station a while, or go down into the yards and see what I can see. Sometimes I spend the day in the yards."

"What do you do there?"

"Oh, I loaf around, keep the kids away from the cars, chin chin with the switchmen 'n' the other men, keep my eyes open for fellows that there's rewards for, eat my dinner, an' go to bed."

"Why don't you try to break up the tramp camps?"

"We do try it, but they come back again."

"Don't you think you would probably be more successful if you raided them oftener?"

"Yes, I guess we would; but, you see, there ain't any one who's running the thing. When an order comes from the superintendent to make raids we make 'em, but he don't send in that order more'n once in three months, an' the rest o' the time we do pretty much as we like."

"How do you think things would go if you men were organized and had a chief? Would better work be done?"

"Better work would be done, I guess, but it would be a darned sight harder work;" and he smiled significantly.

#### THE CONFESSIONS OF A "ROADSTER."

My tramp informant was an old roadster of about forty, who had "held down" the railroad in question for a number of years. I asked him how long it had been an "open" road, one easy for trespassers to get over.

"As long as the memory of man goes back," he replied, with a suggestive flourish of his hand.

"Are not some divisions harder to beat than others?"

"Once in a while a division 'll get a little horstile, but only fer a few weeks."

"How many tramps are riding trains?"

"I don't see all the trains, so I can't tell you; but I never seen a freight yet that wasn't carryin' at least five bums, 'n' I've seen some carryin' over a hundred. In summer there's most as many bums as passengers."

"Is there much robbing of cars going on?"

"Not so much as there might be. The blokes are drunk most the time, 'n' they let chances go by. If they'd keep sober 'n' look up good fences, they could do a nice little business."

"Do the police trouble you much?"

"When they round up a camp they're pretty warm, but I don't see much o' them 'cept then. 'Course you wants to look out fer 'em when a train pulls into division yards, 'cause 'f yer handy they'll pinch you; but they ain't goin' to run after you very far. I've heard that they have orders to let the bums ride so long as there ain't too much swipin' goin' on. The company don't care, some people say."

#### A FREIGHT CONDUCTOR'S OPINIONS.

The trainman that I interviewed was a freight train conductor who had been in the employ of the company over twenty five years. I asked him whether he had instructions to keep trespassers off his trains.

"I got the instructions all right enough," he said, "but I don't follow them. I'm not a policeman for the road. I'm a conductor, and I only draw a salary for being that, too. When I was green I used to try to keep the bums off my trains, but I nearly got my head shot off one

night, and stopped after that. It's the detectives' business to look after such people."

"Do you see much of the detectives?"

"Once in a while one of them shows up on my trains, but I've never seen them make many arrests. One of them got on my train one day when I was carryin' fifty tramps, and he never went near them."

"What do you think ought to be done to keep tramps off trains?"

"Well, what I'd like to have done would be for the United States government to let all us trainmen carry revolvers and shoot every galoot that got onto our trains. That 'd stop the thing."

"Do you think the company wants it stopped?"

"I don't know whether they do or not, but I wish to God they'd do something. Why, we men can't go over our trains at night any more and be sure that we ain't goin' to get it in the neck somewhere. It's a holy fright."

I have quoted these men because their testimony may be accepted as expert. They know the situation and they know one another, and they had no reason to try to deceive me in answering my questions. In addition to their remarks, it is only necessary, so far as this particular road is concerned, to emphasize the fact that forty thousand dollars a year which the company spends for protection of the property is not protecting it and is bringing in to the stockholders practically no interest. The police force is entirely lacking in system, many of the men are too old and indifferent, and the property is littered up with as miscellaneous a collection of vagabonds and thieves as is to be found in a year's travel. This is neither good management nor good business, and it is unfair to a community which furnishes a railroad much of its revenue to foist such a rabble upon it.

#### OUR "AVENUES OF CRIME."

A more or less similar state of affairs exists on the great majority of the trunk lines in the United States. They are all spending thousands of dollars on their "detective" forces, as they call them, and they are all overrun by wandering mobs of ne'er do wells and criminals. There are no worse slums in the country than are to be found on the railroads. Reformers and social agitators are accus-



tomed to speak of the congested districts of the large cities as the slums to which attention should be directed, but in the most congested quarters of New York city there are no greater desperadoes nor scenes of deeper degradation than may be met on the "iron highways" of the United States. A number of railroads are recognized by vagrants and criminals as the stamping ground of particular gangs that are generally found on the lines with which their names are connected.

Take the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern Railroad for example. For several years a mob of cutthroats and "hold up" men, called the "Lake Shore Push," has been operating on that property, and is today known, by reputation at least, in every State of the Union. The hangman's noose and long sentences to the penitentiary have weakened the gang as a corporate body, but originally it was a strong criminal combination. The men had no leader or organization in the strict sense of the word, but they were bound together, as well as criminals and thugs can be, by the determination to keep the Lake Shore Railroad, from the outcast's point of view, in their own hands, and there have been times when it was all a man's life was worth to be caught by the gang on a freight train. They had made up their minds that a syndicate of ruffians was as appropriate and likely to succeed as any other kind of syndicate, and for several years they levied toll, in the shape of money or anything else of value that they could get, on all strange wanderers found on the property which they had picked out as their territory. If a man whom they had located beating his way in a box car refused to pay toll, they pummeled him until he acquiesced to their demands, and then, if they happened to be drunk, they were as likely as not to throw him off the train. Only a few of the original gang are alive or free today, but it still behooves a man beating his way on the Lake Shore to be on the lookout for men of their stamp.

Besides holding up tramps, they also robbed freight cars, and I doubt whether any other gang in the country ever brought to such perfection this kind of thieving. The robbery generally took place at night when the train was going round a curve. Two of the gang would board the train before the curve was

reached, carrying with them a rope ladder which could be fastened to the running board on top of the car to be robbed. One of the men saw to it that the ladder did not slip, and the other climbed down to the side door of the car, broke the seal, opened the door, and threw out on the ground as much plunder as he thought could be carried away, the same being picked up later by the rest of the gang scattered along the track. The two men would jump off the train as soon as it slackened its speed sufficiently to allow them to do so, rejoin the "push," and help in distributing the plunder among the "fences" in neighboring cities.

This kind of robbing is done spasmodically on nearly all American railroads, and there are also gangs, more or less similar to the "Lake Shore Push," throughout the country, but I have referred to them in particular because they illustrate better than any other collection of criminals known to me what results when railroad tramps combine and plot together. If ever a history of crime in the United States is written, the "Lake Shore Push" must be classified with the "Jesse James Gang" and the "Molly Maguires," and the blame for its appearance must be put on the indifference of railroad companies to the lawless trespassers that infest their properties, and to a lax and ignorant public opinion which makes it hard for the railroads to punish trespassers.

#### A SHINING EXAMPLE.

Every now and then the report is given out that a certain railroad is about to inaugurate a policy of retrenchment, and the newspapers state that a number of employees have been discharged or have had their work hours cut down. The best policy of retrenchment that a number of railroad companies can take up would be to stop the robberies on their properties, collect fares from the trespassers, and free their employees from the demoralizing companionship of tramps and criminals. To carry out such a policy a well organized railroad police force is indispensable, and as I have made use of a practical illustration to indicate the need of reform, I will advance another to show how this reform can be brought about.

There is one railroad police organization in the United States which is conscientiously protecting the property in whose

interests it works, and I cannot better make plain what is necessary to be done than by giving a short account of its organization and performance. It is employed on the Pennsylvania Lines West of Pittsburg, and in inception and direction is the achievement of the general manager of that system.

As a division superintendent this gentleman became very much interested in the police question, and organized a force for the divisions under his immediate control. It worked so successfully that, on assuming management of the entire property, he determined to introduce in all the divisions the methods which he had found helpful in his divisions. There was no attempt made, however, to overhaul the entire property at once. The reform went on gradually, and as one division was organized the needs and peculiarities of another were studied and planned for. Suitable men had to be found, and there was necessarily considerable experimenting. The work was done thoroughly, however, and with a view to permanent benefits rather than to merely temporary relief. Today, after nearly four years of preparatory exercise, the "Northwest System" has a model police organization, and the "Southwest System" is being organized as rapidly as the right men can be found.

#### THE POLICE OF THE "NORTHWEST SYSTEM."

The force on the "Northwest System"—and it must be remembered that this part of the property takes in such cities as Pittsburg, Cleveland, Toledo, and Chicago, where there is always a riffraff population likely to trespass on railroad property—is made up of eighty three officers and men. The chief of the force is the superintendent, whose jurisdiction extends to the "Southwest System" also. He reports to the general manager, and is almost daily in conference with him. For an assistant to manage things when he is "out on the road," and to relieve him of road duty when he is needed at headquarters, he has an inspector, a man who has risen from the ranks and has demonstrated ability for the position. Each division has a captain, who reports to the division superintendent and to the chief of the police service. This captain has under him one or more lieutenants and the necessary number of patrolmen

and watchmen, who report to him alone. An order from the general manager consequently reaches the men for whom it is meant through official channels entirely within the police department, and the same is true of statements and reports of the men to the general manager.

Practically everything is run according to a well understood system, and this is the secret of the department's success. Day in and day out every man on the force knows what he has to do, and expects to be called to order if his work does not come up to what is desired. Hunting down trespassers and thieves is but a part of the routine. The property is patrolled almost exactly as a large city is, and the men are expected to make reports about such matters as the condition of frogs and switches, switch lights, fences, and station buildings, to do preliminary work for the department of claims, to keep the property free from trespassers, to protect the pay car, look out for circus and excursion trains, and generally make themselves useful. They are all picked men, and have to come up to the requirements of the United States Army as regards health and physical strength. Their personal records are known for five years previous to being employed on the force. They constitute for the general manager an invaluable guardianship. He has but to press the button, so to speak, and within a few hours the entire police force is carrying out his instructions. Through it he can keep in touch with a thousand and one matters which would otherwise escape his notice, and he can order an investigation with the assurance that he will get an exact and trustworthy report within a reasonable time.

Such is the organization. Its performance up to date has consisted in cleaning up a property that five years ago, as I know from observation, was so infested with criminals that it was notorious throughout the tramp world as an "open" road. Today that system is noted for being the "tightest shut" line, from the trespasser's point of view, in the country, and the company pays seventeen thousand dollars a year less for its police arrangements than it did in 1893 for its watchmen and detective force. These are facts which any one may verify, and it is no longer possible for railroad companies to

explain their hesitation in taking up the police matter in earnest on the ground that it would cost too much. It costs less, not only in the police department's pay rolls, but in the department of claims as well, than it did when detached men, without any organization and direction, were employed, and the conditions at the start were very similar to those on railroads now known to be "open." It is to be admitted that the rabble which formerly infested this property has in all probability shifted to other roads—gangs of this character naturally follow the lines of least resistance—but it would have been impossible for it to shift had other railroads taken a similar stand against it; it must have vanished.

#### WHAT A RAILROAD POLICE SHOULD BE.

The time must come when this stand will be taken by all railroads. For a number of years there has been no more valuable contribution to the business of railroading in the United States than the demonstrated success of a railroad police force, and it is difficult to believe that the benefits it brings can be long overlooked. The question of methods to be employed will naturally occasion considerable discussion, and it will doubtless be found that an organization which suits one railroad is not available for another, but I believe that the general plan of the police organization described above is a safe one to follow. It is founded on the principle that the men must be carefully selected, thoroughly trained, systematically governed, and the scope of their work sharply defined. No police force, railroad or municipal, can do really good work unless due regard be given to these very important matters.

For the benefit of railroad police forces which may be organized in the future, the following suggestions seem to me to be worthy of consideration:

The title "detective" should not be given the men. They are not detectives in the ordinary sense of the word, and to be so called hurts them with the public and with their fellow employees. Railroading is a business done aboveboard and in the public view, and its police service should stand on a different footing from that of the detective force of a large city, where, as all the world knows, secret agents are necessary. They may

be necessary at times on railroads also, but there already exist reputable agencies for furnishing such service.

The superintending officers of the force should be superior men. In the average municipal police organization the chief, the inspectors, and the captains come from practically the same stratum of society which furnishes the patrolmen, and the latter have but little to look up to in their commanders but an accidental authority such as they may themselves enjoy, if only they live long enough. In Germany a municipal police patrolman has not the slightest hope of becoming so much as a lieutenant until he has passed a very severe examination, which practically implies a college education, and he consequently realizes that his superior officer is entitled to his position on other grounds than mere "pull" or "seniority," and learns to have great respect for him. A similar dignity should be attached to authoritative positions in the railroad police, and to secure it able men must be employed.

The superintendent of the service should be as supreme in it as is the superintendent of a division. If he has been chosen for the position on account of his fitness for it, the supposition is that he knows how to fill it, and there should be but one superior to whom he must answer. I bring up this point because on most railroads the police arrangements are, at present, such that almost every head of a department gives orders to the "detectives." On some roads even station agents are allowed to regulate the local police officer's movements.

Whether an American railroad police can be organized on as broad lines as in Germany, where practically all the railroad officials have police authority, is a question which cannot yet be definitely decided. The conditions in the United States are very different from those in Germany, and it may be that the sentiment of the people would be against giving so many persons police power; but I think it would be advantageous to experiment with the track walkers, crossing watchmen, and gatemen, and see whether they can be incorporated in the railroad police. Great care must naturally be exercised in picking out the men to possess patrolmen's privileges, but an examination, such as all German railroad police officials have to

pass, would seem to be a precaution which ought to secure safe officers. If such an arrangement were made, the railroad police would admirably supplement the municipal police and the rural constabulary, and the requirements, physical, mental, and moral, of the examinations to be gone through would have a tendency to elevate the morale of the men, not only as patrolmen, but also as railroaders.

#### A MODEL FOR OTHER POLICE FORCES.

In conclusion, I desire to point out the opportunity of teaching by example which I believe the railroad police of the United States are going to have. Unlike the municipal police, they are free of the toils of politics, and ought to become exemplary. Their methods and efficiency will not remain unnoticed. The day that the railroads succeed in ridding their properties of the vagrant class which now troubles them, and thousands of this class begin to take up permanent quarters in the cities because they are unable to

travel afoot, the public is going to make inquiries as to whence this undesirable contingent has come. They will then learn what a police force can do when it is not officered by political appointment and when it is made up of men who have been trained for the task imposed upon them.

A good thing cannot forever go a begging. Five years ago it seemed as impossible that a railroad could be cleaned up morally, as the one I have described has been, as it now seems that American cities can have police departments independent of politics. The trouble was that no railroad had taken the initiative. Ten years hence, I venture to prophesy, the railroads of the United States will not be the avenues of crime that they are at present. Some day a similar reform in police methods will be attempted and carried through in one of the American cities, and if the railroad police have done their work well and remained true to honest principles, not a little of the credit will belong to them.

---

#### CAP AND BELLS.

CUPID I met by the path today;  
His eyes were sad, but his words were gay;  
A cap and bells he wore on his head,  
For a man in love was a fool, he said.

"Cap and bells, cap and bells,  
The bee to the windflower nonsense tells,  
The milkmaid's cheek with a blush is red,  
And a man in love is a fool!" he said.

His bow was broken, his arrows lost,  
But his smile was bright as the sun on frost,  
And the bells at his cap's edge tinkling rang  
As low to himself he softly sang:

"Cap and bells, cap and bells,  
The sea's lip kisses the ocean shells,  
The grass on the slope lies brown and dead,  
And a man in love is a fool!" he said.

His lips were curved with a beauty rare;  
I marveled then at a boy so fair—  
And he cried, as he met my eager gaze,  
"Prithee, my master, mend thy ways.

"Cap and bells, cap and bells,  
Hast lent thyself to a woman's spells?  
The leaf on the rose is quickly shed,  
And a man in love is a fool!" he said,

A shadow stretched from a shrunken tree,  
And a wild wind whirled him far from me;  
But his parting message out of the blast  
Like a Parthian arrow flashing passed:

"Cap and bells, cap and bells,  
The spring's life dries in the deepest wells;  
A fool to his folly is doubly wed,  
And a man in love is a fool!" he said.

Ernest McGaffey.





"THERE IS SOMETHING ABSOLUTELY FASCINATING IN THE SWIFT DOWNWARD FLIGHT."

## SKI RUNNING—A NEW SPORT.

BY HENRY HARRISON LEWIS.

AN EXCITING AND EXHILARATING WINTER PASTIME WHICH IS NORWAY'S CONTRIBUTION TO THE COSMOPOLITAN ROUND OF AMERICAN SPORT.

IT had its origin in Norway, this sport which is known among its devotees as the "Wine of the Wind." It came to this country when the first of the hardy Norsemen of today found their way to the new regions in the Northwest; and it was common among them for many years before their American neighbors concluded that the "two sticks," as they were flippantly called, were really valuable both as a means of locomotion and as a sport.

Today there are numerous ski clubs in Canada and the upper fringe of the States, and the ski is becoming known in the middle East and West. That the sport will become a widespread fad, however, is open to doubt, because two of the requisite ingredients—snow and a mountain—cannot be found in every clime.

The Norwegian ski—the parent of that used in this country—is fashioned from a tough piece of wood, generally ash. There are two, one for each foot, and they are

of equal length, about ten feet. They taper from five inches in width at the back to three inches at the "toe." The thickness ranges from one quarter to one half of an inch. The "toes" are pointed and turned up, ending in a bit of quaint carving.

Those made in Norway carry a simple

lower end, and a few inches higher up a strong leather washer. The pole is to the ski runner what the rudder is to a ship.

To shoot a hill without the guiding pole would result in disaster, and disaster in ski running often means broken limbs and sometimes even death. Both the knob and the washer are held in the snow, the



IN THE LAND OF THE SKI—"EVERY VARIETY OF SCENERY—LEVEL STRETCHES, CLIMBS, SHOOT, BLUFFS, HILLS, JUMPS, AND LAKES OF ICE."

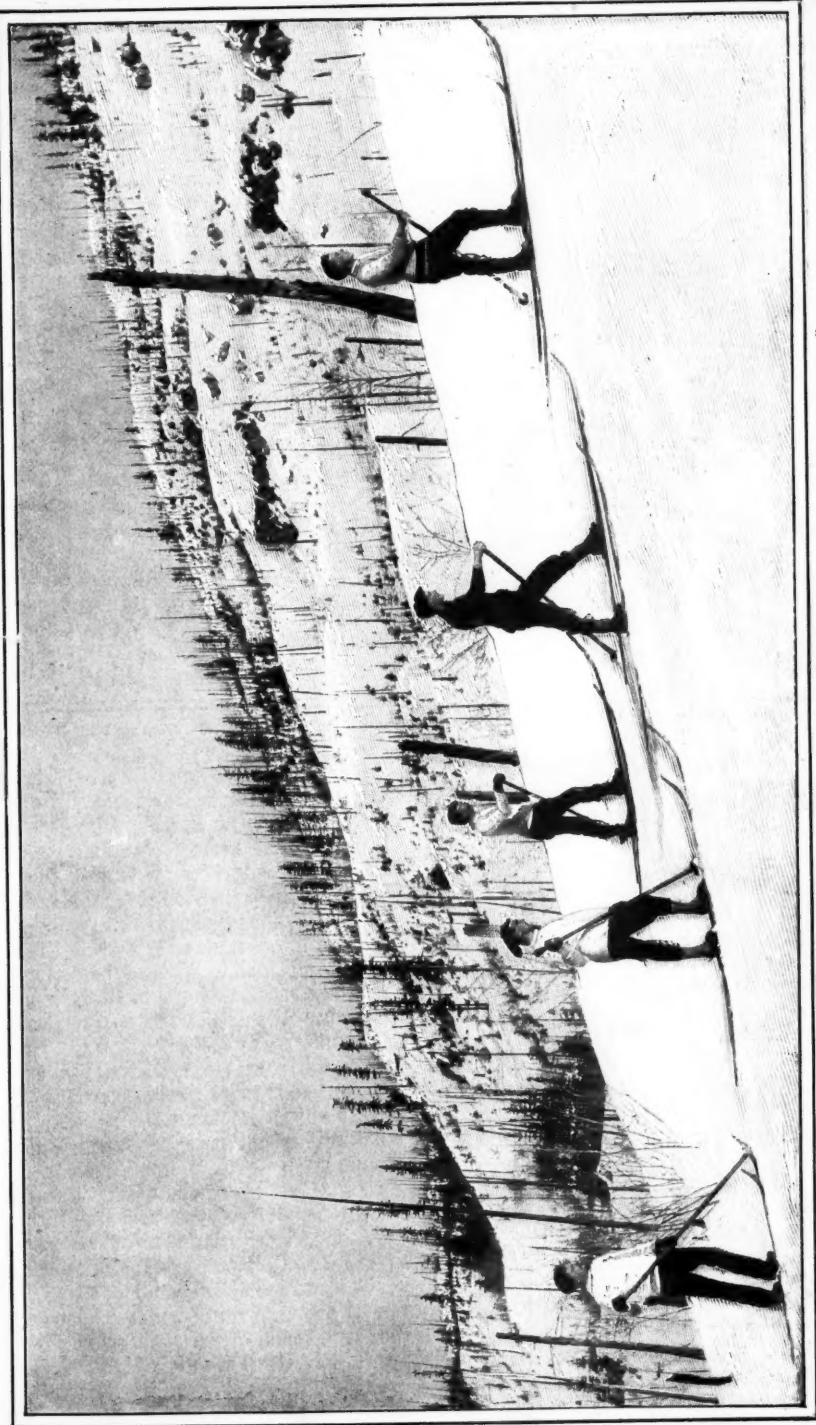
strap for the feet, but the Canadian ski is more elaborately equipped. In the Quebec districts three straps are used, and in the West, among the Rockies, local followers of this king of sports have adopted a half shoe arrangement with an extra strap for the heel. The latter, however, is used solely in climbing, the buckle being unfastened before an extended "shoot" is taken. This precaution will be understood by those who have tried ski running. There are times when the quick release of a foot from the ski is necessary. Most skis are grooved on the bottom to prevent side slipping, but those who consider themselves expert in running disdain such a precaution.

A requisite to safe running is the pole, with which every ski runner should be provided. This is a long, stout stick, usually of hickory. It has a knob at the

former when the speed is light, and the other in case a strong, quick effort, such as the sudden turning of an obstacle, is desired. To continue a simile already used, the washer and the knob occupy the relative positions of a large rudder and a smaller one.

A beginner must learn, among other things, the ski step, which is entirely different from any he knows. It is an easy shuffle or glide which can be maintained for hours without causing fatigue. The effort of pushing a ski over snow of a proper quality is no more difficult than the handling of an ice or roller skate.

On level ground great speed can be attained in this manner, and even in climbing hills a pace faster than a walk is possible. But it is when a hill or long slope stretches down before one that the real pleasures of the sport come into



A SKI CLUB RUN—"EVEN IN CLIMBING HILLS A PACE FASTER THAN A WALK IS POSSIBLE."



A QUARTET OF CANADIAN SKI RUNNERS, MEMBERS OF THE SKI CLUB OF REVELSTOKE, BRITISH COLUMBIA.

being. There is something absolutely fascinating in the swift downward flight, in the bird-like dart, and the apparently ever present sense of danger.

A "run," in the vocabulary of the sport, is a certain tour, generally determined on before the start. It may include a long tramp over a flat surface to a mountain, then a climb, followed by the descent; or it may mean simply the ascent of a hillside and the ensuing "shoot." A well known club in Revelstoke, British Columbia, composed of many of the leading business men of the place, has runs on stated occasions that include every variety of scenery—level stretches, climbs, shoots, bluffs, hills, jumps, and lakes of ice.

On these runs a leader is chosen whose duty it is to select the most difficult places, much as in the boyish game of "follow my leader." The spirit of emulation sometimes leads to results not entirely beneficial nor desired, but the day generally ends without serious catastrophe.

The most dangerous part of a run is the "jump," paradoxical as that may seem. On the steepest slopes embankments of logs are constructed so as to form ridges in the snow, with a steep descent below.

A runner starting from the crest strikes the level top or roof of one of these ridges, and is sent hurtling through the air like a shot from a catapult. Great distances—the record is more than a hundred feet—have been covered in safety.

One peculiarity about ski running is that its followers never lose their enthusiasm. And small wonder—for it is indeed a glorious sport. There is everything in its favor. It takes one into the open air amid the finest scenery, it tests every faculty, it provides exercise for every muscle, and it gives health, strength, and pleasure beyond compare.

To shoot a hill once is almost pastime enough. To feel the rushing wind, to taste of the wine of the wintry breeze, to see the dazzling snow fly past dashed here and there with streaks of evergreen bushes, to catch the glint of the sun on pinnacles of ice and frosted tree tops, and to feel deep down in your heart and soul that rare touch of freedom which is the heritage of those who inhabit the forests, the mountain crags, and the air above—all this is given also to the fortunate ones who "shoot" with the ski that came from the land of the Norsemen.



# SAILOR PRINCES OF TODAY.

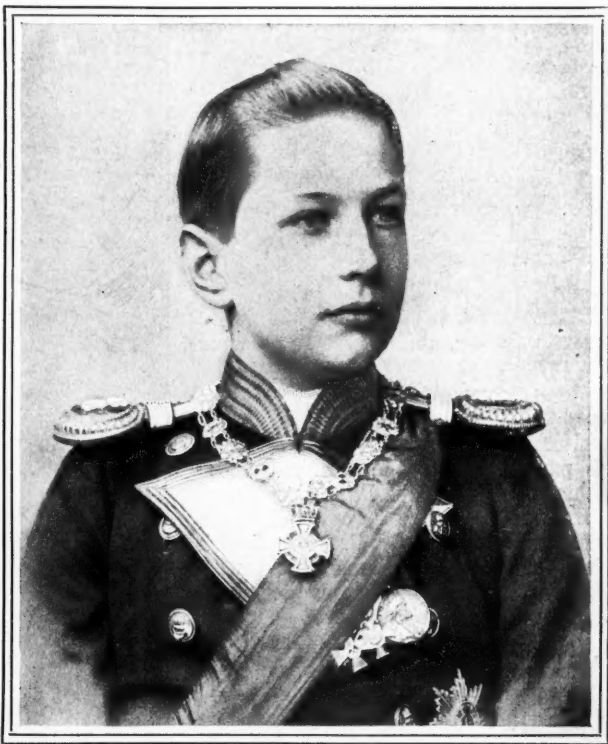
BY FRITZ MORRIS.

ROYAL BOYS WHO MAY ONE DAY COMMAND SOME OF THE NAVIES OF THE WORLD, FROM THE GREAT ARMADAS OF BRITAIN TO THE PETTY SQUADRON OF SIAM.

"BLOOD will tell" is a proverb that has many believers. On the other hand, there are stalwart democrats who cherish a vague but confident theory that royalty is an obsolete institution, and that the reigning families of Europe are physical degenerates. It can hardly be denied that the portraits herewith presented form an exhibit in favor of the former of these two opposing ideas. The sailor princes—there is one in almost every one of the great royal houses—would be called, had they not been born within the shadow of kingly dignity, a remarkably likely lot of little fellows.

For instance, there are few boys of five who look more thoroughly healthy and boyish than Prince Edward of York, who has the distinction of being the only living heir to a throne of the third generation in the direct male line. He is destined for the British navy, and he ought to make a good sailor, for few princes have so thorough a knowledge of the sea as his father, the Duke of York. The duke—the Prince of Wales' eldest surviving son—was probably the youngest cadet that ever joined the training-ship *Britannia*, for he had just passed the minimum age of entry—twelve years—by two days when he first became a sailor.

Prince Eddie, or, to give him his full list of names, Prince Edward Albert Christian George Andrew Patrick David—is known to his royal relatives as "King David." He is a merry, good natured, mischievous youngster, and was immensely popular with the men and officers aboard the cruiser *Crescent* while his father was in command of her. It is said that he takes to the sea naturally, and is very quick to learn nautical terms and phrases. He knows the use of many things aboard, and indulges occasionally in the pure, un-



PRINCE ADALBERT OF PRUSSIA, SON OF THE EMPEROR WILLIAM II OF GERMANY.

*From a photograph by Schaarwachter, Berlin.*



PRINCE WALDEMAR, SON OF PRINCE HENRY OF PRUSSIA, AND NEPHEW OF THE KAISER.

*From a photograph by Schmidt & Wegener, Kiel.*

adulterated sailor jargon, to the horror of his parents, but to the keen enjoyment of his grandfather, the Prince of Wales.

He was the first of Queen Victoria's great grandsons who could claim British birth, and his advent was hailed with great satisfaction by Britons generally. This parody on Kipling greeted him:

And the wind of the north will hear us where our  
ice bound flag flaunts free;  
And the wind of the south will echo the song of an  
empire's glee.  
By the east wind and the west wind will the tidings  
glad be skirled,  
Till every son of Britain will be shouting through  
the world:

"He's a first class sort of infant,  
And his equal we shan't see,  
Though we search from Deal to Delhi,  
Or from Kew to Kurrachee."

The little British prince's cousin, Prince Adalbert Ferdinand Beringer Victor, third son of the Emperor William, was born on July 14, 1884, and is already a real sailor, having studied in the cadet school at Kiel, having made a duty cruise on the cadet ship *Charlotte*, and being an *Unterlieutenant zu See*, a second lieutenant in the German navy. He is generally considered the handsomest of the Hohenzollerns, and has always displayed a marked fondness for the sea. One of his early playthings was a magnificent miniature model of the Hohenzollern, a Christmas present from his father, who fosters every



PRINCE EDWARD OF YORK, THIRD IN THE LINE OF SUCCESSION TO THE BRITISH THRONE.

*From a photograph by Ralph, Deringham.*

laudable ambition of his sons. Two years later Prince Adalbert returned the gift in the shape of a duplicate model, every spar and rope, and every portion of the hull, being the boy's own work.

The story is told that when about twelve years old, Prince Adalbert, newly awakened to the delights of royal dignity, was inordinately fond of being saluted, and was in the habit of purposely passing before the palace gates to have the guard turned out in his honor. But one day the Kaiser, who is a strict disciplinarian in his own household, was reprimanding the boy for some slight offense, when he noticed—alas, that it should be recorded of a prince!—that Adalbert's ears were dirty. Shortly afterward, through an oversight, the guard was not called out to salute when the prince passed, and he rushed to his father and, with tears in his eyes, complained that proper respect had not been shown him. The Kaiser said seriously, "*Für Hoheiten mit schmutzigen Ohren wird die Wache nicht herausgerufen.*" ("The guard does not turn out for royal highnesses with dirty ears.")



PRINCE WILLIAM, SON OF THE CROWN PRINCE OF SWEDEN AND NORWAY.

*From a photograph by Florman, Stockholm.*



PRINCE CHAKABRON OF SIAM, IN THE UNIFORM OF A CADET ON THE BRITISH TRAINING SHIP BRITANNIA.

*From a photograph by Ellis, Malta.*

A third royal cousin who is to be a sailor is Prince Waldemar, son of Prince Henry of Prussia. Waldemar is doubly Queen Victoria's great grandchild, for both of his parents are her grandchildren, his father being the second son of the Empress Frederick, and his mother the daughter of Princess Alice. He was born in 1889 at Kiel, and he, too, took kindly to the sea. Prince Henry's family lead a very simple life. Waldemar is a studious boy, who speaks English fluently, and without a German accent. Not long ago he was formally commissioned a lieutenant in the imperial navy.

Prince Christopher, the youngest son of the King of Greece, inherits nautical tastes. His father was a junior officer in the Danish navy, and was studying his profession in England when he received the very unexpected offer of the Hellenic crown; and the Queen of Greece, who was the Grand Duchess Olga of Russia, is an experienced yachtswoman, and holds the rank of honorary admiral in the navy of her cousin the Czar—a distinction probably unique among women. An elder brother, too—Prince George, now gover-

nor of Crete—is a thorough seaman. Christopher served last summer as an extra mate on his father's yacht, the *Amphitrite*, and though his duties were probably more or less nominal he wore a sailor's uniform and drew the regular pay of his rank, sixty four francs a month.

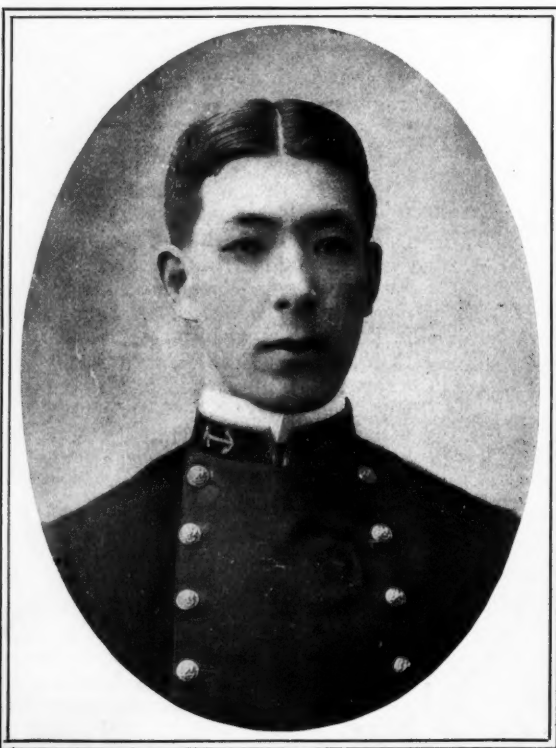
Not long ago a large sum was bequeathed to the Hellenic nation by George Averoff, a rich Greek merchant of Alexandria, and one of the objects for which the legacy is to be spent is the establishment of a naval training ship, to be named after the donor. It is expected that Prince Christopher will serve on this ship, and will ultimately become her commander.

Sweden has a sailor prince in the person of Prince William, the king's seventeen year old grandson, who learned his profession at the Stockholm Naval Academy, and recently finished his first turn of duty afloat as junior officer on the corvette *Saga*. During the cruise, which included



PRINCE CHRISTOPHER OF GREECE, "EXTRA MATE"  
ON THE ROYAL YACHT AMPHITRITE.

*From a photograph by Boehringer, Athens.*



HEIDEWARO TAMURO, A YOUNG JAPANESE NOBLEMAN WHO IS  
STUDYING AT THE UNITED STATES NAVAL ACADEMY.

*From a photograph by Bigham, Annapolis.*

a round of the North Sea ports, an incident occurred which is unfortunately characteristic of the present state of affairs in the dual kingdom whose crown the young prince may one day wear. While he was at Amsterdam a Norwegian vessel arrived in the port, and entered at the custom house, flying the distinctive flag adopted by Norway without the sign of the union with Sweden. As this was some time before the date fixed for the use of the new ensign, the action of the Norwegian skipper was a deliberate insult to Prince William, besides being a technical breach of maritime law. The Dutch authorities took the matter up, visiting severe censure upon the custom house officials who accepted the offending ship's papers; and the city of Amsterdam made reparation by royally entertaining the Swedish prince. Two brief years ago



Spain was rated as a considerable naval power. As to the present location of her most formidable ships it is not necessary to particularize; and it is hardly likely that Alfonso XIII will be able to restore his country's shattered navy. His sailor uniforms, at any rate, are left to him, and he wears them when he goes on board a gunboat at San Sebastian during his summer visits to the seaside, and when he visits the naval schools at Cartagena and Ferrol.

One of the young king's numerous titular dignities is that of *jefe supremo de las fuerzas de mar y tierra* (commander in chief of the sea and land forces). He will be fourteen next May, and now promises to be a much stronger and healthier lad than seemed likely a few years ago. He is said to be a bright, clever boy, though not very fond of his books. According to a story which may or may not be true, he was having a French lesson, not long ago, when his teacher asked, "What are the words on the English coat of arms?"

"*Dieu et mon droit*," was the reply.

"And what are the American coat of arms?"

"*Dieu et Monroe*," said the youthful monarch.

Passing from Europe to the far east, Chulalongkorn, King of Siam, has two sons who are being trained in the British service—one in the army, the other in the navy. The Siamese sailor prince, Charkabron, began his education at Cutcutta; thence he went to Greenwich, afterwards becoming a cadet on the *Britannia*, and a midshipman on the battleship *Revenge*. When he first went to England he naturally found many things to wonder at. The first day he went out alone, it chanced that snow began to fall. Prince

Charkabron, greatly alarmed at so startling a meteorological phenomenon, rushed indoors and exclaimed in tones of excited alarm, "What can have happened? It is raining feathers!" But he soon became used to his surroundings, and now he is described as a very promising boy, a really capable seaman, a perfect master of English, and an enthusiastic cricket and football player. He is soon to go back to Siam, when, it is said, he will be placed in command of the royal yacht, the *Maha Chakri*, and will eventually become admiral of the Siamese navy, which consists of a cruiser and half a dozen gunboats.

There is now at Annapolis a young Asiatic who, though not exactly a sailor prince, may be mentioned in this category. He is a Japanese nobleman, and after his training in America he will in the natural course of events become an admiral in the Mikado's navy. Thirty years ago two Japanese students were admitted to our Naval Academy, as a matter of governmental courtesy; and since then several others—most of whom are now naval officers of high rank—have come here for their technical education. Heidewaro Tamuro, whose portrait is given on page 672, will finish his course next June.

One of the first Japanese cadets at Annapolis, and apparently the only one who ever graduated there—for most of them merely take a certificate showing that they have studied for four years—had a tragical later history. Zum Zow Matzmulla, as he was called, imbibed such liberal ideas in America that when he went back to Japan he found the benevolent paternalism of its government intolerable, and began to plot rebellion. He was discovered and arrested, and paid the forfeit with his head.

#### IN ABSENCE.

SINCE you are gone, I know not where to wing my thought—  
What star to make my message bearer through the night,  
Upon what breeze to loose for homeward evening flight  
The dreams that found alway with you the nest they sought.

Ever, the while I knew where you were housed, and where  
You sat in quiet when day's fume and fret were done,  
It was my joy to pray the air, the stars, the sun,  
To bear my love that it might reach and bless you there.

But now I have not any goal for all my dream,  
And it and love fly aimless in the chilly night.  
In your new window, pray you set a little light,  
That they may guide their lonely wandering by its gleam.

Douglas Hemingway.

# THE ISLE OF UNREST.\*

BY HENRY SETON MERRIMAN.

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS ALREADY PUBLISHED.

ON the death of Mattei Perucca, his estate in Corsica becomes the property of Denise Lange, the daughter of a French general who was killed at Solferino. The young heiress is living with her elderly cousin, Mlle. Brun, when she is apprised of her good fortune, and the two women decide to leave the Parisian convent where they are teaching, and go to Corsica, despite the warning of friends as to the unsettled condition of the island. On learning of their decision, Lory de Vasselot, a young Frenchman of Corsican parentage, makes up his mind also to go to this "isle of unrest," to look after his parental estates, which adjoin the Casa Perucca, but which, owing to the state of the country, have never proved profitable. When he reaches the de Vasselot homestead he is admitted by the attendant, after a suspicious scrutiny, and finds therein his father, whom he has believed to be dead, and who, owing to his fear of assassination at the hands of the Peruccas, with whom he has been at feud, has not moved out of doors for thirty years. When Denise and Mlle. Brun arrive in Corsica they are met by Colonel Gilbert, a French officer of engineers, who has already made them an offer to buy the Casa Perucca, and who now points out some of the disadvantages under which they will labor if they take up their residence there.

## IX (Continued).

"If one only knew whether you approve or disapprove of these harebrained proceedings!" he took an opportunity of saying to Mlle. Brun, when Denise was out of earshot.

"If I only knew myself," she replied coldly.

They climbed into the high, old fashioned carriage, and drove through the new Boulevard du Palais, upward to the hills above the town. And if they observed the small crosses on either side of the road, marking the spot where some poor wight had come to what is here called an accidental death, they took care to make no mention of it. For Denise persisted in seeing everything in that rose light which illumines the world when we are young. She had even a good word to say for the *Persévérance*, which vessel had assuredly need of such, and said that the captain was a good French sailor, despite his grimy face.

"This," she cried, "is better than your stuffy schoolroom!"

And she stood up in the carriage to inhale the breeze that hummed through the *macquis* from the cool mountain tops. There is no air like that which comes as through a filter made of a hundred scented trees—a subtle mingling of their clean woody odors.

"Look!" she added, pointing down to the sea, which looked calm from this great height. "Look at that queer flat

island there. That is Pianosa. And there is Elba. Elba! Cannot the magic of that word rouse you? But no, you have no Corsican blood in you; and you sit there with your uncompromising old face and your black bonnet a little bit on one side, if I may mention it"—and she proceeded to put Mlle. Brun's bonnet straight—"you, who are always in mourning for something—I don't know what," she added half reflectively, as she sat down again.

The road to St. Florent mounts in a semicircle behind Bastia through orange groves and vineyards, and the tiny private burial grounds so dear to Corsican families of position. These, indeed, are a proud people, for they are too good to await the last day in the company of their humbler brethren, but must needs have a small garden and a hideous little mausoleum of their own, with a fine view and easy access to the highroad.

With many turns the great road climbs round the face of the mountain, and soon leaving Bastia behind, takes a southern trend, and suddenly commands from a height a matchless view of the Lake of Biguglia and the little hillside village where a Corsican parliament once sat, which was once, indeed, the capital of this war torn island. For every village can boast of a battle, and the rocky earth has run with the blood of almost every European nation, as well as that of Turk and Moor. Beyond the lake, and stretching away into a blue haze where sea and land melt into one, lies the great salt

\*Copyright, 1899, by H. S. Scott.—This story began in the December number of MUNSIEY'S MAGAZINE.

marsh where the first Greek colony was located, where the ruins of Mariana remain to this day.

Soon the road mounts above the level of the semi tropical vegetation, and passes along the face of bare and stony heights, where the pines are small and the *macquis* no higher than a man's head.

Denise, tired with so long a drive at a snail's pace, jumped from the carriage.

"I will walk up this hill," she cried to the driver, who had never turned in his seat or spoken a word to them.

"Then keep close to the carriage," he answered.

"Why?"

But he only indicated the *macquis* with his whip, and made no further answer. Mlle. Brun said nothing, but presently, when the driver paused to rest the horses, she descended from the carriage and walked with Denise.

It was nearly midday when they at last reached the summit of the pass. The heavy clouds, which had been long hanging over the mountains that border the great plain of Biguglia, had rolled northward before a hot and oppressive breeze, and the sun was now hidden. The carriage descended at a rapid trot, and once the man got down and silently examined his brakes. The road was a sort of cornice cut on the bare mountainside, and a stumble or the slipping of a brake block would inevitably send the carriage rolling into the valley below.

Denise sat upright, and looked quickly, with eager movements of the head, from side to side. Soon they reached the region of the upper pines, which are small, and presently passed a piece of virgin forest—of those great pines which have no like in Europe.

"Look!" said Denise, gazing up at the great trees with a gasp of excitement.

But mademoiselle had only eyes for the road in front. Before long they passed into the region of chestnuts, and soon saw the first habitation they had seen for two hours. For this is one of the most thinly peopled lands of Europe, and four great nations of the continent have at one time or other done their best to exterminate this untamable race. Then a few more houses, and a smaller road branching off to the left from the highway. The carriage swung round into this, which led straight to a wall built right across it.

The driver pulled up, and, turning, brought the horses to a standstill at a door built in the solid wall. With his whip he indicated a bell chain, rusty and worn, that swung in the breeze.

There was nobody to be seen. The clouds had closed down over the mountains. Even the tops of the great pines were hidden in a thin mist.

Denise got down and rang the bell. After a long pause the door was opened by a woman in black, with a black silk handkerchief over her head, who looked gravely at them.

"I am Denise Lange," said the girl.

"And I," said the woman, stepping back to admit them, "am the widow of Pietro Andrei, who was shot at Olmeta."

And Denise Lange entered her own door, followed by Mlle. Brun.

## X.

"There are some occasions on which a man must sell half his secret in order to conceal the rest."

"THERE is some one moving among the oleanders down by the river," said the count, coming quickly into the room where Lory de Vasselot was sitting, one morning some days after his unexpected arrival at the château.

The old man was cool enough, but he closed the window that led to the small terrace where he cultivated his carnations, with that haste which indicates a recognition of undeniable danger, coupled with no feeling of fear.

"I know every branch in the valley," he said, "every twig, every leaf, every shadow. There is some one there."

Lory rose, and laid aside the pen with which he was writing for an extended leave of absence. In four days these two had, as one of them had predicted, grown accustomed to each other. And the line between custom and necessity is a fine drawn one.

"Show me," he said, going towards the window.

"Ah!" murmured the count, jerking his head. "You will hardly perceive it unless you are a hunter—or the hunted."

Lory glanced at his father. Assuredly the sleeping mind was beginning to rouse itself.

"It is nothing but the stirring of a leaf here, the movement of a branch there, which are unusual and unnatural."

As he spoke, he opened the window with that slow caution which had become habitual to his every thought and action.

"There," he said, pointing with a steady hand; "to the left of that almond tree which is still in bloom. Watch those willows which have come there since the wall fell away and the terrace slipped into the flooded river, twenty one years ago this spring. You will see the branches move. There—there! You see? It is a man, and he comes too slowly to have an honest purpose."

"I see," said Lory. "Is that land ours?"

The count gave an odd little laugh.

"You can see nothing from this window that is not ours," he answered. "As much as any other man's," he added, after a pause. For the conviction still holds good in some Corsican minds that the mountains are common property.

"He is coming slowly, but not very cautiously," said Lory. "Not like a man who thinks that he may be watched from here. He probably is taking no heed of these windows, for he thinks the place is deserted."

"It is more probable," replied the count, "that he is coming here to ascertain that fact. What the *abbé* has heard another may hear, though he would not learn it from the *abbé*. If you want a secret kept, tell it to a priest, and of all priests, the *Abbé Susini*. Some one has heard that you are here in Corsica, and is creeping up to the castle to find out."

"And I will go and find him out. Two can play at that game in the bushes," said Lory, with a laugh.

"If you go, take a gun; one can never tell how a game may turn."

"Yes; I will take a gun if you wish it." And Lory went towards the door. "No," he said, pausing in answer to a gesture made by his father, "not that one. It is of too old a make."

And he went out of the room, leaving his father holding in his hand the gun with which he had shot Andrei Perucca thirty years before. He stood looking at the closed door with dim, reflective eyes. Then he looked at the gun, which he set slowly back in its corner.

"It seems," he said to himself, "that I am of too old a make also."

He went to the window, and, opening it cautiously, stood looking down into the

valley. There he perceived that, though two may play at the same game, it is usually given to one to play it better than the other. For he who was climbing up the hill might be followed by a careful eye, by the chance displacement of a twig, the bending of a bough; while Lory, creeping down into the valley, remained quite invisible, even to his father, upon whose memory every shadow was imprinted.

"Aha!" laughed the old man, under his breath. "One sees that the boy is a Corsican. And," he added, after a pause, "one would almost say that the other is not."

In which the count's trained eye—trained as only is the vision of the hunted—was by no means deceived. For Lory, who was far down in the valley, had already caught sight of a braided sleeve, and, a moment later, recognized Colonel Gilbert. The colonel not only failed to perceive him, but was in nowise looking for him. He appeared to be entirely absorbed, first in the examination of the ground beneath his feet, and then in the contemplation of the rising land. In his hand he seemed to be carrying a notebook, and so far as the watcher could see, consulted from time to time a compass.

"He is only engaged in his trade," said Lory to himself, with a laugh; and, going out into the open, he sat down on a rock with the gun across his knee and waited.

Thus it happened that Colonel Gilbert, working his way up through the bushes, notebook in hand, looked up and saw within a few yards of him the owner of the land upon which they stood, whom he had every reason to believe to be in Paris.

His ruddy face was of a deeper red as he slipped his notebook within his tunic and came forward, holding out his hand. But his smile was as ready and good natured as ever.

"Well met!" he said. "You find me, count, taking a professional and business-like survey of the land that you promised to sell me."

"You are welcome to take the survey," answered Lory, taking the outstretched, cordial hand, "but I must ask you to let me keep the land. I did not take your offer seriously."

"It was intended seriously, I assure you."



"Then it was my mistake," answered Lory, quite pleasantly.

He tapped himself vigorously on the chest, and made a gesture indicating that at a word from the colonel he was ready to lay violent hands upon himself for having been so foolish. The colonel laughed, and shrugged his shoulders as if the matter were but a small one. The pitiless Mediterranean, almost African, sun poured down on them, and one of those short spells of absolute calm, which are characteristic of these latitudes, made it unbearably hot. The colonel took off his cap, and, sitting down in quite a friendly way near de Vasselot on a rock, proceeded to mop his high forehead, pressing back the thin smooth hair which was touched here and there with gray.

"You have come here at the wrong time," he said. "The heats have begun. One longs for the cool breezes of Paris or of Normandy."

And he paused, giving Lory an opportunity of explaining why he had come at this time, which opportunity was promptly neglected.

"At all events, count," said the colonel, replacing his cap and lighting a cigarette, "I did not deceive you as to the nature of the land which I wished to buy. It is a desert, as you see. And yet I cannot help thinking that something might be made of this land."

He sat and gazed lazily in front of him. Presently, leaving his cigarette to smolder, he began to buzz through his teeth, in the bucolic manner, an air of Offenbach. He was, in a word, entirely agricultural, and consequently slow of speech.

"Yes, count," he said, with conviction, after a long pause; "there is only one drawback to Corsica."

"Ah?"

"The Corsicans," said the colonel, gravely. "You do not know them as I do; for I suppose you have only been here a few days."

De Vasselot's quick eyes glanced for a moment at the colonel's face, but no reply was made to the supposition. Then the colonel fell to his guileless Offenbach again. There is nothing so innocent as the meditative rendering of a well known tune. A popular air is that which echoes in empty heads.

Colonel Gilbert glanced sideways at his companion. He had not thought that this

was a silent man. Nature was singularly at fault in her moldings if this slightly made, dark-eyed Frenchman was habitually taciturn. And the colonel was vaguely uneasy.

"My horse," he said, "is up at Olmeta. I took a walk round by the river. It is my business to answer innumerable questions from the Ministry of the Interior. Railway projects are still in the air, you understand. I must know my Corsica. Besides, as I tell you, I thought I was on my own land."

"I am sorry that I cannot hold to my joke, for it was nothing else, as you know."

"Yes, yes, of course," acquiesced the colonel. "And in the mean time, it is a great pleasure to see you here, as well as a surprise. I need hardly tell you that your presence here is quite unknown to your neighbors. We have little to talk about at this end of the island now that the administration is centered more than ever at Ajaccio; and were it known in the district that you are at Vasselot, you may be sure I should have heard of it at the café or at the hotel where I dine."

"Yes; I came without drum or trumpet."

"You are wise."

The remark was made so significantly that Lory could not ignore it, even if such a course had recommended itself to one of his quick and impulsive nature.

"What do you mean, colonel?"

Gilbert made a little gesture of the hand that held the half-burned cigarette. He deprecated, it would appear, having been drawn to talk on so serious a topic.

"Well, I speak as one Frenchman to another, as one soldier to another. If the emperor does not die, he will declare war against Germany. There is the situation in a nutshell, is it not? And do you think the army can afford to lose one man at the present time, especially a man who has made good use of such small opportunities of distinction as the fates have offered him? And, so far as I have been able to follow the intricacies of the parochial politics, your life is not worth two sous in this country, my dear count. There, I have spoken. A word to the wise, is it not?"

He rose, and threw away his cigarette with a nod and a smile.

"And now I must be returning. You will allow me to pass up that small path-

way that leads past the château. Some day I should, above all things, like to see the château. I am interested in old houses, I tell you frankly."

"I will walk part of the way with you," answered Lory, with a stiffness which was entirely due to a sense of self reproach. For it was his instinct to be hospitable and open handed and friendly. And Lory would have liked to ask the colonel then and there to come to the château.

"By the way," said the colonel, as they climbed the hill together, "I did not, of course, mean to suggest that you should sell me the old house which bears your name—only a piece of land, a few hectares on this southwest slope, that I may amuse myself with agriculture, as I told you. Perhaps some day you may reconsider your decision."

He waited for a reply to this suggestion, or an invitation in response to the hint that he was interested in the old house. But neither came.

"I am much obliged to you for your warning as to the unpopularity of my name in this district," said Lory, rather laboriously changing the subject. "I had, of course, heard something of the same sort before; but I do not attach much importance to local tradition, do you?"

The colonel paused for a few minutes. He had the leisurely conversational manner of an old man.

"These people have undergone a change," he said at length, "since their final subjugation by ourselves—exactly a hundred years ago, by the way. They were a turbulent, fighting, obstinate people. Those qualities—good enough in times of war—go bad in times of peace. They are a lawless, idle, dishonest people now. Their grand fighting qualities have run to seed in municipal disagreements and electioneering squabbles. And, worst of all, we have grafted on them our French thrift, which has run to greed. There is not a man in the district who would shoot you, count, from any idea of the vendetta, but there are a hundred who would do it for a thousand franc note, or in order to prevent you taking back the property which he has stolen from you. That is how it stands. And that is why Pietro Andrei came to grief at Olmeta."

"And Mattei Perucca?" asked Lory, thereby causing the colonel to trip suddenly over a stone.

"Oh, Perucca!" he answered. "That was different. He died a more or less natural death. He was a very stout man, and on receiving a letter, gave way to such ungovernable rage that he fell in a fit. True, it was a threatening letter; but such are common enough in this country. It may have been a joke, or may have had some comparatively harmless object. None could have foreseen such a result."

They were now near the château, and the colonel rather suddenly shook hands and went away.

"I am always to be found at Bastia, and am always at your service," he said, waving a farewell with his whip.

Lory found the door of the château ajar, and Jean watching behind it. His father, however, seemed to have forgotten upon what mission he had gone forth, and was sitting placidly in the little room, lighted by a skylight, where they always lived. The sight of Lory reminded him, however.

"Who was it?" he asked, without showing a very keen interest.

"It was a man called Gilbert," answered Lory, "whom I have met in Paris. An engineer. He is stationed at Bastia, and is connected with the railway scheme. A man I should like to like, and yet—He ought to be a good fellow. He has every qualification, and yet—"

Lory did not finish the sentence, but stood reflectively looking at his father.

"He has more than once offered to buy Vasselot," he said, watching for the effect.

"You must never sell Vasselot," replied the old man. He did not seem to conceive it possible that there should be any temptation to do so.

"I do not quite understand Colonel Gilbert," continued Lory. "He has also offered to buy Perucca; but there I think he has to deal with a clever woman."

## XI.

*"C'est ce qu'on ne dit pas qui explique ce qu'on dit."*

FROM the Rue du Cherche-Midi in Paris to the Casa Perucca in Corsica is as complete a change as even the heart of woman may desire. For the Rue du Cherche-Midi is probably the noisiest corner of that noisy Paris that lies south of the Seine; and the Casa Perucca is one of the few quiet corners of Europe where

the madding crowd is non existent, and that crowning effort of philanthropic folly, the statute holiday, has yet to penetrate.

"Yes," said Mlle. Brun, one morning, after she and Denise had passed two months in what she was pleased to term exile—"yes; it is peaceful. Give me war," she added grimly, after a pause.

They were standing on the terrace that looked down over the great valley of Vasselot. There was not a house in sight except the crumbling château. The month was June, and the river, which could be heard in winter, was now little more than a trickling stream. A faint breeze stirred the young leaves of the copper beech, which is a silent tree by nature, and did not so much as whisper now. There are few birds in Corsica, for the natives are great sportsmen, and will shoot, sitting, anything from a man to a sparrow, in season and out.

"Listen," said Mlle. Brun, holding up one steady, yellow finger; but the silence was such as will make itself felt. "And the neighbors do not call much," added mademoiselle, in completion of her own thoughts.

Denise laughed. She had been up early, for they were almost alone in the Casa Perucca now. The servants who had obeyed Mattei Perucca in fear and trembling, had refused to obey Denise, who, with much spirit, had dismissed them one and all. An old man remained, who was generally considered to be half witted; and Maria Andrei, the widow of Pietro, who was shot at Olmeta. Denise superintended the small farm.

"That cheery Maria," said Mlle. Brun, "she is our only resource, and reminds me of a cheap funeral."

"There is the colonel," said Denise. "You forget him."

"Yes; there is the colonel, who is so kind to us."

And Mlle. Brun slowly contemplated the whole landscape, taking in Denise, as it were, in passing.

"And there is our little friend," she added, "down in the valley there, who does not call."

"Why do you call him little?" asked Denise, looking down at the Château de Vasselot. "He is not little."

"He is not so large as the colonel," explained mademoiselle.

"I wonder why he does not call," said

Denise presently, looking down into the valley, as if she could perhaps see the explanation there.

"It has something to do with the social geography of the district," said mademoiselle, "which we do not understand. The Cheap Funeral alone knows it. Half of the country she colors red, the other half black. Theoretically, we hate a number of persons who reciprocate the feeling heartily. Practically, we do not know of their existence. I imagine the Count de Vasselot hates us on the same principle."

"But we are not going to be dictated to by a number of ignorant peasants," cried Denise angrily.

"I rather fancy we are."

Denise was standing by the low wall, with her head thrown back. She was naturally energetic, and had the carriage that usually goes with that quality.

"Are you sure he is there?" she asked, still looking down at the château.

"No, I am not. I have only Maria's word for it."

"Then I am going to the village of Olmeta to find out," said Denise.

And mademoiselle followed her to the house without comment. Indeed, she seemed willing enough to do that which they had been warned not to do.

On the road that skirts the hill and turns amid groves of chestnut trees they met two men, loitering along with no business in hand, who scowled at them and made no salutation.

"They may scowl beneath their great hats," said Denise; "I am not afraid of them." And she walked on with her chin well up.

Below them, on the left, the terraces of vine and olive were weed grown and neglected; for Denise had found no one to work on her land, and the soil here is damp and warm, favoring a rapid growth.

Colonel Gilbert had been unable to help them in this matter. His official position necessarily prevented his taking an active part in any local differences. There were Luccans, he said, to be hired at Bastia, hard working men and skilled vine dressers, but they would not come to a commune where such active hostility existed, and to induce them to do so would inevitably lead to bloodshed.

The Abbé Susini had called, and told a similar tale in more guarded language.

Finding the ladies good Catholics, he pleaded for and abused his poor in one breath, and then returned half the money that Denise gave him.

"As likely as not you will be given credit for the whole in heaven, mademoiselle, but I will only take part of it," he said.

"A masterful man," commented Mlle. Brun, when he was gone.

But the *abbé* had suggested no solution to Denise's difficulties. The estate seemed to be drifting naturally into the hands of the only man who wanted it, and, after all, had offered a good price for it.

"I will find out from the Abbé Susini or the mayor whether the Count de Vasselot is really here," Denise said, as they approached the village. "And if he is, we will go and see him. We cannot go on like this. He says, do not sell, and then he does not come near us. He must give his reasons. Why should I take his advice?"

"Why, indeed?" said Mlle. Brun, to whom the question was not quite a new one.

She knew that though Denise would rebel against de Vasselot's advice, she would continue to follow it.

"It seems to be luncheon time," said Denise, when they reached the village. "The place is deserted. It must be their *déjeuner*."

"It may be," responded mademoiselle, with her manlike curtness of speech.

They went into the church, which was empty, and stayed but a few minutes there, for Mlle. Brun was as short with her speech with God as with men. When they came out to the market place, that also was deserted, which was singular, because the villagers in Corsica spend nearly the whole day on the market place, talking politics and whispering a hundred intrigues of parochial policy; for here a municipal councillor is a great man and usually a great scoundrel, selling his favor and his vote, trafficking for power, and misappropriating the public funds. Not only was the market place empty, but some of the house doors were closed. The door of a small shop was even shut from within as they approached, and surreptitiously barred. Mlle. Brun noticed it, and Denise did not pretend to ignore it.

"One would say that we had an infec-

tious complaint," she said with a short laugh.

They went to the house of the Abbé Susini. Even this door was shut.

"The *abbé* is out," said the old woman who came in answer to their summons, and she closed the door again with more speed than politeness.

Denise did not need to ask which was the mayor's house, for a board with the word "Mairie" painted upon it (appropriately enough, a movable board) was affixed to a house nearly opposite to the church. As they walked towards it, a stone, thrown from the far corner of the Place, under the trees, narrowly missed Denise, and rolled at her feet. Mlle. Brun walked on, but Denise swung round on her heel. There was no one to be seen, so she had to follow Mlle. Brun, after all, in silence. She was rather pale, but it was anger that lighted her eyes and not fear. Almost immediately a volley of stones followed, and a laugh rang out from beneath the trees. And, strange to say, it was the laugh that at last frightened Denise, and not the stones; for it was a cruel laugh—the laugh of a brutal fool, such as one may still hear in a few European countries when boys are torturing dumb animals.

"Let us hurry," said Denise hastily. "Let us get to the Mairie."

"Where we shall find the biggest scoundrel of them all, no doubt," added mademoiselle, who was alert and cool.

But before they reached the Mairie the stones had ceased, and they both turned at the sound of a horse's feet. It was Colonel Gilbert, riding hastily into the Place. He saw the stones lying there and the two women standing alone in the sunlight. He looked toward the trees, and then round at the closed houses. With a shrug of the shoulders, he rode towards Denise and dismounted.

"Mademoiselle," he said, "they have been frightening you."

"Yes," she answered. "They are not men, but brutes."

The colonel, who was always gentle in manner, made a deprecatory gesture with the great riding whip that he invariably carried.

"You must remember," he said, "that they are but half civilized. You know their history—they have been conquered by all the greedy nations in succession,



and they have never known peace from the time that history began until a hundred years ago. They are barbarians, mademoiselle, and barbarians always distrust a newcomer."

"But why do they hate me?"

"Because they do not know you, mademoiselle," replied the colonel, with perhaps a second meaning in his blue eyes.

And after a pause he explained further:

"Because they do not understand you. They belong to one of the strongest clans in Corsica, and it is the ambition of every one to belong to a strong clan. But the Peruccas are in danger of falling into dissension and disorder, for they have no head. You are the head, mademoiselle. And the work they expect of you is not work for such hands as yours."

And again Colonel Gilbert looked at Denise slowly and thoughtfully. She did not perceive the glance, for she was standing with her head half turned towards the trees.

"Ah!" he said, noting the direction of her glance, "they will throw no more stones, mademoiselle. You need have no anxiety. They fear a uniform as much as they hate it."

"And if you had not come at that moment?"

"Ah!" said the colonel gravely; and that was all. "At any rate, I am glad I came," he added, in a lighter tone, after a pause. "You were going to the Mairie, mesdemoiselles, when I arrived. Take my advice and do not go there. Go to the *abbé* if you like—as a man, not as a priest—and come to me whenever you desire a service, but to no one else in Corsica."

Denise turned as if she were going to make an exception to this sweeping restriction, but she checked herself and said nothing. And all the while Mlle. Brun stood by in silence, a little, patient, bent woman, with compressed lips, and those steady hazel eyes that see so much and betray so little.

"The *abbé* is not at home," continued the colonel. "I saw him many miles from here not long ago; and although he is quick on his legs—none quicker—he cannot be here yet. If you are going towards the Casa Perucca, you will perhaps allow me to accompany you."

He led the way as he spoke, leading loosely by the bridle the horse which fol-

lowed him and nuzzled thoughtfully at his shoulder. The colonel was, it appeared, one whose gentle ways endeared him to animals.

It was glaringly hot, and when they reached the Casa Perucca Denise asked the colonel to come in and rest. It was, moreover, luncheon time, and in a thinly populated country the great distances between neighbors are conducive to an easier hospitality than that which exists in closer quarters. The colonel naturally stayed to luncheon.

He was kind and affable, and had a hundred little scraps of gossip such as exiles love. He made no mention of his offer to buy Perucca, remembered only the fact that he was a gentleman accepting frankly a lady's frank hospitality, and if the conversation turned to local matters, he gracefully guided it elsewhere.

Immediately after luncheon he rose from the table, refusing even to wait for coffee.

"I have my duties," he explained. "The war office is, for reasons known to itself, moving troops, and I have gradually crept up the ladder at Bastia till I am nearly at the top there."

Denise went with him to the stable to see that his horse had been cared for.

"They have only left me the decrepit and the half witted," she said, "but I am not beaten yet."

Colonel Gilbert fetched the horse himself and tightened the girths. They walked together towards the great gate of solid wood which fitted into the high wall so closely that none could peep through so much as a crack. At the door the colonel lingered, leaning against his great horse and stroking its shoulder thoughtfully with a gloved finger.

"Mademoiselle," he said at length.

"Yes," answered Denise, looking at him so honestly in the face that he had to turn away.

"I want to ask you," he said slowly, "to marry me."

Denise looked at him in utter astonishment, her face suddenly red, her eyes half afraid.

"I do not understand you," she said.

"And yet it is simple enough," answered the colonel, who himself was embarrassed and ill at ease. "I ask you to marry me. You think I am too old——" He paused, seeking his words. "I am

not forty yet, and, at all events, I am not making the mistake usually made by very young men. I do not imagine that I love you—I know it.”

They stood for a minute in silence; then the colonel spoke again.

“Of what are you thinking, mademoiselle?”

“That it is hard to lose the only friend we have in Corsica.”

“You need not do that,” replied the colonel. “I do not even ask you to answer now.”

“Oh, I can answer at once.”

Colonel Gilbert bit his lip, and looked at the ground in silence.

“Then I am too old?” he said at length.

“I do not know whether it is that or not,” answered Denise; and neither spoke while the colonel mounted and rode slowly away. Denise closed the door quite softly behind him.

## XII.

One stern tyrannic thought that made  
All other thoughts its slave.

ALL around the Mediterranean Sea there dwell people who understand the art of doing nothing. They do it unblushingly, peaceably, and of a set purpose. Moreover, their forefathers must have been addicted to a similar philosophy; for there is no Mediterranean town or village without its promenade or lounging place, where the trees have grown quite large, and the shade is quite deep, and the wooden or stone seats are shiny with use. Here those whom the French call “worth nothings” congregate peacefully and happily, to look at the sea and contemplate life from that reflective and calm standpoint which is only to be enjoyed by the man who has nothing to lose.

To begin at Valencia, one will find these human weeds almost oriental in their apathy. Farther north, at Barcelona, they are given to fitful lapses into activity before the heat of the day. At Marseilles they are almost energetic, and are even known to take the trouble of asking the passer for alms. But eastward, beyond Toulon, they understand their business better, and do not even trouble to talk among themselves. The French worth nothing is, in a word, worth less than any of his brothers—much less than the Italian, who is quite easily roused to a

display of temper and a rusty knife—and more nearly approaches the supreme calm of the Moor, who, across the Mediterranean, will sit all day and stare at nothing with any man in the world. And between these dreamy coasts there lie half a dozen islands, which, strange to say, are islands of unrest. In Majorca every man works from morn till eve. In Minorca they do the same, and quarrel after night-fall. In Iviza they quarrel all day. In Corsica they do nothing, restlessly; while Sardinia, as all the world knows, is a hot-bed of active discontent.

At Ajaccio there are half a dozen idlers on the Place Bonaparte, who sit under the trees against the wall, but they never sit there long, and do not know their business. At St. Florent, in the north of the island, which has a western aspect—the best for idling—there are but two real, unadulterated knights of industry, who sit on the low wall of that which is called the New Quay, and conscientiously do nothing from morning till night.

“Of course I know him,” one was saying to the other. “Do I not remember his father, and are not all the de Vasselots cut with the same knife? I tell you there was a moon, and I saw him get off his horse, just here at the very door of Rutali’s stable, and unstrap his sack, which he carried himself, and set off toward Olmeta.”

The speaker lapsed into silence, and Colonel Gilbert, who had lunched, and was now sitting at the open window of the little inn, which has neither sign nor license, leaned farther forward. For the word “Olmeta” never failed to bring a light of energy and enterprise into his quiet eyes.

The inn has its entrance in the main street of St. Florent, and only the back windows look out upon the quay and across the bay. It was at one of these windows that Colonel Gilbert was enjoying a cigarette and a cup of coffee, and the loafers on the quay were unaware of his presence there. And for the sixth time at least, the story of Lory de Vasselot’s arrival at St. Florent and departure for Olmeta was told and patiently heard. Has not one of the great students of human nature said that the *canaille* of all nations are much alike? And the dull or idle of intellect assuredly resemble each other in the patience with which they

will listen to or tell the same story over and over again.

The colonel heard the tale, listlessly gazing across the bay with dreamy eyes, and only gave the talker his full attention when more ancient history was touched upon.

"Yes," said the idler; "and I remember his father when he was just at that age—as like this one as one sheep is like another. Nor have I forgotten the story which few remember now."

He pressed down the tobacco into his wooden pipe—for they are pipe smokers in a cigarette latitude—and waited cunningly for curiosity to grow. His companion showed no sign, though the colonel set his empty coffee cup noiselessly aside and leaned his elbow on the window sill.

The speaker jerked his thumb in the direction of Olmeta over his left shoulder far up on the mountainside.

"That story was buried with Perucca," he said, after a long pause. "Perhaps the Abbé Susini knows it. Who can tell what a priest knows? There were two Peruccas once—fine, big men—and neither married. The other—Andrei Perucca—who has been in hell these thirty years, made sheep's eyes, they told me, at de Vasselot's young wife. She was French, and willing enough, no doubt. She was dull, down there in that great château; and when a woman is dull she must either go to church or to the devil. She cannot content herself with tobacco or the drink, like a man. De Vasselot heard of it. He was a quiet man, and he waited. One day he began to carry a gun, like you and me—a bad example, eh? Then Andrei Perucca was seen to carry a gun also. And, of course, in time they met—up there on the road from Pruneta to Murato. The clouds were down, and the gregale was blowing cold and showery. It is when the gregale blows that the clouds seem to whisper as they crowd through the narrow places up among the peaks, and there was no other sound while these two men crept round each other among the rocks, like two cats upon a roof. De Vasselot was quicker and smaller, and as agile as a goat, and Andrei Perucca lost him altogether. He was a fool. He went to look for him. As if any one in his senses would go to look for a Corsican in the rocks! That is how the gendarmes get killed. At length Andrei

Perucca raised his head over a big stone, and looked right into the muzzle of de Vasselot's gun. The next minute there was no head upon Perucca's shoulders."

The narrator paused, and relighted his pipe with a foul smelling sulphur match.

"Yes," he said reflectively; "they are fine men, the de Vasselots."

He tapped himself on the chest with the stem of his pipe, and made a gesture towards the mountains and the sky, as if calling upon the gods to hear him.

"I am all for the de Vasselots—I," he said.

Colonel Gilbert leaned out of the window, and quietly took stock of this valuable adherent.

"At that time," continued the speaker, "we had at Bastia a young prefect who took himself seriously. He was going to reform the world. They decided to arrest the Count de Vasselot, though they had not a scrap of evidence, and the clan was strong in those days, stronger than the Peruccas are today. But they never caught him. They disappeared bag and baggage—went to Paris, I understand; and they say the count died there, or was perhaps killed by the Peruccas, who grew strong under Mattei, so that in a few years it would have been impossible for a de Vasselot to show his face in this country. Then Mattei Perucca died, and was hardly in his grave before this man came. I tell you, I saw him myself, a de Vasselot, with his father's quick way of turning his head, of sitting in the saddle lightly like a Spaniard or a Corsican. That was in the spring, and it is now July—three months ago. And he has never been seen or heard of since. But he is here, I tell you; he is here in the island. As likely as not he is in the old château down there in the valley. No honest man has set his foot across the threshold since the de Vasselots left it thirty years ago—only Jean is there, who has the evil eye. But there are plenty of Perucca's people up at Olmeta who would risk Jean's eye and break down the doors of the château at a word from the Casa Perucca. But the girl there who is the head of the clan will not say the word. She does not understand that she is powerful, if she would only go to work in the right way, and help her people. Instead of that, she quarrels with them over such small matters as the right of grazing or of

cutting wood. She will make the place too hot for her——" He broke off suddenly. "What is that?" he said, turning on the wall, which was polished smooth by constant friction.

He turned to the north and listened, looking in the direction of Cap Corse, from whence the Bastia road comes winding down the mountain slopes.

"I hear nothing," said his companion.

"Then you are deaf. It is the diligence half an hour before its time, and the driver of it is shouting as he comes—shouting to the people on the road. It seems that there is news——"

But Colonel Gilbert heard no more, for he had seized his sword and was already half way down the stone stairs. It appeared that he expected news, and when the diligence drew up in the narrow street he was there awaiting it, amid a buzzing crowd, which had inexplicably assembled in the twinkling of an eye. Yes; there was assuredly news, for the diligence came in at a gallop, though there was no one on it but the driver. He shouted incoherently, and waved his whip above his head. Then, quite suddenly, perceiving Colonel Gilbert, he snapped his lips together, threw aside the reins, and leaped to the ground.

"*Mon colonel*," he said, "a word with you."

And they went apart into a doorway. Three words sufficed to tell all that the diligence driver knew, and a minute later the colonel hurried toward the stable of the inn, where his horse stood ready. He rode away at a sharp trot, not towards Bastia, but down the valley of Vasselot. Although it was evident that he was pressed for time, the colonel did not hurry his horse, but rather relieved it when he could, by dismounting at every sharp ascent, and riding where possible in the deep shade of the chestnut trees. He turned aside from the main road that climbs laboriously to Oletta and Olmeta, and followed the river path. In order to gain time he presently left the path, and made a short cut across the open land, glancing up at the Casa Perucca as he did so. For he was trespassing.

He was riding leisurely enough when the horse stumbled, and, in recovering himself, clumsily kicked a great stone with such force that he shattered it to a hundred pieces, and then stood on three

legs, awkwardly swinging his hoof in a way that horses have when the bone has been jarred. In a moment the colonel dismounted, and felt the injured leg carefully.

"My friend," he said kindly, "you are a fool. What are you doing? Name of a dog!"—he paused, and collecting the pieces of broken quartz, threw them away into the brush—"name of a dog, what are you doing?"

With an odd laugh Colonel Gilbert climbed into the saddle again, and although he looked carefully up at the Casa Perucca, he failed to see Mlle. Brun's gray face amid the gray shadows of an olive tree. The horse limped at first, but presently forgot his grievance against the big stone that had lain in his path. The colonel laughed to himself in a singular way more than once at the seemingly trivial accident, and on regaining the path, turned in his saddle to look again at the spot where it had occurred.

On nearing the château, he urged his horse to a better pace, and reached the great door at a sharp trot. He rang the bell without dismounting, and leisurely quitted the saddle. But the summons was not immediately answered. He jerked at the chain again, and rattled on the door with the handle of his riding whip. At length the bolts were withdrawn, and the heavy door opened sufficiently to admit a glance of that evil eye which the peasants did not care to face.

Before speaking the colonel made a step forward, so that his foot must necessarily prevent the closing of the door.

"I wish to see the Count de Vasselot," said he.

"Take away your foot," replied Jean.

The colonel noted with a good natured surprise the position of his stout riding boot, and withdrew it.

"The Count de Vasselot," he repeated. "You need not trouble, my friend, to tell any lies or to look at me with your evil eye. I know the count is here, for I saw him in Paris just before he came, and I spoke to him at this very door a few weeks ago. He knows me, and I think you know me, too, my friend. Tell your master I have news from France. He will see me."

Jean unceremoniously closed the door, and the colonel, who was moving away towards his horse, turned sharply on his



heel when he heard the bolts being surreptitiously pushed back again.

"Ah!" he said, and he stood outside the door with his hand at his mustache, reflectively following Jean's movements, "they are singularly careful to keep me out, these people."

He had not long to wait, however, for presently Lory came, stepping quickly over the high threshold and closing the door behind him. But Gilbert was taller than de Vasselot, and could see over his head. He looked right through the house into the little garden on the terrace, and saw some one there who was not Jean. And the light of surprise was still in his eyes as he shook hands with Lory de Vasselot.

"You have news for me?" inquired de Vasselot.

"News for every Frenchman."

"Ah!"

"Yes. The emperor has declared war against Germany."

"War!" echoed Lory, with a sudden laugh.

"Yes; and your regiment is the first on the list."

"I know, I know!" cried de Vasselot, his eyes alight with excitement. "But this is good news that you tell me. How can I thank you for coming? I must get home—I mean to France—at once. But this is great news!" He seized the colonel's hand and shook it. "Great news, *mon colonel*—great news!"

"Good news for you, for you are going. But I shall be left behind as usual. Yes; it is good news for you."

"And for France!" cried Lory, with both hands outspread, as if to indicate the glory that was awaiting them.

"For France," said the colonel gravely, "it cannot fail to be bad. But we must not think of that now."

"We shall never think of it," answered Lory. "This is Monday; there is a boat for Marseilles tonight. I leave Bastia tonight, colonel."

"And I must get back there," said the colonel, holding out his hand.

He rode thoughtfully back by the shortest route through the *Lancône Defile*, and, as he approached Bastia, from the heights behind the town he saw the steamer that would convey Lory to France coming northward from Bonifacio.

"Yes," he said; "he will leave Bastia

tonight; and assuredly the good God, or the devil, helps me at every turn of this affair."

### XIII.

Since all that I can ever do for thee  
Is to do nothing, may'st thou never see,  
Never divine, the all that nothing costeth me!

It is for kings to declare war, for nations to fight and pay. Napoleon III declared war against Russia, and France fought side by side with England in the Crimea, not because the gayest and most tragic of nations had aught to gain, but to insure an upstart emperor a place among the monarchs of Europe. And that strange alliance was merely one move in a long game played by a consummate intriguer—a game which began disastrously at Boulogne and ended disastrously at Sedan, and yet was the most daring and brilliant feat of European statesmanship that has been carried out since the adventurer's great uncle went to St. Helena.

But no one knows why in July, 1870, Napoleon III declared war against Germany. The secret of the greatest war of modern times lies buried in the imperial mausoleum at Frognal.

There is a sort of surprise which is caused by the sudden arrival of the long expected, and Germany experienced it in that hot midsummer, for there seemed to be no reason why war should break out at the moment. Shortly before, the Spanish government had offered the crown to the hereditary Prince Leopold of Hohenzollern, and France, ever ready to see a grievance, found herself suited. But the hereditary prince declined that throne, and the incident seemed about to close. Then, quite suddenly, France made a demand, with reference to any possible recurrence of the same question, which Germany could not be expected to grant. It was an odd demand to make, and in a flash of thought the great German chancellor saw that this meant war. Perhaps he had been waiting for it. At all events, he was prepared for it, as were the silent soldier, von Roon, and the gentle tactician, von Moltke. These gentlemen were away for a holiday, but they returned, and, as history tells, had merely to fill in a few dates on already prepared documents.

If France was not ready, she thought

herself so, and was at all events willing. Nay, she was so eager that she shouted when she should have held her tongue. And who shall say what the schemer of the Tuileries thought of it all behind that pleasant smile, those dull and sphinx-like eyes? He had always believed in his star, had always known that he was destined to be great; and now perhaps he knew that his star was waning—that the greatness was past. He made his preparations quietly. He was never a flustered man, this nephew of the greatest genius the world has seen. Did he not sit three months later in front of a cottage at Donchéry and impassively smoke cigarette after cigarette while waiting for Otto von Bismarck? He was a fatalist.

The Moving Finger writes; and, having writ,  
Moves on.

And it must be remembered to his credit that he asked no man's pity—a request as foolish to make for a fallen emperor as for the ordinary man who has, for instance, married in haste, and is given the leisure of a whole lifetime in which to repent. For the human heart is incapable of bestowing unadulterated pity; there must be some contempt in it. If the fall of Napoleon III was great, let it be remembered that few place themselves by their own exertions in a position to fall at all.

The declaration of war was, on the whole, acclaimed in France; for Frenchmen are, above all men, soldiers. Does not the whole world use French terms in the technicalities of warfare? The majority received the news as Lory de Vasselot received it. For a time he could only think that this was a great and glorious moment in his life. He hurried in to tell his father, but the count failed to rise to the occasion.

"War!" he said. "Yes; there have been many in my time. They have not affected me—or my carnations."

"And I go to it tonight," announced Lory, watching his father with eyes suddenly grave and anxious.

"Ah!" said the count, and made no further comment.

Then, without pausing to consider his own motives, Lory hurried up to the Casa Perucca to tell the ladies there his great news. He must, it seemed, tell somebody, and he knew no one else within reach, except perhaps the Abbé Susini, who did not pretend to be a Frenchman.

"Is it peace?" asked Mlle. Brun, who, having seen him climbing the steep slope in the glaring sunshine, was waiting for him by the open side door when he arrived there.

He took her withered hand, and bowed over it as gallantly as if it had been soft and young.

"What do you mean?" he asked, looking at her curiously.

"Well, it seems that the Casa Perucca and the Château de Vasselot are not on visiting terms. We only call on each other with a gun."

"It is odd that you should have asked me that," said Lory, "for it is not peace, but war."

And as he looked at her, her face hardened, her steady eyes wavered for once.

"Ah!" she said, her hands dropping sharply against her dingy black dress in a gesture of despair. "Again!"

"Yes, mademoiselle," answered Lory gently; for he had a quick intuition, and knew at a glance that war must have hurt this woman at one time of her life.

She stood for a moment tapping the ground with her foot, looking reflectively across the valley.

"Assuredly," she said, "Frenchwomen must be the bravest women in the world, or else there would never be a light heart in the whole country. Come, let us go in and tell Denise. It is Germany, I suppose?"

"Yes, mademoiselle. They have long wanted it, and we are obliging them at last. You look grave. It is not bad news I bring you, but good."

"Women like soldiers, but they hate war," said mademoiselle, and walked on slowly in silence.

After a pause, she turned and looked at him as if she were going to ask him a question, but checked herself.

"I almost did a foolish thing," she explained, seeing his glance of surprise. "I was going to ask you if you were going?"

"Ah, yes, I am going," he answered, with a laugh and a keen glance of excitement. "War is a necessary evil, mademoiselle, and assists promotion. Why should you hate it?"

"Because we cannot interfere in it," replied Mlle. Brun, with a snap of the lips. "We shall find Denise in the garden to the north of the house, picking green

beans, *M. le comte*," continued Mlle. Brun, with a glance in his direction.

"Then I shall have time to help with the beans before I go to the war," answered Lory; and they walked on in silence.

The garden was but half cultivated—a luxuriant thicket of fruit and weed, of trailing vine and wild clematis. The air of it was heavy with a hundred scents, and, in the shade, was cool, and of a mossy odor rarely found in southern seas.

They did not see Denise at first, and then suddenly she emerged at the other end of the weed grown path where they stood. Lory hurried forward, hat in hand, and perceived that Denise made a movement as if to go back into the shadow, which was immediately restrained.

Mlle. Brun did not follow Lory, but turned back towards the house.

"If they must quarrel," she said to herself, "they may do it without my assistance."

And Denise seemed, indeed, ready to fall out with her neighbor, for she came towards him with heightened color and a flash of annoyance in her eyes.

"I am sorry they put you to the trouble of coming out here," she said.

"Why, mademoiselle? Because I find you picking green beans?"

"No; not that. But one has one's pride. This is my garden. I keep it! Look at it!" And she waved her hand with a gesture of contempt.

De Vasselot looked gravely around him. Then, after a pause, he made a movement of the deepest despair.

"Yes, mademoiselle," he said, with a great sigh; "it is a wilderness."

"And now you are laughing at me."

"I, mademoiselle?" And he faced her tragic eyes.

"You think I am a woman."

De Vasselot spread out his hands in deprecation, as if, this time, she had hit the mark.

"Yes," he said slowly.

"I mean you think we are only capable of wearing pretty clothes and listening to pretty speeches, and that anything else is beyond our grasp altogether."

"Nothing in the world, mademoiselle, is beyond your grasp, except"—he paused, and looked round him—"except a spade, perhaps, and that is exactly what this garden of yours most wants."

They were very grave about it, and sat down on a rough seat built by Mattei Perucca, who had come there in the hot weather.

"Then what is to be done?" said Denise simply.

For the French—the most intellectually subtle people of the world—have a certain odd simplicity which seems to have survived all the changes and chances of monarchy, republic, and empire.

"I do not quite know. Have you not a man?"

"I have nobody except a decrepit old man who is half an imbecile," said Denise, with a short laugh. "I get my provisions surreptitiously by the hand of Mme. Andrei. No one else comes near the Casa. We are in a state of siege. I dare not go into Olmeta; but I am holding on because you advised me not to sell."

"I, mademoiselle?"

"Yes; in Paris. Have you forgotten?"

"No," answered Lory slowly—"no; I have not forgotten. But no one takes my advice—indeed, no one asks it—except about a horse. They think I know about a horse." And Lory smiled to himself at the thought of his proud position.

"But you surely meant what you said?" asked Denise.

"Oh, yes! But you honor me too much by taking my opinion thus seriously without question, mademoiselle."

Denise was looking at him with her clear, searching eyes, rather veiled by a suggestion of disappointment.

"I thought—I thought you seemed so decided, so sure of your own opinion," she said doubtfully.

De Vasselot was silent for a moment, then he turned to her quickly, impulsively, confidentially.

"Listen," he said. "I will tell you the truth. I said 'Don't sell.' I say 'Don't sell' still. And I have not a shred of reason for doing so. There!"

Denise was not a person who was easily led. She laughed at the stern, strong Mlle. Brun to her face, and treated her opinion with a gay contempt. She had never yet been led.

"No," she said, and seemed ready to dispense with reasons. "You will not sell, yourself?" she said, after a pause.

"No; I cannot sell," he said; and she remembered his answer long afterwards.

(To be continued.)



### THE TARLETON COLORS.

THE crowd was thick at the stairways of the grand stand, and the band was playing "Come Back, Mah Honey," when Sidney Brough's coach, the "Off and Away," pulled up.

It was Dolly's first race. As she was lifted to the ground, the electric response of the race course was in her blood. She laughed from a feeling of exhilarating completeness—she was young, she was Sidney's wife, and she had on one of the most becoming gowns in her trousseau.

She was a slender creature, exquisitely proportioned. Her hair was smooth and flaxen, her eyes like inquiring violets. In fact she was a Dresden shepherdess in a trained skirt of sea foamy ruffles and with a big rose chiffon sunshade instead of a crook; but unlike those china exquisites, she had the aggressive dignity which small women assume as new wives.

Even the most absorbed of racing men, track runners and book makers, had time for a look at her as she fluttered there, and so had a jockey in pink and green as he passed, a swift streak of color.

"What a pretty boy! His eyes are like the black velvet pansies in my newest French hat," said Dolly in a maternal tone, looking after him.

"Who is he, De Vere?" asked Sidney, a puzzled look in his eyes. "Those are the colors of the Tarleton stable."

"Yes, and that's Claymore."

"Is it, really? I never saw him close before," murmured Sidney. "Claymore? Then it can't be—I say, De Vere, you look out for Dolly," he broke off; "I'll be up in a moment."

Sidney followed the boyish figure in apple green and pink, and came up to him just outside the jockeys' room. The two looked at each other. The eyes of the jockey—dark eyes, lustrous and soft and with sleepy lids—wavered slightly, but the look of recognition for which Sidney

waited did not come. Still, he could not accept the hint of the other's attitude.

"I seem to know you," he said in his genial voice. "You look awfully like a boy I knew years ago at boarding school—'The Gunnery.'"

Claymore put his hands on his hips, his lips set emphatically.

"Mistake."

Sidney fixed his eyes on the jockey's hand, where a thin scar ran downward from the knuckles.

"Mistake, eh? Well, I'm not trying to pry into your secrets," he said a little defiantly; "but if you're not little Winkie Frere that Dawson tried to wipe up the ball ground with, and if I didn't doctor that hand the day he gave you that scar, I'll eat my hat."

Claymore's eyes softened, his pretty mouth smiled.

"Well, I'll own up—I'm Winkie sure 'nuf. And you're Brough, who knocked out Dawson and left a little of me together."

They shook hands.

"You left school so suddenly, and now you're a jockey! What a strange old world it is!"

Claymore nodded, and a look of experience seemed to age him for a moment.

"You don't know why I left? I thought every one would know. My father—well, he did somethin'—he would have had to go to prison if he hadn't skipped the country. My mother gave up every darn cent to try to make it square, and we went off to Trisco, where no one knowed us, and took a new name. She wanted to give me a good start in a new race. She worked hard to keep me at school, and—but—she died when I was twelve."

He was speaking of the tenderest memory of his life.

"I had to fight to live after that, I kin tell you. I worked as stable boy, frum that I got exercisin', frum that I become gallopin' boy, frum that I got a mount off



'n' on and got known as a jock—until now I'm Claymore, with a pile of money—and bad to beat."

When Sidney returned to his friends he said nothing of the jockey's history, but as he watched the pink and green flashing around the circle and realized that that was gentle, quiet little Winkie, now a

large as the squares of a chessboard, under these headings:

"Bets Laid." "Stood to Win." "Broke At."

At the end of the week she possessed an elaborate racing vocabulary and was one hundred dollars out. By this time she was a standing joke as a sporting



SO HAD A JOCKEY IN PINK AND GREEN AS HE PASSED.

typical and successful jockey even in accent and manner, he thought much of fate's strange shuffles with human lives.

During the week Dolly got the racing fever. Her bets were small but many, and the consequence of a course of reasoning which made her friends laugh immoderately. She had a great leaning for "long shots," and made the baron indulge in one of his cynicisms:

"Women are born bargain hunters in everything."

She kept her account with a gold pencil in a monogrammed pigskin book about as

character, and her dignity as a new wife suffered.

One night, as she and Felix sat on the piazza of their summer cottage and she was ruffling her brow over a card of entries for the next day, Sidney suddenly sang out:

"Hullo! Come up, Claymore."

He obeyed hesitatingly, looking trim and very handsome in his evening clothes. Sidney presented him to Dolly. He had seen her constantly in the box on the grand stand, had loved her prettiness, and wondered if she was Sidney's wife.



"HULLO! COME UP, CLAYMORE."

When he left them near midnight he loved more than her prettiness—her voice, her purring laugh as she told him of her losses and begged for "tips," her sympathy which drew him out to talk of himself, first as the Winkie of Sidney's school days, and then as the desolate boy, having to find bread and shelter somehow.

That night Claymore was long in falling asleep. He saw Dolly's face in the darkness, her smile, the queenly way she carried her sixty five inches of height.

"She's built like a Futurity filly," he thought, and a pang rent him; "I wonder, if the old man had acted square, and I'd had a showing—had been like the other boys—like Sidney—and if I'd met her first—" he punched his pillow frantically, set his teeth, and did go to sleep.

It was the night before the biggest race of the season. Claymore was smoking a cigarette by the doors of the principal hotel when Tarleton, for whom he rode, touched him on the arm and passed on. Claymore caught up with him in a secluded path of a near by park.

"Have you heard of the game they're fixing for tomorrow?" asked Tarleton, pale and excited.

"No. There's nothin' doin', is there?"

"Isn't there? Well, no matter how I found it out—rogues betray each other. Here's the game: in the race for two year olds at five and a half furlongs they're not afraid of you because you're on Witchlight, and they know she hasn't the speed to beat Dixey."

"Sure," said Claymore intently.

"Now, all the jockeys except you are betting on Fly Away for a long shot. Megson will pull Dixey—you see?—and the other two count on being able to pass you with Fly Away and maybe get place with the Duchess. Can we queer them, Claymore? It means more than the stake to me. It means a throw down for those rascals. I'll give you two hundred extra for yourself—it will mean that to you."

"And more than that," thought Claymore, as a vision of Dolly puzzling over her memorandum book rose before him.

"Witchlight," he said emphatically, "is in good form—better'n they think. With Dixey out of the running she'll beat, if I can get the speed out of her without killin' her." And he held out his hand.

No one in the box knew why Dolly was so nervous the next day when the jockey's board went up for the second race. She had lost her program, had broken her pencil twenty times, could not find her handkerchief, wanted a drink of water, didn't want it, felt cold, warm, tried every chair in the box, and then stood up. She had eyes only for this line on the board:

4—Witchlight—Claymore—1—

"Claymore's drawn the rail," she said, moistening her lips excitedly, and pointing to the figure 1.

"Witchlight's neck and neck!"

"Witchlight—leads!"

Strained, blazing silhouettes against the blue, they passed the judges' stand.

"Witchlight!" was the faint cry from the few who had captured forty dollars for one.

"Witchlight!" half sobbed Dolly, seizing Sidney by the coat collar and jumping on her toes.

"Had she really a dollar on the right horse?" cooed Mrs. Van Syce.



"I'VE WON FOUR THOUSAND DOLLARS!"

"He'll never win; I hope, you dear baby, you're not betting on him;" and Mrs. Van Syce pinched her cheek patronizingly, and laid a bet on the Duchess.

Dolly's dignity squirmed, but she said nothing. Instead, with unholy satisfaction, she thought of a crumpled card hidden in her bosom, on which was scrawled:

Put all you have on Witchlight, forty to one. If you have fifty dollars, bet it.

CLAYMORE.

Dolly, with the feminine thirst for bargains, had secretly laid one hundred dollars on Witchlight.

Oh, that race! When the mêlée of colors made the first rush she kept her seat and closed her eyes. If he did—suppose he didn't—it couldn't be—he would win—but would he? She listened to the irregular cries of the spectators, her feet and hands like ice.

"Dixey!"

"There's nothing but Dixey!"

"Fly Away creeps up!"

"Dixey's out of it!"

"It's Fly Away or the Duchess!"

"Witchlight's coming up!"

Dolly started to her feet, her eyes glittering.

"I've won four thousand dollars," cried Dolly, waving her hand frantically to Claymore as he rode up to be weighed in. That gaze across the crowd, that little gloved hand with its morsel of handkerchief, was his reward.

The Broughs left for Lenox the next day, not waiting for the races to finish.

"We'll see you in town during the winter, Winkie," said Sidney, when Claymore called to say good by.

But Claymore shook his head, his handsome face having a touch of new pallor and new seriousness.

"I'm not in your class at all. I don't even show, old man. I'd be a skate in

society. You've drawn the rail, I'm on the outside."

"What nonsense!" Dolly pouted; "you must come. You're Sid's old friend."

Claymore smiled at her, and the sadness of it was remembered by Dolly for fully an hour. He confided in no one but Country Girl, as he tried her over a hard track at dawn.

"No, old girl, I'm not going. I'll keep away. It's done me good to know them, to—see her—but I'm not in the class. It's no use bein' too ambitious. It's no use takin' the highest water jump when a broken head may wait on the other side—or maybe," he added with a new thoughtfulness, "a broken heart."

*Kate Jordan Vermilye.*

## THOMPSON'S ANNIVERSARY

### A Manila Incident

"I HEAR her voice in every breeze,  
Her face in dreams I see,  
Her little hand I long to seize,  
Oh, bring her—me back to her!"

Iowa Bill Thompson, the sweet singer of the Fiftieth regiment, looked at his two comrades somewhat sheepishly. "The muse don't seem to be workin' first class today," he remarked in an apologetic tone; "it's this blasted climate that's breakin' her up, I guess. I never had a verse spoil on my tongue that way when I was in old Muscaloosa—sweet Muscaloosa, where the melons grow and life is but a string of joys."

He gently placed his battered old guitar upon the ground, and arose,



stretching his long arms above his head.

Munton punched Grimes in the ribs. "Bill's yearnin' for somethin' in sweet Muscaloosa besides melons," he whispered.

"I reckon he is," said Grimes. "Tain't climate that brings the poetry out of a man; it's—"

"You're right," said Munton with conviction, "it is."

Then Thompson spoke again. "Boys," he said, looking dreamily out over the harbor where the heavy mist was lifting, "there are two sides to everything, and I guess soldierin's more that way than some others. There's glory in its one side and sadness in the other, and the chap who thirsts for carnage also thirsts for home and mother."

"The muse seems to be pickin' up again," whispered Munton.

Grimes nodded.

"I was thinkin'," Thompson continued, leaning against a tree and crowding his big hands into the pockets of his trousers, "that this is an anniversary in my life—sort of an occasion for the bleatin' of trumpets and tinklin' of bells, and—and it saddens me to realize that it can't be celebrated proper."

He looked suddenly into the eyes of the reclining warriors. "Either of you fellows ever been in love?" he asked.

Grimes blushed. Munton returned the look squarely and shook his head.

Thompson sighed. "I don't ask out of idle curiosity," said he, "but from a desire for sympathy. Nobody feels the need of sympathy quite so much as a lover. A year ago tonight I was the happiest idiot in Muscaloosa county, perhaps in the world, and now—well, here I am, the Lord only knows how many thousands of miles away, the most miserable creature in existence."

Munton chuckled. "Keep still," he whispered; "the old chap's goin' to tell a story."

"Jim Budwing—oh, Jim!"



went on Thompson musingly, as if he were alone—"if I had you here, Jim, with your white hands and your bookkeeper's stoop, I believe I'd scrunch you and be happy again. And yet, Jim, the girl wanted you. She said she did—said so to me—not in words, for I wouldn't have believed words, but in that subtle language of woman, before which the eloquence of words is as the bug that bites and is swatted."

Munton punched Grimes again. "Ain't that richness for you?" he asked.

"M-m-m-m-m!" responded Grimes ecstatically.

"There was a fire one night in Muscaloosa—a fire that devoured everything within its reach exceptin' Jim Budwing. Jim Budwing——"

"Wouldn't burn, eh?" said Munton.

"Jim Budwing *didn't* burn," said Thompson, wrinkling his brow, "but it wasn't altogether his fault. He slept in a sky chamber above the store where he kept books, and—he slept amazin' sound. The flames were sweepin' up the stairs like ten million gigantic hornets and buzzin' at his very door before he woke up, and then——"

"How many stories up?" asked Grimes.

"Only six—and then he found that his chances for seein' daylight again were exceedin' slim. It's a hard way to be aroused from a fellow's sleep, and ironically unpleasant, specially when he's been kept awake the first part of the night by cold feet. Jim got up and pranced around on the hot floor a minute without his shoes on. One glance at the stairway showed him plain enough that that wasn't the most desirable route to take passage over; it was a regular seethin', roarin' hell, nothin' less. Then he went to the window. That was cooler, but the facilities for a successful trip to earth were fewer there than on the other line. So he did the only thing that any mortal man could have done under the circumstances—stood in the window and waved his arms."

"A great cry went up from the crowd when they saw him. Nobody had had any idea that he was still in the buildin', and when they saw him nobody had any idea that he'd ever get out. And the chances were a thousand to one against him, sure as you live, for the buildin' stood apart from others of its size, kind o' makin' one think, when he looked at it and the little



"HOW HE DID IT THE GOOD LORD ONLY KNOWS;  
BUT AFTER A WHILE—HOURS IT SEEMED  
—HE REACHED THE OTHER  
ROOF."

one story things on each side, of a mother hen with a brood of chickens tryin' to get under her wings. It was a beautiful sight that night, with the great flames swoopin' in and out of the windows; it was like a mighty jewel flashin' in a bed of jet. If there hadn't been flesh and blood in it—flesh and blood in a night shirt, implorin' by gesture for help that it seemed impossible to give—for the firemen said it was out of the question—there would have been somethin' of pleasure in the spectacle, but——”

“As it was, there wasn't,” said Munton brilliantly.

“Lord!” continued Thompson, almost groaning, “it was awful! And to make it worse, a girl—a girl with hair streamin' over her shoulders, and a light in her eyes that the mighty flames couldn't dim—threw herself on her knees before the gapin', bewildered crowd and cried, ‘Oh, save him, save him!’”

“When she did that the crowd quivered like a frightened horse that is whipped, but it gave her no encouragement because there was none to give. It was one of those times when the founts of speech are dusty and all but the eyes are dumb. Then of a sudden a sort of a fool there was in the crowd jumped out and lifted the girl up. ‘I'll save him—for you,’ he said, and dashed away. But before he dashed he kissed the girl—kissed her on the lips, on the forehead, on the hair, and a feelin' of such happiness as he'd never known before nor since came over him, and—the crowd gaped and quivered more and more.”

“I should have thought they would,” began Grimes; “it was——” Munton nudged him into silence.

“No one but a fool would have took the chances; but I s'pose he was intoxicated with joy, and was not responsible. He smashed in the front window of a hardware store, got a long rope, and coiled it about his neck. Then he climbed to the roof of the buildin' across the way, and in a minute he was goin' hand over hand on a wire that supported a sign. I guess it was the foolishhest thing anybody ever did. The wire wasn't a very big one, and it cut his hands. He had no means of knowin' how securely it was fastened at the other end, but it was a safe shot that it hadn't been fastened for any such business as that. It swayed and

sagged—and it was only six stories from the cobble stones—only six. How he did it the good Lord only knows; but after a while—hours it seemed—he reached the other roof.

“Then he called over the cornice to Jim Budwing. ‘I'll toss you a rope, Jimmie,’ said he; ‘grab it hard, and I'll pull you up.’ He lowered one end of the rope, and Jim tied it under his arms, and then, though his hands were running blood in streams, he pulled him up. They'd have laid down and panted a bit after that if the roof hadn't been so hot, but—ain't that the mail comin' down there?”

Munton looked, and nodded affirmatively. “Yes,” he said, “that's Jones. We'll have some newspapers from home shortly, thank Heaven!”

“Yes, thank Heaven!” echoed Thompson; “I'm—I'm anxious to see a copy of the *Muscaloosa Post*. I'm wonderin' who got the prize as the most popular young lady in Muscaloosa county.”

“Dang the prize!” said Grimes. “Get on with your story. Did the fool and the other fellow get killed?”

“No,” replied Thompson slowly; “they tied one end of the rope to the wire, and one of them pushed it along till it was half way across the street, and then he went down. The other followed. That's all. Then the fool rushed away to get doctored, leavin' the girl and her Budwing weepin' in each other's arms, I s'pose.”

“You s'pose?”

“Yes, I s'pose. He didn't see 'em, nor I didn't see 'em, but it's natural to s'pose, ain't it?”

“I s'pose it is,” said Grimes doubtfully.

“But didn't they—didn't they fall on his neck or nothin'?”

“No. He gave 'em no chance. He saw how it was with 'em, and it wouldn't have been right, under the circumstances, to embarrass 'em by shovin' himself forward to get a spatterin' of gratitude, would it?”

“What circumstances?”

“Well, he loved the girl himself. He'd kissed her under stress of great excitement before the eyes of all the people in town. He'd made a spectacle of her. He figured that she'd be angry, as she had perfectly good reason to be. And he just naturally skipped away, with his paddies tied up in rags, and joined the soldiers at Des Moines.”

“He was a fool,” said Grimes.



"He was," said Thompson calmly. "I'll match you to see who goes after the mail."

The lot fell to Grimes. He returned in an hour with a bundle of papers under his arm, and a bunch of letters in his hand.

"Three for you, Bill," he said.

"Three for me? Why, what—I didn't expect——" Thompson dropped the guitar which he had been thrumming softly, and extended a scarred hand. He quickly tore open one letter, glanced at it, and tossed it to Munton. It was a bill for a plate glass window. The next one he looked at for a full minute. "By George!" he exclaimed, "that's so; I forgot to pay my

room rent before I came away. I had a room in the same buildin' with Jimmie, but I wasn't at home the night of the fire, which was mighty good luck for me." He threw the letter to Grimes.

"Hell!" said Munton expressively, looking at the window bill.

"Blazes!" said Grimes, eying the room bill suspiciously.

Then both looked at Thompson in amazement, for that worthy was lying back against the tree, apparently bereft of all power of speech or motion.

"It's—it's from—her," he gasped at last; "she—she says her heart is breakin'; she—she wants to know—what she's done

that I should have treated her so; she'd—she'd refused—refused Budwing that very night; she—oh, Lord!—she thought it was *me* in the window—in the window, boys, one—year—ago—tonight!"

He slowly placed the letter in his breast pocket, and reached for his guitar.

Munton punched Grimes. "'Tain't all in the climate, is it?" he whispered.

"Nay," returned Grimes. "Glory, how he sings!"

*David H. Talmadge.*

#### AN OUTRAGED CONVENTIONALITY.

SHE was sitting at her desk alone—as she most often was—a woman whom many men had loved, and who now in life's rich meridian was yet unwon. There was a serene irradiance about her that proclaimed entire peace. Yet at that moment she was perturbed.

She had just finished reading a letter: "We have received your regrets, but you must reconsider—you are indispensable. You are to go out with Dr. Lawrence. Come." She laid the letter down and crossed the room, where hung a portrait of her youthful self.

"That immature girl he loved," she said softly. "I wonder what he would think of her now that she is ripe. I will go and weigh him; I will see if he has fulfilled the promise of youth, and perhaps—who knows what I may tell him? Why should not a woman be honest with a man once in a lifetime, even though that man be married?"

And so it happened that Dr. Lawrence, home from a professor's chair in a foreign college for the first time in a decade, gave his arm to Agatha Trenton for the long courses and the hackneyed speeches of an alumni banquet. She read him at a glance. Her well schooled heart, which had revealed nothing all these years, leaped like a *débutante's*.

As for him, he looked at her at first covertly, then openly, while he entered the borderland of conversation. Suddenly he ceased platitudes.

"Are you still only twenty—as when last I saw you? You are a miracle."

"Before I answer"—she laughed—"tell me on what platform we stand; are we to talk science and compare the healths of our respective families, or are we to begin where we left off?"

He looked about the table. The "distinguished guests" were evidently engrossed with one another. He glanced at the program and mentally calculated.

"We shall have at least four precious hours. Let us not squander them on conventionalities. Tell me all about yourself. I am so glad you happened here."

"I did not happen here." Then she wavered one moment, the delicacy of the woman clashing with the resolution. "I came to see you."

"I trust you came prepared to apologize for the inhuman treatment you gave me while I was at your feet."

"I am glad of that premise—without your admitting it I could not have sustained my share in the conversation. I thought that perhaps after twenty years you would have chosen to forget or ignore it, as would be very natural in a happily married man."

"It is not treason to one's wife, is it, that a man should remember some episodes of his youth, particularly when they are connected with a woman like you?" He lowered his voice and leaned over as if examining her program. "Don't interrupt with any protest—I am not complimenting you, the woman I sit beside; but I am trying to pour out the belated homage which the Agatha of old would not hear. I wish I were a writer; I would immortalize the Agatha I loved—and lost—or rather never won. Lamartine never had such material."

"You know a great deal about biology," she said softly, for the toast mistress was sounding a preliminary tap, "but you didn't know how to besiege a maiden fortress."

"I was a coward, I admit, because I feared you; you were as unapproachable as Diana. You kept me at the end of a tether for so many miserable months that my pride was humiliated, and I rushed madly away—stung unspeakably."

"And fell into Mary's arms."

"Yes," he said quietly. "She had been my confidante through it all. She comforted me and soothed my wounded pride, and then—the rest naturally came about. And yet"—he looked at her questioningly—"there were times when I almost dared believe you cared for me."

"I did," she said simply. "Why shouldn't I be honest with you—since it cannot matter?"



"Be honest with me—since it cannot matter!" he repeated bitterly. "Can a woman be honest with a man? The misery they might save if they only would! The knowledge that you cared for me would have irradiated my whole life, even though I had not won you."

"Be quiet," she whispered. "The Rev. Mrs. Brown is looking at you."

"Let her look—the dam is broken and the flood will gush in spite of the Rev. Mrs. Brown. Agatha, not only would I have crossed the ocean but I would have circumnavigated the globe just to hear what you have said tonight—that you cared for me once. I have risen immensely in my own esteem."

She went on talking quietly and composedly, for the people across the table were looking at them, but there was a little touch of something near to pathos in her voice.

"I sent for you once, but—you had strayed too far. To be sure, I had driven you, but—I wanted you back. I felt that I had played with you long enough. I sent for you one summer afternoon—I wonder if you remember."

He only bowed.

"And I sang everything you loved, and even while I sang I knew that I had lost you; and when I finished"—her voice grew lower—"then you dared to say an awful thing. No other man ever told me that he had ceased to love me. You virtually did. I reproached you with having lost your love for music; you said, 'The inspiration's gone'—that was all, but it was enough."

"I lied," he said savagely. "I walked the floor in torture all the while you sang; but I feared your caprice."

"Are you two talking small talk?"

It was Mrs. Brown who interrupted. Evidently she had exhausted the companionship of her husband. Agatha turned a smiling face and nodded.

"Small talk!" echoed Lawrence. "This is the great talk of my life. We have not one minute to waste on Mrs. Brown. Tell me—if I dare ask—when did some one else succeed me in your fancy? I



"YOU MUST RECONSIDER—YOU ARE INDISPENSABLE."

know, of course, that you have not married, but tell me how long I reigned—since we are being honest."

"Across the gulf of your matrimony I may dare—"

"Then it is," he interrupted petulantly, "across the gulf of my matrimony that you are talking! You have spoiled it. Why couldn't you tell me as one human soul to another—without any thought of environment? Is not something due from one soul to another who has loved it? See the absurdity of your woman's conventionality! Because I am married, you would tell me a truth which can be of no possible benefit, whereas the same thing told me as an unmarried man would transform my life."

"You are right," she replied. Then after a moment: "I came here tonight to see if you were worthy of my thoughts of you. You are, and I will tell you what

I will not be unhappy. I shall go back home perfectly happy that I have no idol to displace."

"And the idol—will it remain upon its pedestal?"

"Be sure of that," she said. "The idol will remain always. You have been the inspiration of such a happy and beautiful life; and you—will—remain so."

There was a silence. "Do you know," she resumed, "it is so much to be thankful for to have loved worthily?"

A young graduate began quoting: "It is not always May,"



"ONE SUMMER AFTERNOON  
—I WONDER IF YOU  
REMEMBER!"

you have never known, what no one has known, and what will be uttered tonight once for all time—for we probably shall not be together again."

She bent her head lower. They were going through the form of sipping an ice, and the surrounding clatter of conversation gave them perfect privacy.

"I came tonight to see if you had grown—if you had become all I have thought you to be during these years when I but rarely heard your name. I have loved you all these years, and I have been happy believing that I loved—well. Do not sentimentalize"—she smiled brightly—"do not commiserate a blighted life; it has not been so—it will not be so.

and the two listened with bent heads. "For oh, it is not always May!" rang out the speaker's voice with a youth-

ful cadence as nearly sorrowful as a joyous graduate's can be.

"I think it will be always May with me," Lawrence wrote on her program, and then in the applause which followed he murmured:

"Agatha, there is no gulf between us. I have been a widower for three years. I thank God you did not know it; otherwise I might have missed the crown of my life."

The Rev. Mrs. Brown was saying caustically at that moment: "I thought Dr. Lawrence was considered so brilliant. He hasn't contributed much to this table tonight."

"Oh, no, my dear," responded her



"TAKE MY SKIN WHEN I AM DEAD, O BRAVE!"

spouse; "he's a scientific man—probably boring that beautiful woman with conceited technicalities."

As Agatha rose, silent and overpowered, a scrap of conversation floated to her:

"Yes, the class of '79—Miss Trenton. Yes, she is beautiful, but stiff—an awfully conventional woman!"

Agatha smiled.

*Sarah Armour.*

#### THE LION'S SKIN.

ONE morning the Little Spirit said to Wanda, "Take your bow, and kill the old Red Lion in the cave."

So Wanda went into the tepee for his bow.

"Ugh! Good!" said his father, when Wanda told him of the chase; but his mother cried, "Ai, ai!"

Wanda ran toward the west, so that his shadow streamed long before him from the rising sun, and at last it fell upon the lion's cave, when Wanda's mouth tasted salt from the running.

The lion came out, snarling horribly, his long tail twisting and curling like an angry

snake, his yellow teeth gleaming like gold, and his eyes burning.

"It is said you are to die," called Wanda, "but between you and me is no old quarrel—what good can I do for you?"

"It is said, it is said!" mocked the lion, as he crouched low. "Many things are said!" Then he turned the fire of his eyes on Wanda to melt the warrior's heart. But the heart only beat the stronger and steadier.

"It is a true word," said the lion slowly, as the fire died out of his eyes. "Take my skin when I am dead, O brave, and we shall hunt together. Your foe is my foe, your wish my wish. Aargh! I shall never smell the green things on the prairie again." And he sat up, pointing his muzzle to the sky, and howled his death whoop.

"Die!" twanged the bow string. "Yes-s-s-s!" hissed the arrow.

The lion met death as though it were sleep, and Wanda took his skin.

"Now I wish it were tanned," said the brave, "and I could wear it home."

Then he looked at the skin, and behold, it *was* tanned, as soft to the fingers as

though the old squaws had worked it with grease and sand stones for a half year.

"Your wish is my wish," repeated Wanda. "Then it is true. To my back!" he called to the skin. At once it sprang from the ground to the warrior's shoulders, resting its head upon his head, and its arms upon his arms.

"Ugh! Good!" said his father, when Wanda returned to the tepee, and there was a light in his old eyes; but, "Ai, ai!" cried the mother very softly.

"Now the people shall hear of this in council," said Wanda's father. "Many have visited the Red Lion, and stayed forever; so, there was——" and he named them, keeping toll on his withered fingers; "but my son comes back carrying the skin."

To the council came Pazhee-to-to, the medicine man. "Green Grass," they called him, because his mind was strong and clear like the first growth of spring, and his soul as pure as the spring breezes.

While his father told the story of the chase, Wanda sat apart gazing quietly into the distance, as became so great a warrior, and Pazhee-to-to fixed a strong glance upon him.

When the story was finished the people cried, "How!" and, "Ohéte ge-as!" but Pazhee-to-to strode up to Wanda, and made a strange sign with his right arm.

As Wanda was wondering at this, he felt the lion's claws tighten upon his arm, and before he knew it, his right arm had waved an answer.

"The Great Spirit is with us!" called Pazhee-to-to. "There is more in this, O people, than your eyes can see!"

Then he turned to them, and said:

"Braves of the Ogallallas! You live in happiness and plenty, brave are your men and dutiful your women. The bison fills your houses with food, and the Great Spirit fills your hearts with truth and courage. It is well with you; but to the south live men and women of your own people under the curse of the Giant Bird. Each day one of them is carried off—man, wife, maiden, or papoose—and friends can only weep for the lost one.

"What can man do against this bird? His jaws are longer than a man's body, his wings darken the sky like a thunder cloud, the grip of his claws makes the bear's grip seem like the grasp of a child. The arrow bounds back from his scales in

pieces, and no man dare face him with spear or pogamoggan!

"Ai, a man can do nothing, and the hearts of your own people to the south are turned to ashes. The fire of courage has died in them; they can no longer meet death like men. No, they pant and tremble like the rabbit.

"But," cried Pazhee-to-to, raising his voice, "the Great Spirit ordered a sign to show that the curse was ended, and this day I have seen the sign. O Wanda, pure of heart, strong young man and daring warrior, life spreads before you like a feast! Still, now before your people, I ask you, will you turn your face from it to serve those others in the south?"

The lion's jaws closed tight upon Wanda's head, and before he knew it, he answered, "I will."

Then there came a great silence upon the people.

In the middle of it Wanda left them.

That night each man came and laid the dearest thing he had before the tepee, as a tribute to Wanda.

It was a three days' journey to the haunt of the bird. On the evening of the fourth night his friends left him, and Wanda sat alone to face death in the morning.

That night he smoked his pipe and thought, "How am I to kill this bird?" Not once did he think, "Shall I be killed?" As he sat thinking, he felt the lion's head trying to speak into his head.

"Speak on, O friend. I listen," said he.

Then the lion's head spoke into his head. "With fire is the only way you can slay the bird," it said.

"But how?" asked Wanda.

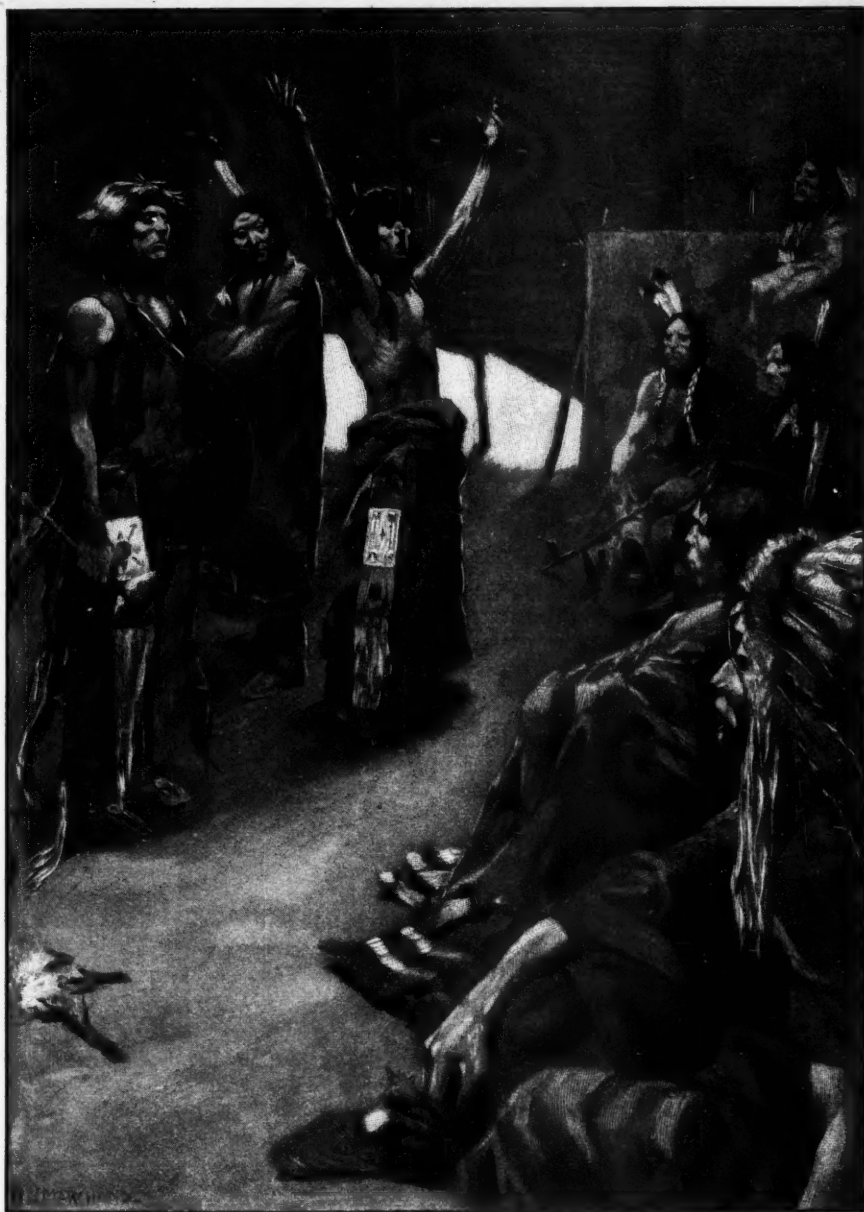
The lion's head spoke into his head again, and made the matter clear to him. So Wanda gathered dry wood, and particularly a long pole like a spear, and a block and rod to kindle fire with.

He turned the rod between his hands, pressing it down. "Great Spirit, bless this fire!" he cried, and a little flame sprang up.

In the morning the people heard the voice of Wanda singing on the river mound, so that the woods rang with it. It scattered fear as light scatters darkness, and it beat upon men's hearts with a beat like the war drum. At every beat the hearts of the men tightened.

"If Wanda, the brave one, fails," cried





"BRAVES OF THE OGALLALLAS! YOU LIVE IN HAPPINESS AND PLENTY."

they, "then here is another for the sacrifice!"

Then old Pazhee-to-to smiled. "Nothing that is good is lost," said he. "Yesterday there was but one Wanda, today there are a thousand. Nothing breeds so fast as a brave deed;" and his eye kindled.

But out on the mound Wanda saw the inky shadow of the Giant Bird splashed against the ball of the sun like a totem on a shield, and he turned his face up to have the joy of great pride in himself before he was no more.

He beat himself upon the chest with



his clenched hand, while the blood rushed hot to his cheeks.

"Wankahtonka! Great Spirit!" he called. "Look upon me, a man not afraid to die. See my soul, O mighty one! It is white. See my heart—it is strong. Rejoice with me, Great Spirit, rejoice with me!"

Then he thrust the piece of wood like a spear into the fire, and faced the bird, that came faster and faster, so that the grasses of the prairie whispered and bent to the wind of its passage.

"My foe is your foe!" said the head of the lion into Wanda's head, and the hair on the back of the hide stood up bristling and fierce.

The bird came, flying low, its huge jaws open, its wicked, dull eyes fixed on Wanda. So it came, traveling at such speed the heart of man could scarcely bear to see it, making a noise like the fall of much water in its flight.

Wanda stood still, his hand upon the piece of wood like a spear, waiting for the time. There must be no slip, no quiver of the hand. There was but one right instant; that lost, all was lost.

"Strike!" cried the lion's head into Wanda's head, and before he knew it, Wanda had plucked the wood from the fire, and stabbed the bird in through its open jaws, down into the throat, with his burning spear.

The sound of one bitter blow rang over the prairie, then all was still.

When the people came they saw the great bird, monstrous, obscene, sprawled



"STRIKE!" CRIED THE LION'S HEAD.

out in death. The sod of the prairie was torn into furrows by its death struggles. As they looked, a great wonder came to their minds that a man should have killed it.

There beyond it lay Wanda, his face all peace, smiling a smile of welcome to the blue sky above, and the lion's skin lay across the cruel wound in his chest, hiding it.

And the people raised their voices in a great song of praise to the warrior, and of thankfulness to Wankahtonka. But far away there came a faint cry, sad to listen to:

"Ai, ai!" wept the mother of Wanda.  
*Henry Wallace Phillips.*



## TO YOU.

### I.

BECAUSE of this the world is  
different;  
I have no thoughts that are  
not thoughts of you;  
No passionate smiles that are  
not startled through  
Some swift remembering of a  
dead content.

### II.

I count my times by when our  
meetings are;  
My festivals I count by your  
sweet speech;  
And could love canonize, I'd  
have them each  
Red letter days upon the cal-  
endar.

### III.

You bring the spring to me,  
down purple ways  
Fragrant with lilac and with  
heartsease deep;  
You make the little buds to  
laugh and leap,  
You are the sun heart, warming  
all my days.

### IV.

You are the whisper of the  
flowers, that keep  
Their amorous perfumes for  
the drowsy night;  
You are the spirit of the pale  
moonlight,  
That talks to me while silence  
is asleep.

### V.

You, dearest dear, are twin to melody  
That sings and clings among the songs we know;  
You are the mirth that lives in laughter low,  
And speech holds only what you tell to me.

### VI.

No stars need I—your softly radiant eyes  
Light all my ways in luminous paradigm;  
And it is you who fill the summer time  
With chalcedony mist and saffron skies.

### VII.

As little pearls upon a string pursue  
Each after each, in tenderer relays,  
So in my heart unspoken words of praise  
Forever follow to the heart of you.

*Helen Noë.*

# THE CITY OF THE AUTOMOBILE.

BY EDWIN WILDMAN.

THE REIGN OF THE HORSELESS VEHICLE IN PARIS, WHERE IT HAS GAINED A SUDDEN AND REMARKABLE VOGUE AS A FASHIONABLE FAD, AS A MEANS OF SPORT, AND AS A PRACTICAL FACTOR IN TRADE AND TRANSPORTATION.

IT is most appropriate that Paris, with its matchless boulevards, its extensive parks, and its fine tributary highways, should be the city of the automobile. Then, too, Paris is the epitome of cosmopolitanism. Nowhere in the world, her citizens will tell you, is there such unrestricted freedom of action and speech. Her streets, her parks, and her newspapers are living voices of her republicanism.

The automobile solves the problem of a

portable power adapted to the needs of personal and commercial transportation without the supplementary inconvenience and expense of oats thrice daily, or the limitations of steel tracks and prescribed routes of travel. Potentially, at least, its utility is unlimited. In Paris, it has long since passed the experimental stage, and has taken its place in every department of transportation. It rivals the horse and makes the steam engine look to



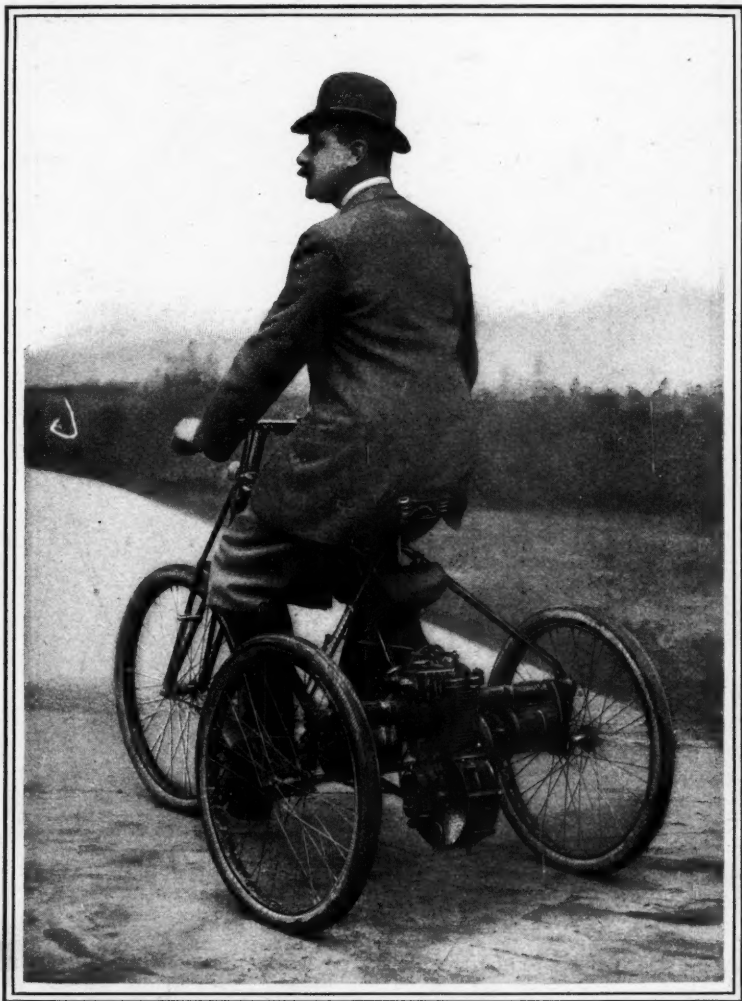
A MOTOR QUADRICYCLE IN THE BOIS DE BOULOGNE.

*Drawn by E. V. Nadherny from a photograph.*



its laurels. It responds to the touch of the schoolgirl, and propels great trucks of merchandise through the city streets. It has made its way into society. About five

carriage went forward at great strides. From the rude, clattering machine of a few years back, which bumped into everything and everybody and tore over the



THE MOTOR TRICYCLE, WHOSE POPULARITY IN PARIS RIVALS THAT OF THE BICYCLE.

*From a photograph by Barenne, Paris.*

years ago such men as the Count de Dion, the Baron de Zuylen de Nyevelt, the Marquis de Chasseloup-Laubat and his brother, the Count de Chasseloup-Laubat, began to enter the automobile races and to make records to Amsterdam and Bordeaux. With other fashionables, they formed the Automobile Club de France. So France became automobilized, and the horseless

gravel like a mad bull, the automobile calmed down into a well regulated, swift running, non vibrating vehicle with good manners and tractable ways.

The petroleum machine is yet far from perfection. It often sputters and clatters a great deal at the start, but when it settles down to a thirty mile gait it behaves splendidly. The electric storage

automobile is less noisy and is perfection for all city purposes; but for long distances, high rates of speed, and steep hills the petroleum car, with its vibration

During all these feats we kept up a high rate of speed, and when I returned to Paris I was thoroughly convinced that there was nothing experimental in the



IN PARIS BILL POSTING IS RESTRICTED BY THE GOVERNMENT, AND MANUFACTURERS AND MERCHANTS USE THE ADVERTISING AUTOMOBILE TO ANNOUNCE THEIR WARES.

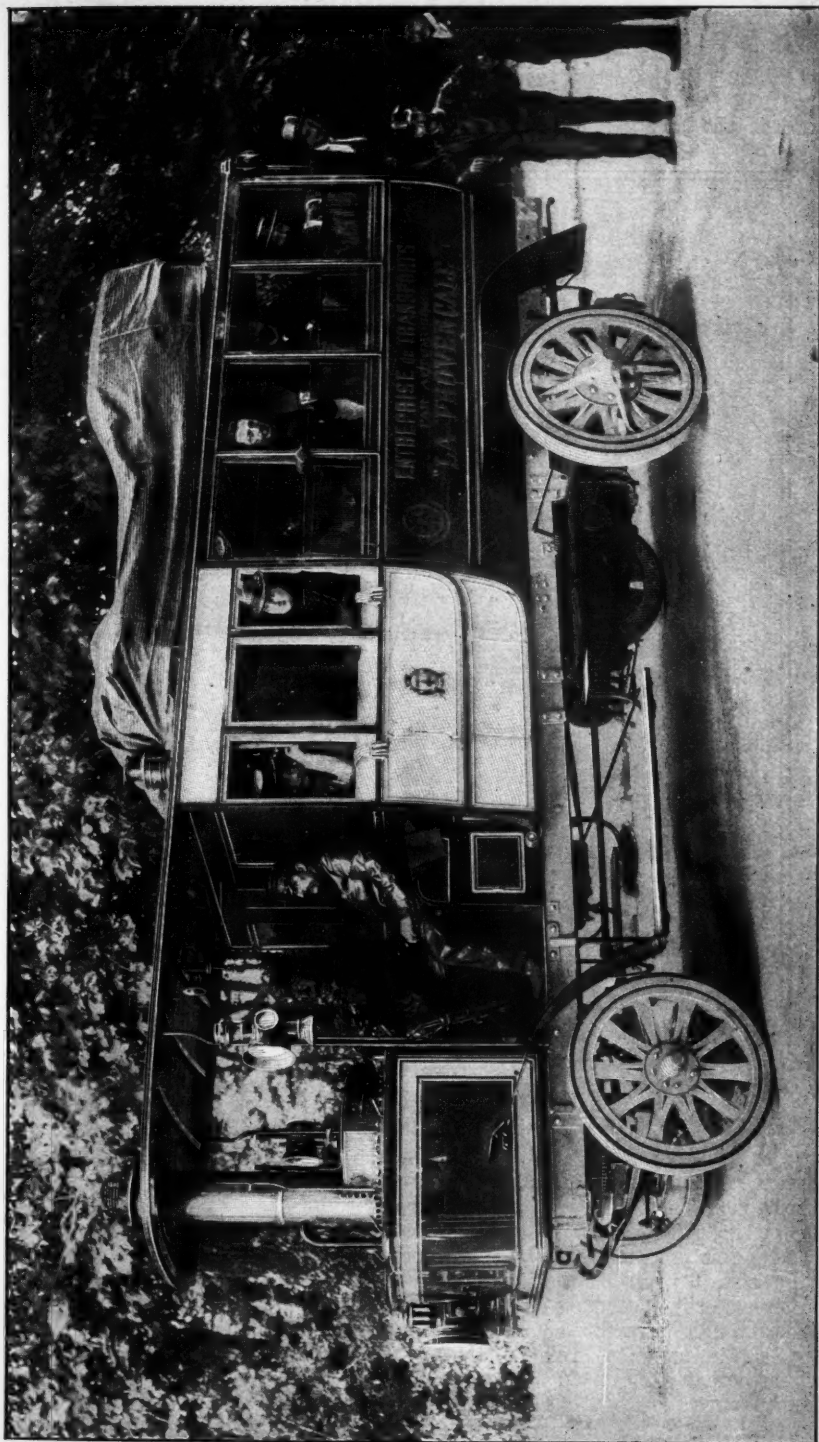
*From a photograph by Barenne, Paris.*

and smell, is more likely to get there on time.

I took a ride out through the Bois de Boulogne, and on toward Versailles, in one of Paris' most famous racers. It was an automobile of the petroleum type, with new equipoise motors. During part of the journey we attained a speed of forty five miles an hour. We passed hundreds of carriages and numerous automobiles; we climbed hills, short, steep, and stony; we took curves at a hair raising rate, and halted once or twice with a suddenness that nearly sent me over the dashboard.

gymnastics the automobile was able to perform. It had all the spirit of a young colt in his first pair of thills, together with the steadiness and accuracy of an express train. It had shaken off the timidity of amateurishness and was a full fledged "professional."

I know of no more inspiring sight than the Champs Elysées and the Bois in the morning hours when the Parisians are out with their automobiles. Women are enthusiastic patrons of the horseless carriage. They mount these graceful machines with utmost ease, and although



AN AUTOMOBILE STAGE WHICH MAKES REGULAR TRIPS INTO THE SUBURBS OF PARIS.

*From a photograph by Barenne, Paris.*

not given to the high rate of speed essayed by the "cranks," they keep their carriages at a fast trot, easily distancing their friends who jaunt along in victorias.

violently, and makes the clearing, taking all responsibilities of avoiding collisions. One of the recent ideas of the Automobile Club was to give a "dodging cotillion."



A MOTOR TRICYCLE SEEN IN AN AUTOMOBILE PARADE AT LONGCHAMPS, NEAR PARIS.

*From a photograph by Barenne, Paris.*

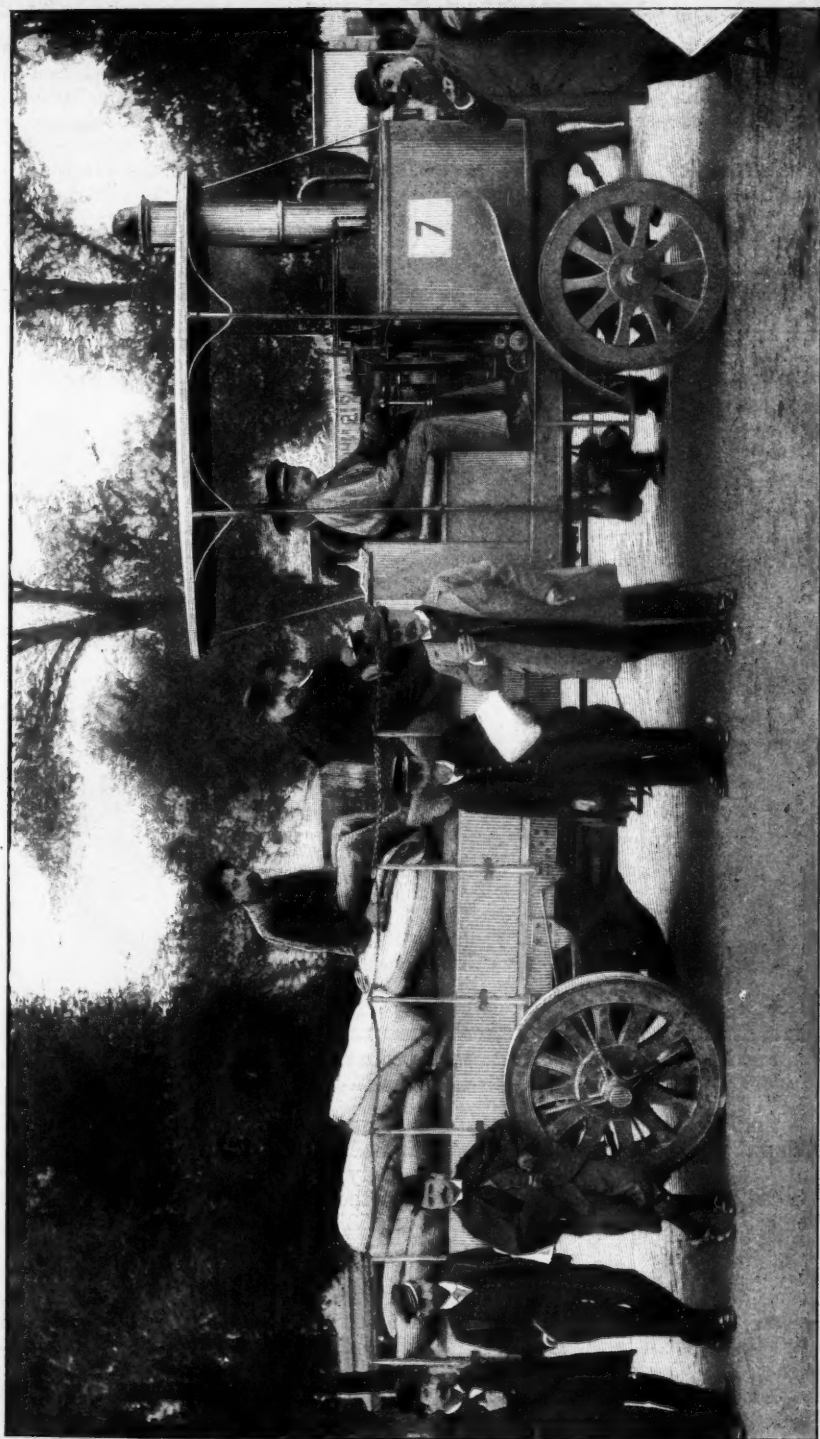
Passing the lady automobilists, and dashing down the avenues at a fearful speed, the experts mounting the bicycle automobiles zip by the throng like weird racing spiders of heroic proportions.

The Parisian driver and the Parisian pedestrian have alike become used to the automobilists. A straight course, no dodging, is the unwritten rule of the thoroughfare that enables old fashioned travelers to move about without accident. The automobilist dodges hither and thither, circles about, stops abruptly, pitches ahead

On the Longchamps race course were erected life sized tin figures representing promenaders, dogs, baby carriages, nurses with infants, soldiers, telegraph poles, messenger boys. The automobilist was required to dodge in and around prescribed lines, at high speed, without touching any of the objects. The machines were gaily decorated with flowers, and some of them were mounted by youths of thirteen and fourteen years of age, who showed remarkable skill as *chauffeurs*.

During this same fête a quadrille was





A STEAM AUTOMOBILE TRUCK, USED IN PARIS FOR CARRYING HEAVY LOADS.

*From a photograph by Baronne Paris.*

danced by eight automobile victorias, and the dexterity displayed in executing the figures was nothing short of marvelous. Not a collision or accident marred the day.

The Automobile Club, which has handsome quarters on the Place de la Concorde, was organized for the encouragement of the sport and industry of motor carriages, and it has done much toward both objects. In less than four years it has grown from

The Count de Dion's steam machine once held the record for speed, and in 1894 it won the first of the long distance races from Paris, the course being to Rouen and back, and the winner making about thirteen miles an hour. In the following year the race was to Bordeaux and back, a much longer run; M. Levassor won with a petroleum carriage, averaging fifteen miles an hour for the 740 miles. These records have since been utterly



A MOTOR BREAK, A MACHINE IN MUCH FAVOR WITH PARISIANS FOR PARK RIDING AND FOR TOURING.

*From a photograph by Barenne, Paris.*

fifty to more than two thousand members, including the principal automobilists of Europe. It arranges and fosters racing, and does all it can to encourage the production and perfection of the automobile. Its house contains, besides the usual features of a club, a theater and a most attractive roof garden. The Baron de Zuylen de Nyevelt, one of the most enthusiastic automobilists in France, is its president; the vice presidents are M. Henri Menier, the chocolate millionaire, and the Count de Dion, the inventor of the steam automobile.

eclipsed. In 1898 M. Charron traveled from Paris to Amsterdam and back at twenty eight miles an hour; and last summer the same expert covered a distance of 353 miles at about thirty one miles an hour.

For shorter distances very much higher speeds have been made. In January, 1899, on a stretch of straight and level road in the park of Achères, near Paris, M. Genatzy did two kilometers (about a mile and a quarter) from a standing start in one minute and 41 4-5 seconds. A few weeks later the Count de Chasseloup-



THE CLUB HOUSE OF THE AUTOMOBILE CLUB OF FRANCE, ON THE PLACE DE LA CONCORDE, PARIS.

*Drawn by J. Conacher from a photograph.*



A "VOITURE DE COURSE," OR LIGHT AUTOMOBILE FOR RACING AND TOURING.

*From a photograph by Barenne, Paris.*

Laubat, under similar conditions, reduced the time to one minute and 27 2-5 seconds. But M. Genatzy, determined to regain his laurels, constructed a machine specially designed for speed, shaped like a huge cigar; and with this, in April last, he

automobile 'bus lines making regular trips to the suburbs, but here, too, the rates of fare, though counterbalanced by the speed acquired, work against the electric method of transportation. Many of the large stores, as in New York, use automobiles



A PARK VICTORIA, THE MACHINE IN WHICH FASHIONABLE PARIS TAKES THE AIR IN THE BOIS DE BOULOGNE.

*From a photograph by Barenne, Paris.*

covered the two kilometers in one minute and 21 4-5 seconds. The second kilometer, where he had the advantage of a flying start, was done in thirty four seconds, or at a rate of about sixty seven miles an hour.

In Paris today the automobile is almost as conspicuous, though not as numerous, as the horse vehicle. Lines of *voitures automobiles* line up along the Boulevards, and stand on an equal footing with the horse and victoria. The fares charged are somewhat above the two francs an hour rate, and that is the principal reason why they do not run the horse out of business. When electric charging becomes less expensive, the horse will be relegated to the country. There are now several public

for delivery carriages. It enables them to advertise "Automobile Delivery, Quick Despatch," and though an expensive luxury proves an attraction to customers.

But even in Paris, where it has attained its highest perfection, the steam, petroleum, or electric carriage is still typically the plaything of the rich. It has its utility, but as yet its field is limited. As an adjunct to the army it has not as yet proved its practical value. A strong point in its favor is the fact that it is in the hands of wealthy enthusiasts whose interest and money will develop its very best possibilities, and will in time, undoubtedly, make it a most useful factor in transportation. It will take up the problem where the electric car stops.





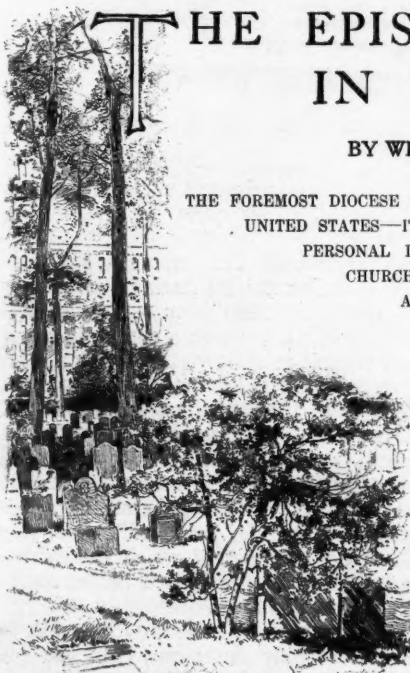
THE INTERIOR OF THE CHURCH OF THE TRANSFIGURATION, EAST TWENTY NINTH STREET, FAMOUS AS  
"THE LITTLE CHURCH AROUND THE CORNER."

*From a photograph by Rockwood, New York.*

# THE EPISCOPAL CHURCH IN NEW YORK.

BY WILLIAM KIRKUS, M.A., LL. B.

THE FOREMOST DIOCESE OF THE PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL CHURCH IN THE  
UNITED STATES—ITS HIGH POSITION AND GREAT SOCIAL AND  
PERSONAL INFLUENCE IN THE METROPOLIS, ITS  
CHURCHES AND CLERGY, ITS PREACHING  
AND ITS PRACTICAL WORK.



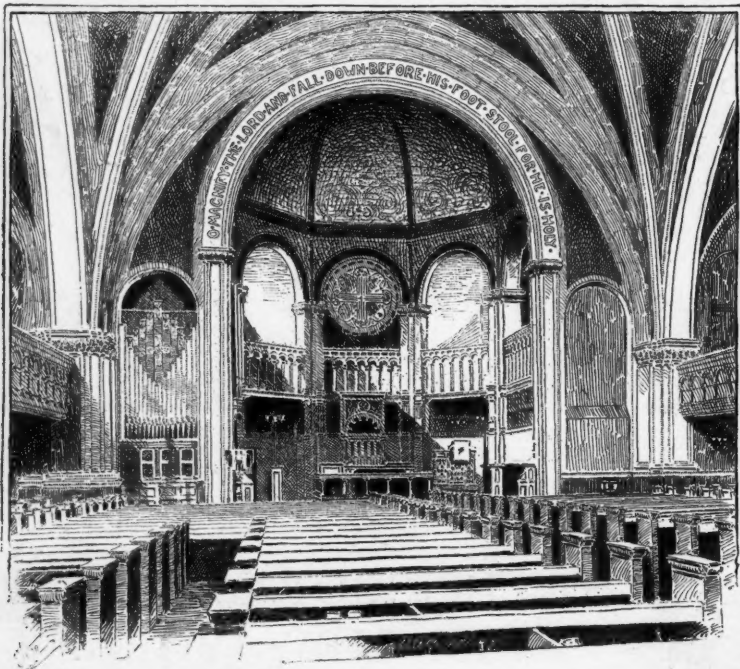
THE Protestant Episcopal Church in the city of New York is only a part of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States of America—to use the official title of the whole communion. It is only a part of the Diocese of New York; but it is the most important part of that diocese, and in many respects it is the most important part of the entire church.\* It is not only the most numerous, the wealthiest, and the most socially powerful, but it has very marked peculiarities of its

\*If in the course of this article I speak of the Protestant Episcopal Church as "the church," it will be merely for the sake of brevity, and by no means as assuming that it is *the* or the *only* church.

own. It differs very widely indeed from the church in Western cities, or in Philadelphia, or in Baltimore, or in the Southern cities.

One of the most obvious characteristics

"I pray not that Thou shouldst take them out of the world, but that Thou shouldst keep them from the evil." Everybody knows the difference between being in the world, and being of it; and New York



THE INTERIOR OF HOLY TRINITY CHURCH, LENOX AVENUE AND ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY SECOND STREET.

of the church in New York is, in the highest and best sense of the word, its worldliness. This would be clamorously and contemptuously admitted by its many enemies; for many its enemies are, even among those of its own household. There are even bishops who, regardless of St. Peter's command that people are not to potter about in other people's dioceses, can scarcely keep their hands off Bishop Potter's throat. They bestow upon him not only their advice and their sorrowful reproof, but also their earnest prayers. They regard him, with awe, as the only too complete representative of the church over which he presides—a church honeycombed, they say, with false doctrine, preached by recreant divines, who are themselves supported by godless capitalists and unsanctified wealth. Nevertheless, bishop and church in New York go on their own ways, mindful of the words:

Episcopalianism is most unquestionably in the world, to its quite incalculable advantage.

Every church, thus far, which has made a deep and permanent mark on the history of civilization, has been an established church—that is to say, a church in direct and organic relation to the nation and its government. It has thus been conversant with great affairs, national, international, ecumenical. It has had its share in carrying on the civil government, and especially it has been made to submit to the authority of the government. This was, and still is, the condition of the Church of England, of which the Episcopal Church in the United States and in New York is a lineal descendant.

It has become, indeed, as it ought to be, thoroughly American; but the old traditions have by no means lost their force, and the temper of its established

parent is still in the very blood of the child. This is more marked in New York than anywhere else in the United States. For New York is a metropolis, with its own large, full life; it is not only American, but cosmopolitan; it is the very heart of the commerce and finance of the country; its professional life is as distinguished as its commercial life; its literary activity is far greater than that of any other city in the Union; and in the midst of all this, at the very heart and center of it, is the Episcopal Church. Many of the foremost men of the city, busy men, learned men, lawyers, physicians, presidents of railroads and other great corporations—men who lead the New York world—are among its members.

This is what I mean by the worldliness of the church in New York. Not only is

proverbial grain of mustard seed must grow to be a great tree before the birds of the air can shelter in its branches.

#### THE CHURCH'S MORAL AND SOCIAL TONE.

Similarly, as a result of the size and varied life of the church in New York, its moral and social tone is very widely different from that in small towns. Of course, mere numbers cannot make wrong right; but if twenty thousand people think you are mistaken in your moral judgment, you very likely are.



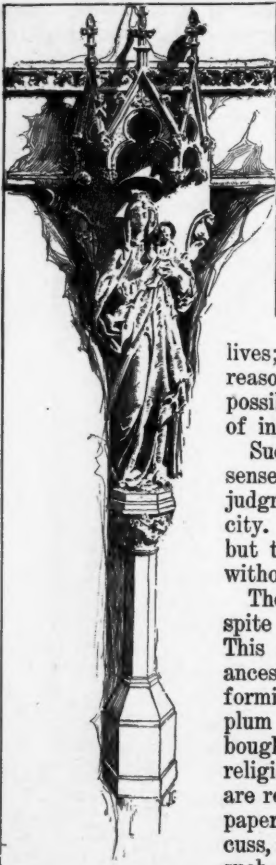
ST. AGNES' CHAPEL (TRINITY PARISH), WEST NINETY SECOND STREET.

*From a photograph by Rockwood, New York.*

it far too large to be a hole and corner sect, but its interests are too varied. It takes a wide as well as an accurate view of life. Mere size is not everything, but it is an absolutely necessary condition of social or ecclesiastical momentum. The

One of the most important of the means of grace is a sense of humor; and converse with a great variety of men and of manners tends both to produce and to nourish a sense of humor.

Many, both of the clergy and laity in



THE MADONNA AND CHILD,  
FORMING PART OF THE  
DOORWAY OF THE CHURCH  
OF ST. MARY THE VIRGIN.

*From a photograph—Copy-  
righted by "The American  
Architect," Boston.*

New York, are total abstainers, and the temperance feeling is very strong; but the Church Temperance Society of the Protestant Episcopal Church, which has its headquarters in New York, and has the New York instinct, is not a teetotal society. "The basis on which it rests and from which its work shall be conducted"—so runs its constitution—"is a union and coöperation on equal terms for the promotion of temperance between those who use moderately and those who entirely abstain from intoxicating drinks as beverages." To a certain sort of mind this seems a lame and impotent conclusion. But everybody in metropolitan society has dozens of friends of irreproachable moral and religious character who take wine at dinner every day of their lives; and to put all these people under an anathema for that reason seems to the New York sense of humor altogether impossible of serious consideration as a rule of life or a condition of intimacy.

Such is one of the practical results of urbanity, in the literal sense of the word—the tone of feeling and the breadth of judgment which is acquired by living and moving in a great city. Doubtless there may be much urbanity without religion; but true religion, being in itself universal, is never complete without some touch of urbanity.

There are, indeed, religious bodies in New York which, in spite of their surroundings, seem somewhat to lack urbanity. This is due, possibly, to the fact that their ecclesiastical ancestors were rigorous Puritans and uncompromising Nonconformists—worthy people who sincerely believed it wrong to eat plum pudding on Christmas Day, or to hang up a mistletoe bough. The ministers of some of these bodies hold during the religious "season" monthly meetings, the proceedings of which are reported with more or less inaccuracy in the daily newspapers. They discuss, among others, such questions as theater going and dancing; always with strong disapprobation of those innocent recreations as being inconsistent with

Christian life and as incurring the Divine displeasure.

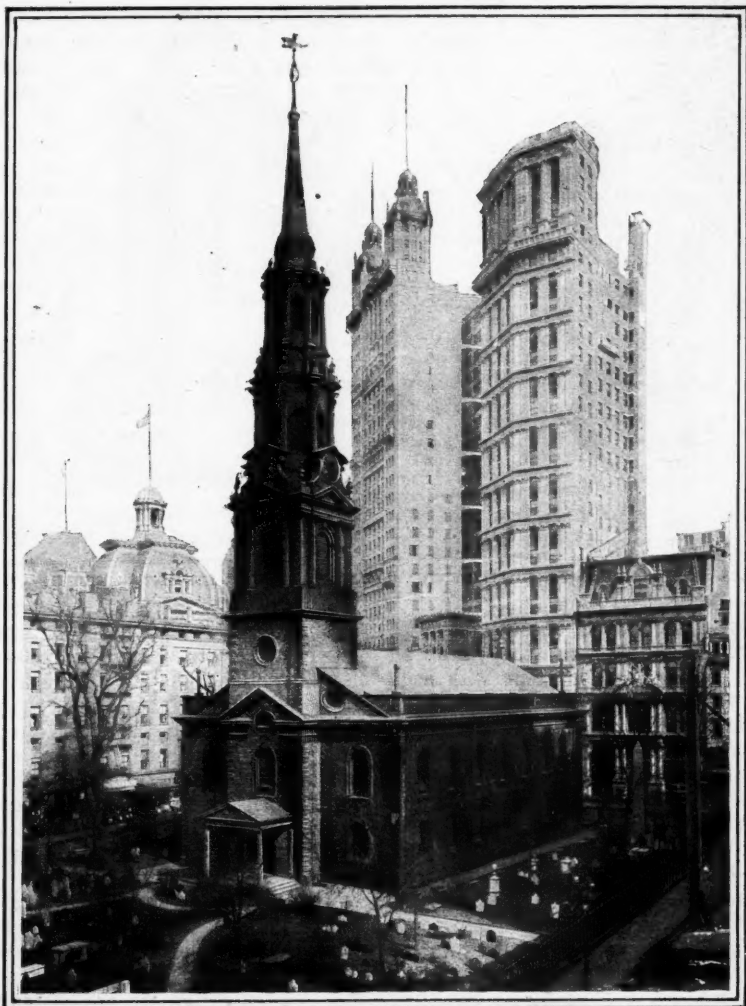
It is safe to say that nothing of the kind could possibly happen among New York Episcopalians. On the contrary, I believe there is some kind of league of actors in connection with the church itself, to which the rector of Trinity preached not long ago. How can urbanity exclude Shakspeare and the drama from the literature and the life of cultivated humanity? So, again, dancing is one of the recognized and sanctioned amusements provided for their young people by several of the most prominent New York parishes in their parish buildings.



THE LYCH GATE OF THE CHURCH OF THE TRANS-  
FIGURATION.



When I say that a breezy and noble worldliness is an obvious characteristic of the church in New York, I must not religion above all things, and the Christian religion in particular; for the purpose of "making reason and the will of God



ST. PAUL'S (TRINITY PARISH), THE OLDEST CHURCH IN NEW YORK, BUILT IN 1766, AND NOW OVERSHADOWED BY HUGE OFFICE BUILDINGS.

*From a photograph—Copyrighted by "The American Architect," Boston.*

be misunderstood. Perhaps it is rather a negative than a positive characteristic. By it I mean freedom from fussiness, technicality, artificiality; I mean breadth, flexibility, contact with affairs, skill to assimilate all forms of social life and bring them to a moral and religious perfection. The church in New York exists for the purpose of teaching and propagating

prevail"; of producing and nourishing religious men and women; but not for the purpose of producing and nourishing "the religious" in the technical sense of the term.

Its "religious" orders are comparatively few and feeble; they are out of harmony with its tone and general purpose. The other orders are secular, not bound



ALL SOULS' CHURCH (DR. HEBER NEWTON'S), MADISON AVENUE AND SIXTY SIXTH STREET.

by irrevocable vows of chastity, poverty, and obedience—though they are all chaste, obedient, and content with such things as they have.

Nothing can be truer, more characteristic of the man, or more admirably expressed, than Dr. Huntington's remarks in his "Parish Year Book of Grace Church for 1899": "This year's introductory notes appear to me, as I review them, to be rather too much taken up with material things, and too little expressive of those thoughts and hopes which are of supreme importance in the life of a local church. I can hear some casual reader's caustic 'Yes; two new buildings given, and many dollars turned in. Is that all?' No, it is not all, nor is it very much, nor have I the slightest apprehension that you, my people, will for a moment fancy that I think it so to be."

Most assuredly it is "those thoughts and hopes of supreme importance" for which the church in New York exists; without them the great parishes would collapse at once into shriveled insignificance, like a pricked bladder—into nothing, like a broken bubble. Yet next to

"those thoughts and hopes of supreme importance," are largeness, roominess, flexibility, the free play of the fresh air of the actual world; and this is the priceless treasure of the church in New York. Its breadth, both theological and ecclesiastical, was brought to light by the controversy arising out of the ordination of Dr. Briggs to the Episcopal priesthood, which agitated the diocese a few months ago.

Matthew Arnold has reminded us, in his delightful way, as Aristotle taught the civilized world centuries before, that perfection is always to be found in a mean—from which we are all too prone to fall away into the relative imperfection of excess or defect. In relation to the Episcopal communion at large, the church in New York is the mean, while the church in a certain town of central Illinois, notwithstanding its comparative smallness, may be said to fall from perfection on the side of theological and ecclesiastical excess. On the other hand, the great church in Virginia—if I may dare to say so, remembering its high position, its truly great men, and its inestimable services—does seem to fall a

little short of absolute perfection on the side of defect.

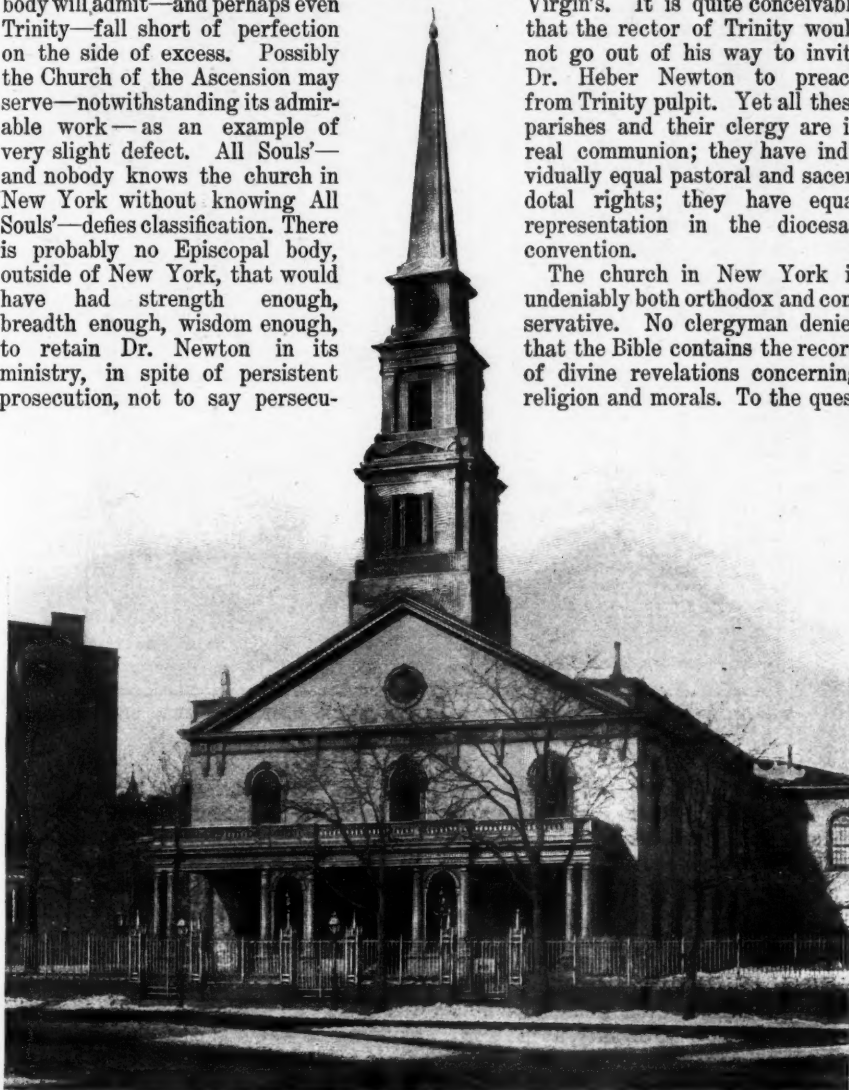
#### THE EPISCOPAL PARISHES OF NEW YORK.

In New York itself we may take as representing the mean—putting them in alphabetical order—such parishes as St. Bartholomew's, St. George's, Grace, St. Thomas'. St. Mary the Virgin's, everybody will admit—and perhaps even Trinity—fall short of perfection on the side of excess. Possibly the Church of the Ascension may serve—notwithstanding its admirable work—as an example of very slight defect. All Souls'—and nobody knows the church in New York without knowing All Souls'—defies classification. There is probably no Episcopal body, outside of New York, that would have had strength enough, breadth enough, wisdom enough, to retain Dr. Newton in its ministry, in spite of persistent prosecution, not to say persecu-

tion. His courage amounts to audacity. His urbanity, his passion for making people wise and good, his iridescence, his extravagance, if you will, make him a power and a beauty in the church.

It is not every clergyman who, without a previous rehearsal, could vest himself and go through the ritual of the mass according to the use of St. Mary the Virgin's. It is quite conceivable that the rector of Trinity would not go out of his way to invite Dr. Heber Newton to preach from Trinity pulpit. Yet all these parishes and their clergy are in real communion; they have individually equal pastoral and sacerdotal rights; they have equal representation in the diocesan convention.

The church in New York is undeniably both orthodox and conservative. No clergyman denies that the Bible contains the record of divine revelations concerning religion and morals. To the ques-



ST. MARK'S CHURCH, SECOND AVENUE AND TENTH STREET. THIS, ONE OF THE OLDEST CHURCHES IN NEW YORK, STANDS UPON THE SITE OF A CHAPEL BUILT BY PETER STUYVESANT, WHO IS BURIED HERE.

*From a photograph by Rockwood, New York.*

tion: "Do you believe all the articles of the Christian faith as contained in the Apostles' Creed?" every clergyman would

was able to form a correct estimate of their literary and critical merits or demerits. But nearly all of them knew perfectly



THE INTERIOR OF THE CHURCH OF ST. MARY THE VIRGIN, WEST FORTY SIXTH STREET.

*Drawn from a photograph—Copyrighted by "The American Architect," Boston.*

heartily answer, "I do." But it was made perfectly clear in the recent Briggs controversy that New York churchmen are as firmly determined to maintain their liberty as to maintain the truth. "The Lord is the Spirit, and where the Spirit of the Lord is there is liberty." Moreover, their urbanity will not tolerate the vulgar insolence of religious wrangling. They take a gentleman, even though he be a bishop or a doctor of divinity, at his word, and will not without protest allow him to be called a liar in their presence, on no better evidence than the spite of a theological opponent. A very small minority of church people in New York had read Dr. Briggs' books; a much smaller minority

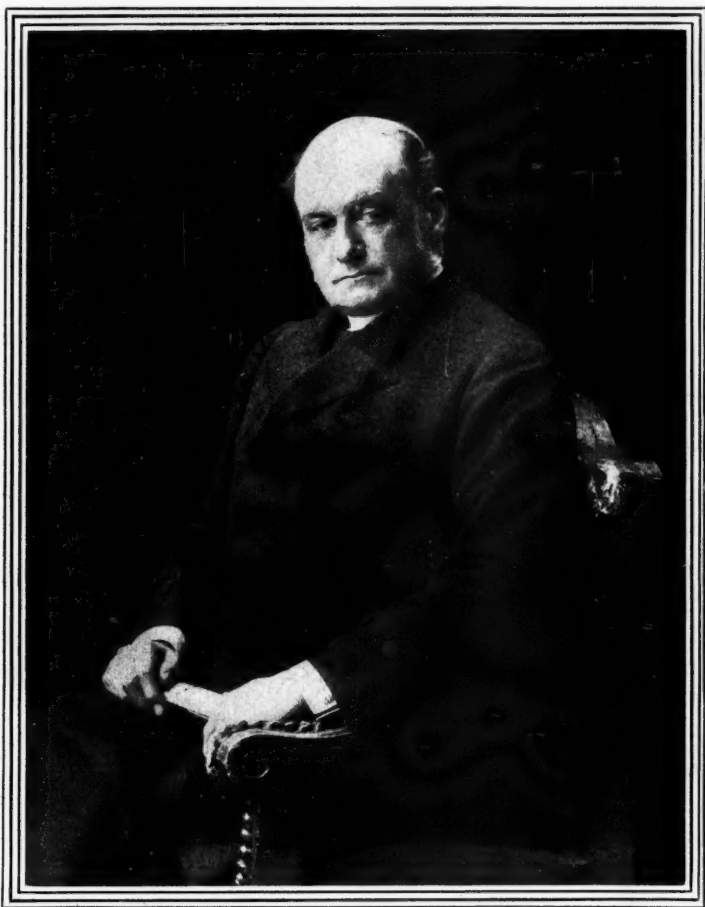
well how one gentleman in New York treats another gentleman; and with that true gentleman who had had his university training at Tarsus, they believed that courtesy was a part of true religion.

Hence it comes to pass that, within the limits of the essential truths of Christianity—"laying upon them none other burdens"—and the somewhat elastic restraints of the Episcopal discipline, a man may find anything he wants in the church in New York. From the doctrine of the late Dr. Tyng the elder to the doctrine of Dr. Heber Newton, from the black gown of the late Dr. Arthur Brooks to the copes and chasubles of Dr. Christian, from the gallery quartet to the chancel choir of



surpliced men and boys or men and women, from the sermon preceded by the simplest possible service to the sacred concert with a parenthesis of the smallest possible sermon—he must be hard indeed to please if he cannot find what he likes somewhere

clergy in New York; though preaching forms a very essential and a very large part of the church's work; and indeed a church that cannot preach is doomed to extinction. I have heard many sermons; but by a single sermon no preacher can



THE RIGHT REV. HENRY CODMAN POTTER, BISHOP OF THE PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL DIOCESE OF NEW YORK.

*From a copyrighted photograph by Rockwood, New York.*

or other. And why not? In spite of these large variations there is substantial unity of Christian belief, and much more substantial unity of Christian life. The best and wisest know only in part; "and when that which is perfect is come then that which is in part shall be done away."

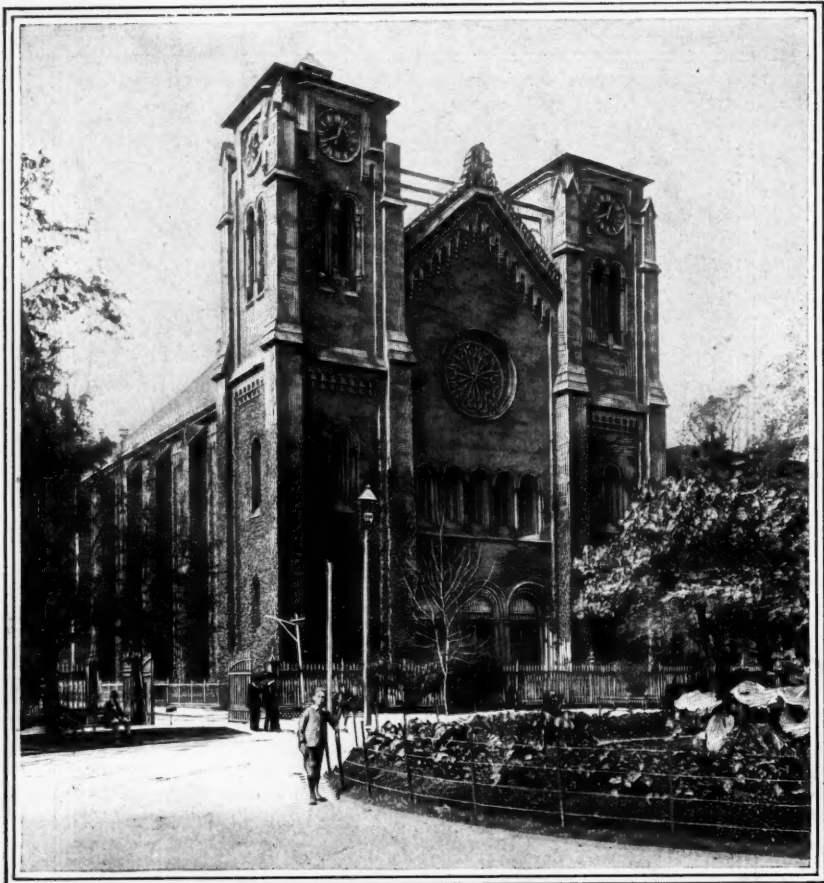
#### THE EPISCOPAL CLERGY OF NEW YORK.

It would ill become me to affect to pass any judgment upon the preaching of the

be truly judged. It may be the very best sermon he ever preached, it may be the very worst. Of the preaching of one typical and well known clergyman I can certainly speak with adequate knowledge. I have heard him, years ago, when he was rector of one of the oldest and largest parishes, preach scores of times, Sunday after Sunday. I don't know whether I ever had the good fortune to hear what other people call a "great pulpit achievement";

I am sure I never heard from him a pulpit failure. His congregation was very miscellaneous; it included some of the most distinguished and some of the wealthiest

preacher had been addressing a congregation composed exclusively of paupers he would probably have been far less outspoken and far more tolerant of their



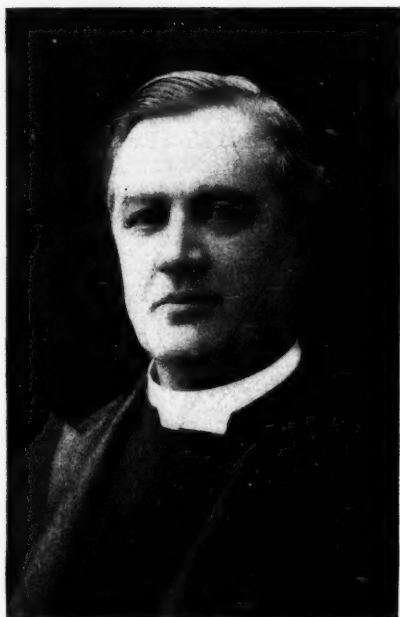
ST. GEORGE'S CHURCH (DR. RAINSFORD'S), STUYVESANT SQUARE.

*From a photograph by Sidman, New York.*

of the citizens of New York. Many people who never go to church, and who care not a single cent what sort of sermons the clergy preach, are far too ready to affirm that the rectors of the great parishes are afraid to preach the plain truth to their wealthy parishioners. I may be a very poor judge of the literary or oratorical merits of a sermon; but I certainly claim to be an adequate judge of its straightforwardness, or courage, or instructiveness, or common sense. The sermons I speak of were eminently characterized by all these merits. If the

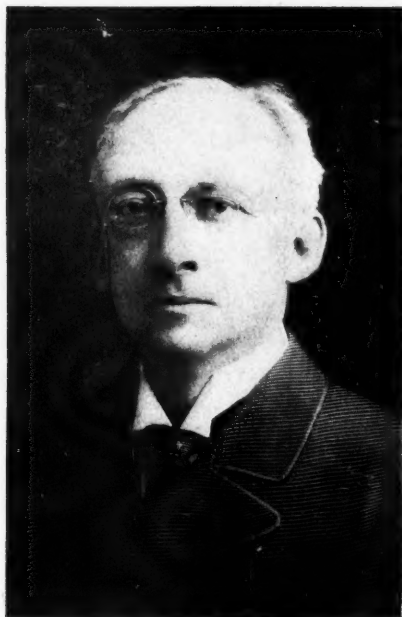
peculiar prejudices or pretensions. And this preaching was only a fair sample of the preaching of the rectors of the great New York parishes. Most of them I have heard, though very seldom. But I am sure that I have the best possible evidence for affirming that the preaching in the great parish churches of New York is eminently straightforward, honest, courageous, instructive, sensible, orthodox, and liberal.

And this is true, I am well assured, of the churches generally, both large and small. Their vestries have the pick of



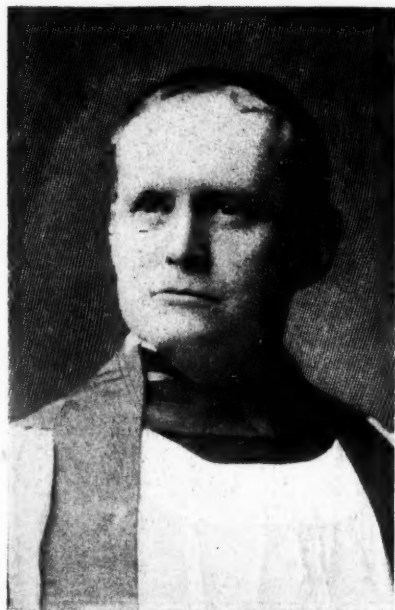
THE REV. JOHN WESLEY BROWN, RECTOR OF ST. THOMAS' CHURCH.

*From a photograph by Bradley, New York.*



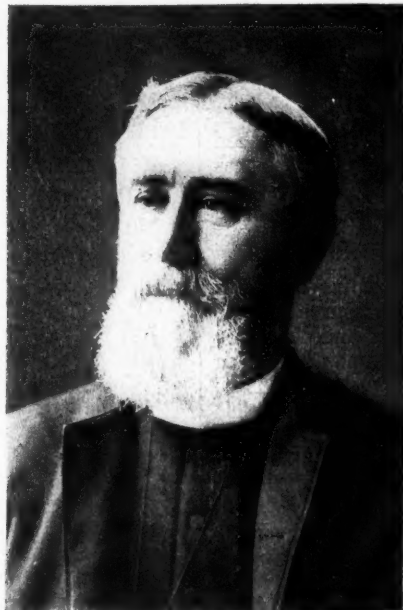
THE REV. R. HEBER NEWTON, RECTOR OF ALL SOULS' CHURCH.

*From a photograph by Bradley, New York.*



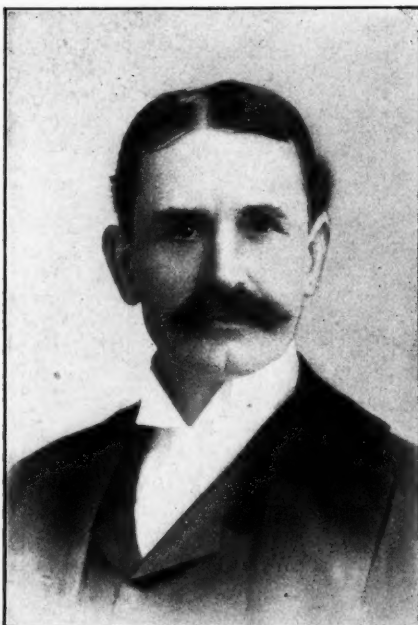
THE REV. JOHN P. PETERS, RECTOR OF ST. MICHAEL'S CHURCH.

*From a photograph by Rockwood, New York.*



THE REV. D. PARKER MORGAN, RECTOR OF THE CHURCH OF THE HEAVENLY REST.

*From a photograph by Alman, New York.*



THE REV. DAVID H. GREER, RECTOR OF ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S CHURCH.

*From a photograph by Moreno & Lopez, New York.*

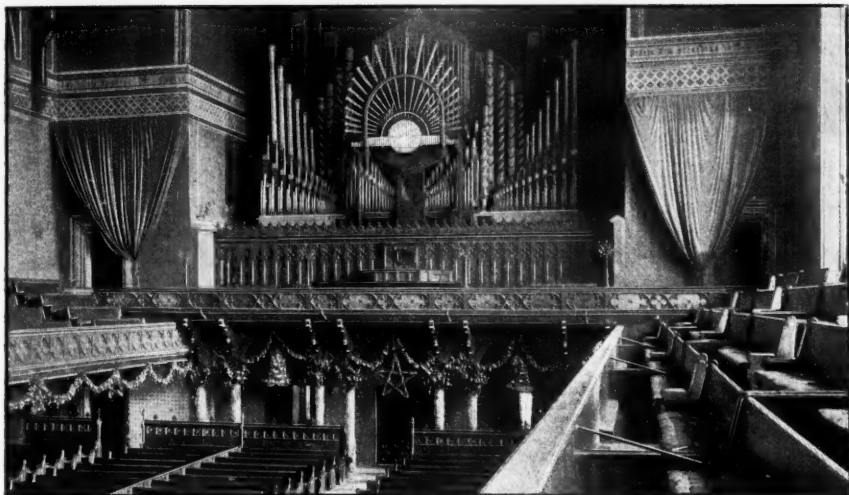
all the country; for even the smaller parishes in New York are attractive because they are in New York. And when a clergyman comes to the metropolis, he generally becomes settled there. The power of the place, the *genius loci*, takes possession of him. Light and fresh air play upon him from every side. This at once affects his preaching, if he have any gift of preaching at all—a gift by no means universal. He shivers at the very thought of advertising a course of sermons on sensational and comical subjects. He finds it impossible to announce that he

will preach on "The Yacht Race," or "The Best of Ingersoll," or "Admitting Roberts to Congress," or "How to Choose a Good Wife," or "Four Doors," or "Brilliant Dreams that Prison the Dreamer," or "Have We a Partisan God?" or "Bleating Sheep and Lowing Oxen"—subjects advertised, not by ministers of the Episcopal Church, in a single week of a daily New York newspaper. But in or out of New York, this kind of thing is almost psychologically impossible for a clergyman who has to use, every day of his life, the stately liturgy of the church



ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S CHURCH, MADISON AVENUE AND FORTY FOURTH STREET.





THE INTERIOR OF ST. GEORGE'S CHURCH.

—a liturgy which has the most sacred associations of more than a millennium, and which translates almost inimitable

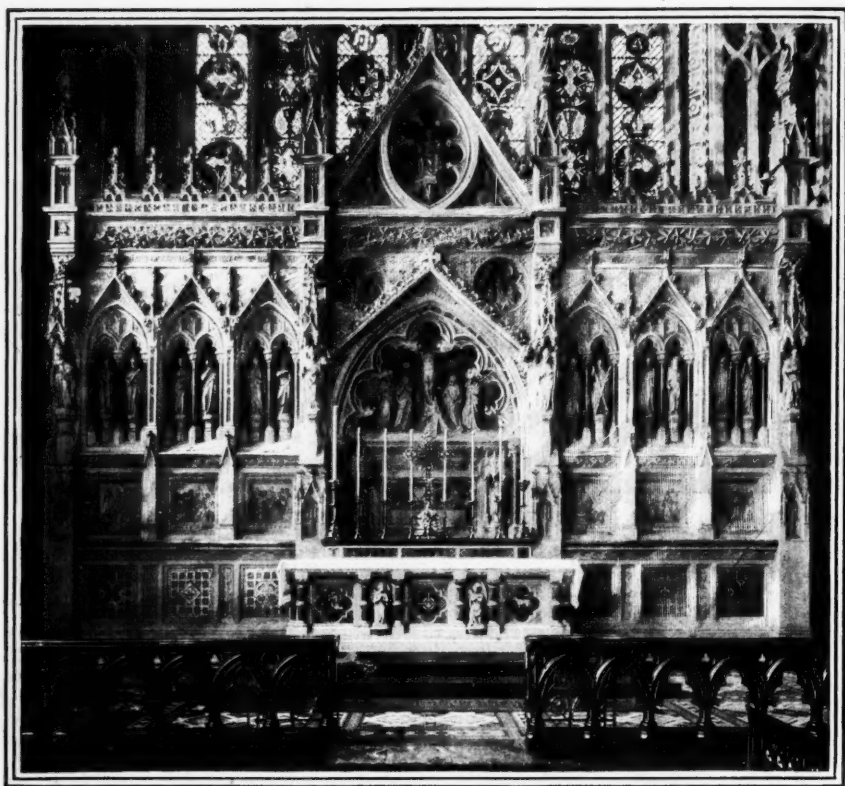
devotional Latin into more nearly inimitable devotional English.

The staff of clergy of the great New



THE INTERIOR OF ST. PAUL'S CHURCH.

*From a photograph—Copyrighted by "The American Architect," Boston.*



THE ASTOR MEMORIAL ALTAR AND REREDOS IN TRINITY CHURCH.

*From a photograph—Copyrighted by "The American Architect," Boston.*

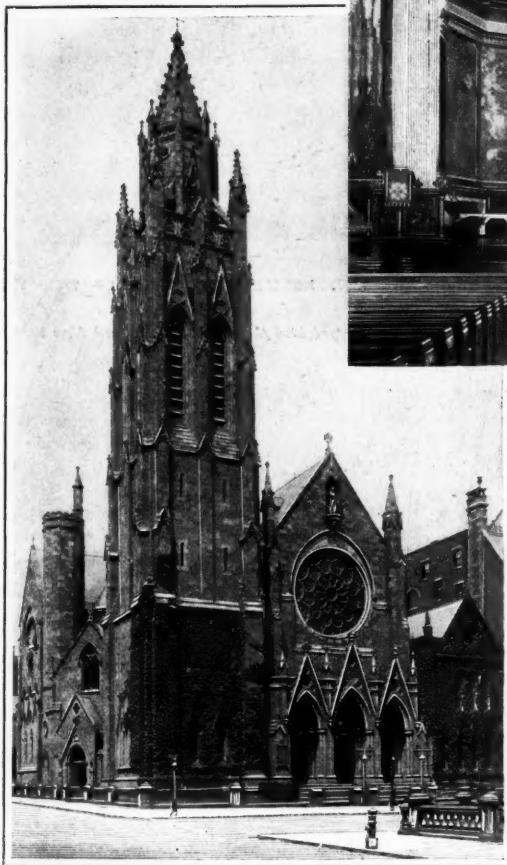
York parishes is numerous. In Trinity parish, with its many chapels, there are one rector, eight vicars, and sixteen curates. In Grace there are three priests and seven deacons; in St. Bartholomew's, six clergy; in St. Thomas', three. In many others there are two. In Grace Church Dr. Huntington is trying a new experiment, which, if successful, ought to be highly beneficial to the church at large. One of his clergy served last winter as "select preacher," with no parochial duty out of the pulpit. There are many excellent preachers who have no faculty at all for parochial organization or administration, and there are very many excellent organizers and administrators who are astonishingly poor preachers. What a splendid work Trinity parish might do, if it were that way inclined, in fostering, or even creating, a great preaching power in the church!

The average salary of a New York

clergyman is probably, in actual cash, a good deal higher than the general average in the country at large. That general average is very much less than—not much more than half—that of the average wages of a skilled mechanic—that is to say, about ten dollars a week. If a man with only that income chooses to marry a wife and have a number of children, it is entirely his own affair, so long as the dear girl is told beforehand what sort of life lies before her. But if a man with only ten dollars a week can manage to get a neat house, with carpets on the floor, and a piano in the parlor, it is absolutely certain that he cannot afford one of the necessities of his life—a library. The salaries of even the rectors of the largest New York parishes are much smaller than is popularly supposed; nor is any account taken of the correspondingly large expenditure which their position entails. What these salaries really are I do not exactly know; but

taking the largest estimate, they are far smaller than the incomes obtained by the leaders of the other professions. Does any one ask, what right has a minister of the gospel to expect, what right has he to receive, ten thousand a year for the work of saving souls? No doubt, given the use of an empty lot, a good stout barrel to stand on, and a pious man with a loud voice, the gospel can be had for nothing. But it is one of the advantages

and complicated interests, which pious simplicity very seldom understands. The rectors of such parishes as Trinity, in addition to their pastoral work, are men



ST. THOMAS' CHURCH, FIFTH AVENUE AND FIFTY THIRD STREET.

*From a photograph by Sidman, New York.*

of living in a large city that people learn to see "the gospel" from another point of view—not only as a means of plucking "brands from the burning," but also as a great civilizing power, dealing with vast



THE INTERIOR OF ST. THOMAS' CHURCH.

of business of the highest class. They are such men as in secular life would be the heads of great corporations, the managers of large enterprises. The clergy in New York are paid a little more than the average; but if religion is a seriously important affair, they are very poorly paid.

#### THE CHURCH SERVICES AND MUSIC.

One of the great attractions of the churches in New York is the music. Next to the sacred offices of the Roman Catholic church, the Protestant Episcopal service lends itself most readily to musical expression and accompaniment. The communion office of that church, excepting the commemoration by name and the invocation of the saints,

is almost identical, in translation, with the Roman mass. The "Kyrie," "Credo," "Gloria in Excelsis," "Agnus Dei," "Sanctus," of the great musical masters—Mozart's, Haydn's, Beethoven's, for



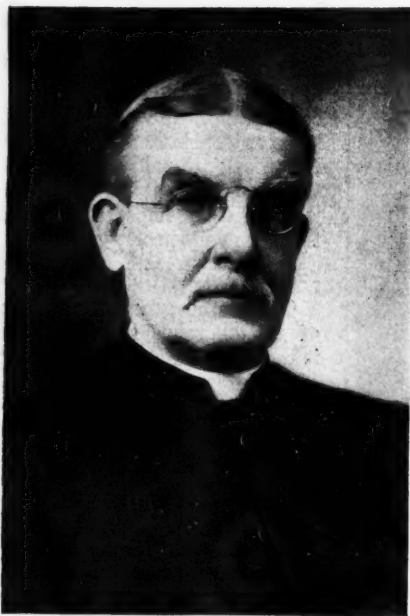
THE REV. WILLIAM R. HUNTINGTON, RECTOR OF  
GRACE CHURCH.

*From a photograph.*



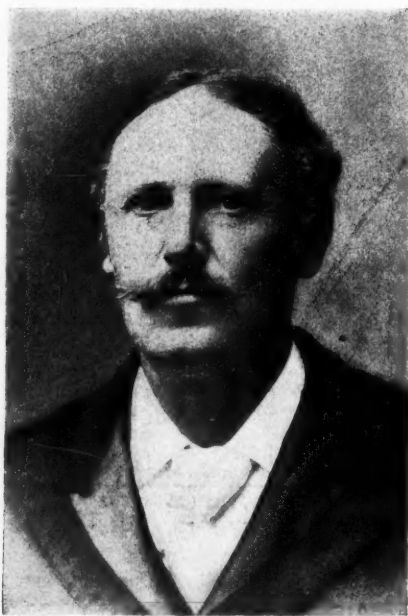
THE REV. MORGAN DIX, RECTOR OF TRINITY  
CHURCH.

*From a copyrighted photograph by Rockwood, New York.*



THE REV. W. H. VIBBERT, RECTOR OF TRINITY  
CHAPEL.

*From a photograph by Bradley, New York.*



THE REV. WILLIAM S. RAINSFORD, RECTOR OF ST.  
GEORGE'S CHURCH.

*From a photograph by Dupont, New York.*



instance—could without much difficulty be adapted to the English words, or, rather, these to them. Then the hymns and anthems are almost *ad libitum*.

The music in Trinity Church has a well deserved reputation throughout the country. Both there and in the chapels of the parish, the music is for the most part severely ecclesiastical. In many of the principal parishes the choirs are large, and consist of men and women—the women wearing cottas and some slight headdress, sometimes a modified college cap. Trinity has very exceptional advantages in securing good boys' voices, from its wealth and its many schools. But, speaking generally, boys' choirs, even in New York, are not the best suited to church music. They are, as a rule, a mere immature imitation of true soprano and contralto; and the choirs of men and women are far more rich, and sweet, and expressive. In some of the large churches there are on Sunday evenings, perhaps as an experiment for "taking the godless by guile," sacred concerts—whole cantatas, or large selections from oratorios. I do not know whether this experiment has proved a religious success. Of course there are a few prayers, and a "sandwich" of sermon—which may or may not catch a wandering soul.

#### THE CHURCH BUILDINGS.

There are no old church buildings in New York, as Europe counts age; and, truth to say, such old churches as we have are old fashioned rather than venerable. Of course many of the churches are mere places of worship, without any architectural merit, or attraction of any kind except parochial and domestic. On the other hand, many of the New York churches are of very high excellence—of very large size, with abundant decoration, rich glass, and, in some few instances, paintings which are works of true art. The chief up town churches are keeping full pace with the most attractive districts of the city. The Cathedral may not be seen in its glory by the grown up people of this generation, but its promise is superb.

Many of the church buildings now considered "down town" are both spacious and beautiful—Trinity, Grace, St. Bartholomew's, for instance; but they are interesting chiefly as being the centers of

a great work carried on for the most part in their parish houses, schools, dispensaries, and the like. The Church of the Holy Communion, at Twentieth Street and Sixth Avenue, is comparatively small—it will scarcely hold seven hundred—but its incessant activity and numerous organizations make it a real power for religion and civilization in a needy neighborhood. Not a few even of the best churches are needlessly and distressingly dark, and must be lighted, in part at least, even in the daytime, by gas or electricity. This produces a good deal of the dolorous effect of a theater *matinée*.

#### THE REVENUES OF THE CHURCH.

Of course the work of the church in New York cannot be carried on without immense expense. The year books and journals for 1899 are not yet published, but the receipts and expenses are probably larger than in 1898, when the expenditure in New York parishes, for all purposes, was about three million dollars. In some of the larger parishes—omitting Trinity—the amounts were as follows: St. Bartholomew's, \$171,559; Grace, \$112,582; St. Thomas', \$93,550; St. George's, \$80,552; Ascension, \$62,724; St. Michael's, \$25,926. This is by no means the whole of the account, for there are many trust funds and the like not here included. I have no financial details of the Church of the Holy Communion, whose receipts and expenditures are large, nor of a good many others; but surely the above is a very noble financial record.

And now, what is done with all this money?

The work of Trinity parish, with its many chapels, seems chiefly, though by no means exclusively, on strictly church or ecclesiastical lines. Much of the same kind is done also in Grace parish, but a very large and multifarious work in addition. That parish is not only far beyond flattery, it is almost beyond praise. Its staff of workers is numerous, energetic, efficient. Its buildings, its "plant," would be a credit to any city in the world. It is in close touch with all the necessities and interests of city life. But the limitations of space forbid me to give details of more than one example of church work in New York. I choose St. Bartholomew's as being one of the very largest, and also, in some respects, the boldest and most unfettered.

Its privileges are not confined to communicants, nor even to members of the parish or church.

#### THE WORK OF A TYPICAL PARISH.

First of all, then, St. Bartholomew's is a parish of the church in New York. Its motive power is the Spirit of Jesus Christ—Jesus living in a vast city whose people are gathered from all the world, doing His great works of comfort, guidance, healing, and instruction, by the aid of His disciples, but Himself "the same yesterday, today, and forever." Take away this divine motive power and the whole parish work would stop. The center of it is the parish church, with its direct worship of God, its sacraments, sermons, and pastoral ministrations. Similarly the center of the parish house is the chapel. People—more than two thousand daily—who attend club meetings, classes who dance and sing, may attend the chapel or not; but *it* attends *them*. There are religious services in some five or six foreign languages. There is the Swedish Mission, the Oriental Mission, the Chinese Guild, the German Mission. They all have the same motive power. But motive power is not simply to be looked at—it moves, and all these missions are pushing, pulling, restraining, steadying, in innumerable ways. There are large Sunday schools, with an ample staff of teachers, giving instruction in almost every language spoken in New York, including Chinese. Nobody is obliged to attend religious services; no one gets any material privileges by doing so. There is not the slightest temptation to hypocrisy in this direction; yet the congregations and Sunday classes are large, even overflowing; and the dominant religious motive gives a high moral tone to the whole work. Moreover, the pastoral services of a large staff of clergy are at the command of everybody.

It is the object of St. Bartholomew's to provide for the thousands who come within its reach everything which can render the daily life of working people—as the great majority of them are—happy, refined, intellectually cultivated, sociable. The very poorest are in no way overlooked, but there is no pauperizing. What is desired and achieved is the promotion of self respect and self reliance. The Girls' Club is a good illustration. The Evening Club is one of its three divisions, for girls over seventeen years of age. Initiation fee, twenty five cents; monthly dues, twenty five cents; admission to extra classes, forty or fifty cents additional. The privileges are use of clubroom and library, access to the large hall every evening after nine o'clock; physical culture classes, lectures, entertainments, discussion class, glee club, literature class, penny provident and mutual benefit clubs; classes in dressmaking, millinery, cooking, embroidery, stenography, typewriting; a two weeks' vacation at Holiday House, Washington, Connecticut; board at the club boarding house, baths, and so forth. The classes seem to be full, with many waiting admission when any vacancy may occur. There are similar advantages for men—tailoring, printing, and so on. There is a loan association; there is an employment bureau, both for men and women; there is St. Bartholomew's Clinic, with its medical and surgical advice and attention; and this is not nearly the full list. What must strike any reader of these reports is that they are genuine business statements, full indeed of hope and enthusiasm, but with singular freedom from mere illusion or anything like exaggeration or concealment.

This is true of all the reports that I have examined. They are characteristic of the spirit of the Protestant Episcopal church in New York.

#### A DAY.

THE gentle day, like some sweet shepherdess,  
Has marshaled all her herd of little hours  
Upon the grassy slopes of idleness  
And turned them out to riot with the flowers.

And now, across a slender bridge of light,  
Homeward she gently guides her weary sheep,  
And cradles them within the fold of night,  
And sets a crescent moon to watch their sleep.

*Theodosia Garrison.*

# SOPHIA.\*

BY STANLEY J. WEYMAN.

XX (Continued).

UNFORTUNATELY, a young woman had appeared a little before this, in a town not far off, in the guise of a countess with all the apparatus of the rank; she had taken in no less worshipful a body than the mayor and corporation of the place, who had been left in the issue to bewail their credulity. The old clergyman knew it, it was rife along the countryside, and being by nature a simple soul—as his wife had often told him—he had the cunning of simplicity. He bade himself be cautious, and happily bethought him of a test. “Your carriage should be still there,” he said, “where you left it.”

“I have not dared to return and see,” she answered. “We might do so now, if you will be kind enough to accompany me.”

“To be sure, to be sure. Let us go, child.”

But when they had crossed the ridge—keeping as far as they could from the door of the plague stricken house—he was no whit surprised to find no carriage, no servants, no maid. From the brow of the hill above the ford, they could follow with their eyes the valley and road by which she had come, but nowhere on the road, or beside it, was any sign of life. Sophia had been so much shaken by the events of the night that she had almost forgotten the possibility of rescue at the hands of her own people. Yet the moment the notion was suggested to her, she found the absence of the carriage, of Watkyns, of the grooms, inexplicable. And she said so; but the very expression of her astonishment, following abruptly on his suggestion that the carriage must be there, only deepened the good parson's doubts. She had spun her tale, he thought, without providing for that point; and now sought to cover the blot by exclamations of surprise.

He had not the heart, however, good honest soul, to be unkind; and felt himself in as great embarrassment as if the deceit had been his own. He found himself constrained to ask in what way he could help her; but when she suggested that she should rest at his house, the assent he gave was forced and spiritless.

“If it be not too far,” she said, struck by his tone and thinking also of her unshod feet.

“It's—it's about a mile,” he answered.

“Well, I must walk it,” she decided.

“You don't think—I could send,” he suggested weakly, “and—and make inquiries—for your people, ma'am?”

“If you please, when I am there,” she said; and left him no resource but to start with her. But as they went, amid all the care she was forced to give to her steps, she could not but notice that he regarded her oddly, looking askance at her when he thought her attention elsewhere, and looking away guiltily when she caught him in the act.

After walking some half mile, they turned to the right and came presently in sight of a little hamlet that nestled among chestnut trees in a nook of the slope. As they approached this, his uneasiness became more marked. Nor was Sophia left long in ignorance of its cause. Over the low wicket gate that gave access to a neat thatched house beside the church, the first house, as it happened, to which they came, appeared for a moment an angry woman's face—turned in the direction whence they came. It was gone as soon as seen; but Sophia, from a faltered word which her companion let fall, learned to whom it belonged; and when he tried the wicket gate it was fastened against him. He tried it nervously, his face growing red; then he raised his voice. “My love,” he cried, “I have come back! I think you did not see us. Will you please to come and open the gate?”

An ominous silence was the only answer. He tried the gate a second time, his patient face working. “My dear,” he cried aloud, a quaver in his voice, “I have come back!”

“And more shame to you, Michieson!” a shrill voice answered; the speaker remaining unseen. “Do you hear me? More shame to you, you unnatural, murdering father! Didn't you hear me say, I would not have you going to that place? And didn't I tell you if you went you would not come here again! You thought yourself mighty clever, I'll be bound, to go off while I was asleep, my man! But now you'll sleep in the garden house, for in here you don't come! Who's that with you?”

“A—a young lady in trouble,” he stammered.

“Where did you find her?”

“On the road, my love. And in great——”

“Then on the road you may leave her!” came the sharp answer. “No, my man, you don't come over me that way. You brought the hussy from that house! Tell me she's not been into it, if you dare! And you'd

bring her in among your innocent, lawful children, would you, and give 'em their deaths!"—with rising indignation. "Fie, you silly old fool! If you weren't a natural, with all your learning, you'd have been over to Sir Hervey's and complimented madam this fine morning, and been 'pointed chaplain! But 'tis like you! Instead of providing for your wife and children, as a man should, you're trying to give 'em their deaths, among a lot of dead people that'll never find you in a bit of bread to put in their mouths! I tell you I've no patience with you."

"But, my dear——"

"Now send her packing! Do you hear, Michieson?"

He was going to remonstrate, but Sophia intervened. Spent as she was with fatigue, her feet sore and blistered, she felt that she could go no farther. Moreover, to eyes dazed by the horrors of the night, the thatched cottage among the rose briars, with its hum of bees and scent of woodbine and honeysuckle, was a haven of peace. She raised her voice. "Mrs. Michieson," she said, not without a quaver in her tone, "your husband need not go to Sir Hervey's, for I am Lady Coke."

With an exclamation of amazement, a thin, red faced woman, scantily dressed in an old soiled wrapper that had known a richer wearer—for Mrs. Michieson had been a lady's lady—pushed through the bushes. "Lord's sake!" she cried, and she stared a moment with all her eyes; then she burst into a rude laugh. "You mean her woman, I should think!" she said. "Why, you saucy piece, you must think us fine simpletons to try to come over us with that story! Lady Coke in her stockinged feet indeed!"

"I have been robbed," Sophia tried to explain—trying also not to break down. "You are a woman, ma'am. Surely you have some pity for another woman in trouble?"

"Aye, you are like enough to be in trouble, ma'am! That I can see!" the parson's lady answered with a sneer. "But I'll trouble you not to call me a woman!" she continued, tossing her head. "Woman indeed! A pretty piece you are to call names, trapesing the country in a—why, whose cloak have you got on? *Michieson!*" in a voice of thunder, "what does this mean?"

"My dear," he said humbly—for Sophia, on the verge of tears, dared not speak lest she should betray her misery—"the—the lady was robbed on the road; she was traveling in her carriage——"

"In her carriage!"

"Her servants ran away—as I understand," he continued, rubbing his hands, and smiling in a sickly way, "and the postboys did not return, and—and her woman——"

"Her woman!"

"Well, yes, my dear, so she tells me—was

so frightened she stayed with the carriage. And her friend, a—another lady, escaped in the dark with some jewels—and——"

"*Michieson!*" his wife cried again in her most awful voice, "did you believe this—this cock and bull story that you dare to repeat to me?"

"Well, my dear," he answered in confusion, as he glanced from one to the other, "I—at least, the lady told me——"

"Did you believe it? Yes or no, sir—did you believe it?"

"Well, I——"

"Did you go to look for the carriage?"

"Yes, my dear, I did."

"And did you find it?"

"Well, no," he confessed; "I didn't."

"Nor the servants?"

"No, but——"

She did not let him explain. "Now, Michieson," she cried, with shrill triumph, "you see what a fool you are! And where you'd be if it were not for me! Did she say a word about being Lady Coke until she heard her name from me? Eh? Answer me that, did she?"

He glanced miserably at Sophia. "Well, no, my dear, I don't think she—did!" he admitted reluctantly.

"So I thought!" madam sniffed. And then, with a cruel gesture, "Off with it, you baggage! Off with it!" she continued. "Do you think I don't know that the moment my back is turned you'll be gone, and a good cloak with you! No, no, off with it, my ragged madam, and thank your stars I don't send for the parish constable!"

But her husband plucked up spirit at that. "No, my dear," he said, "she shall keep the cloak till she can get a covering. For shame, wife, for shame," he continued, with a touch of simple dignity. "Do you never think that a daughter of ours may some day stand in her shoes?"

"You fool, she has got none!" his wife snarled. "And you give her that cloak, sir, at your peril."

"She shall keep it till she gets a covering," he answered firmly.

"Then she'll keep it somewhere else, not here!" the termagant answered in a fury. "Do you call yourself a parson and go trapesing the country with a slut like that? And your lawful wife left at home alone!"

Sophia was white with exhaustion and could scarcely keep her feet, but at this she could be silent no longer. "The cloak I shall keep, for it is your husband's. For yourself, ma'am, you will bitterly repent, before the day is out, that you have treated me so."

"Hoity toity! You'd threaten me, would you?" the other cried viciously. "Here, Tom, Bill! Ha' you no stones? Here's a besom ill speaking your mother! Aye, I



thought you'd be going, ma'am, at that!" she continued, leaning on the gate with a grin of satisfaction. "It'll be in the stocks you'll sit before the day is out, I'm thinking!"

But Sophia was already out of hearing; mortification, rage, almost despair, in her breast. She had gone through so much in the night, the normal things of life had so crumbled round her, she was ill fitted to cope with these farther misfortunes. The reception with which she had met, in a place where of all places peace and charity and a seat for the wretched should have been found, broke down the remains of endurance. As soon as a turn in the road hid her from the other woman's eyes, she sank down on a bank, unable to go farther. She must eat and drink and rest or she felt that she would die.

Fortunately, the poor parson—worthy of a better mate—had not quite abandoned her cause. After standing a moment divided between indignation and fear, he allowed the more generous impulse to have way and followed and found her. Shocked to read exhaustion plainly written on her face, horrified by the thought that she might die at his door—that door which, no one knew better, should have been open to the distressed—he half led and half carried her to the little garden house to which his wife had exiled him; and which by good fortune stood in an orchard, beyond, but close to the curtilage of the house. Here he left her a moment, and procuring the poor drudge of a servant to hand him by stealth a little bread and milk over the fence, he fed her with his own hands, and waited patiently beside her until the color returned to her face.

Relieved, and satisfied that she was no longer in danger, he began then to fidget; glancing furtively at her and away again, and continually moving to the door of the shed; which looked prettily enough on grass dappled with sunlight and overhung by drooping boughs on which the late blossoms lingered. At length, seeing her remain languid and spiritless, he blurted out what was in his mind. "I daren't keep you here long," he said with a flush of shame. "If my wife discovers you, she may do you a mischief. And hereabout the fear of the smallpox is such, they'd stone you out of the parish if they knew you had been at Beamond's—God forgive them!"

Sophia looked at him in astonishment.

"But I have told you who I am," she said. "I am Lady Coke. Surely you believe me?"

He shook his head. "Child! Child!" he said in a tone of gentle chiding. "Let be! You don't know what you say! There's not one acre in this parish is not Sir Hervey Coke's, nor a house, nor a barn. Is't likely his honor's lady would be wandering shoeless in the roads?"

She laughed hysterically. Tragedy and

comedy seemed strangely mixed this morning! "Yet it is so," she said. "It is so."

He shook his head in reproof, but did not answer.

"You don't believe me?" she cried. "How far is it to Coke Hall?"

"About three miles," he answered unwillingly.

"Then the question is easily settled. You must go thither, yes, you must go at once!" she continued sharply, the power to think coherently returning, and with it the sense of Lady Betty's danger. "At once, sir!" she repeated, rising in her impatience, while a flood of color swept over her face. "You must see Sir Hervey and tell him that Lady Coke is here, and Lady Betty Cochrane is missing; that we have been robbed, and he must instantly, before coming here, make search for her."

The old parson stared. "For whom?" he stammered.

"For Lady Betty Cochrane, who was with me."

He continued to stare; but now with the beginnings of doubt in his eyes. "Child," he said, "are you sure you are not bubbling me? 'Twill be a poor victory over a simple old man."

"I am not! I am not!" she cried. And suddenly bethinking her of the pocket that ordinarily hung between her gown and petticoat, she felt for it. She had placed her rings as well as her purse in it. Alas, it was gone! The strings had yielded to rough usage.

None the less the action went some way with him. He saw her countenance fall, and told himself that if she was acting, she was the best actress in the world. "Enough," he said with dignity. "I will go, child. If 'tis a cheat, I forgive you beforehand. And if it is the cloak you want, take it honestly. I give it you."

But she looked at him so wrathfully at that, that he said no more, but fled; snatching up his stick and waving his hand as he passed out of sight, in token of forgiveness, if, after all, she was fooling him.

## XXI.

THE good vicar pushed on sturdily until he came to the highroad and the turn for Beamond's farm, some half mile on his way. There his heart began to misgive him. The impression which Sophia's manner had made on his mind was growing weak; the improbability of her story rose more clearly before him. That a woman tramping the roads in her petticoats could be Lady Coke, the young bride of the owner of all the countryside, seemed, now that he weighed it in cold blood, impossible! And from misgiving he was not slow in passing to repentance. How much

better it would have been, he thought, had he pursued his duty to the dead and the parish with a single eye, instead of starting on this wild goose chase! How much better—and even now it was not too late! He paused, debating it, and as good as turned. But in the end he remembered that he had given the girl his word, and, turning his back with a sigh on Beamond's farm, he pursued his way in the opposite direction.

He had not gone far when he saw, coming along the road to meet him, a young man of a strange, raffish appearance, who swung a stick as he walked, and looked about him with so devil may care an air that the good man set him down, the moment he saw him, for a strolling player. As such he was for passing him with a good day, and no more. But the other, who had also marked him from a distance, stopped when they came to close quarters.

"Well met, Master Parson!" he cried. "And how far may you have come?"

"A mile or a little less," the vicar answered mildly. And seeing, now they were face to face, that the stranger was little more than a lad, he went on to ask him if he could be of service to him.

"Have you seen anything of a lady on the road?"

The clergyman started. "Dear, dear!" he said. "Tis well met, indeed, sir, and a mercy you stayed me! To be sure I have! She is no farther away than my house at this very minute!"

"The devil she is!" the young man answered heartily. "That's to the purpose, then. I was beginning to think—but never mind! Come on and tell her woman, will you, where she is?"

"Certainly I will. Is she here?"

"She's round the next corner. It's on your way. Lord!"—with a sigh of relief, not unmingled with pride—"what a night I have had of it!"

"Indeed, sir!" the parson said with sympathy; and as they turned to proceed side by side, he eyed his neighbor curiously.

"Aye, indeed, and indeed! You'd say so if you'd been called out of bed the moment you were in it, and after a long day's tramp, too! And been dragged up and down the country the whole livelong night, my friend!"

"Dear, dear! And you were in her ladyship's company," the parson said with humility, "when she was stopped, I suppose, sir?"

"I? Not I! I've never set eyes on her."

"Her servants fetched you, then?"

"Her woman did! I've seen no more of them."

The vicar pricked up his ears. "Nor the carriage?" he asked.

"Not I! Hasn't she got the carriage with her?"

Mr. Michieson rubbed his head. "No," he said slowly; "no, she has not. Am I to understand, then, sir, that—you are yourself a complete stranger to the parties?"

"I? Certainly. But here's her woman. She can tell you all about it. Oh, you need not look at me!" Tom continued with a grin, as the vicar, startled by the sight of the handsome, gipsy-like girl, looked at him dubiously. "She's a pretty piece, I know, to be straying the country, but I'm not in fault. I never set eyes on the little witch until last night." And then, "Here, child," he cried, waving his hat to her, "I've news! Your lady is at the parson's, and all's well! Now you can thank me, that I did not let you go into the smallpox."

Lady Betty clasped her hands, her face radiant. "Are you sure? Are you quite sure?" she cried, her voice trembling. "Are you sure she is safe?"

"She is quite safe," Mr. Michieson answered; and he looked in wonder from one to the other. There was something suspiciously alike in their tumbled finery, their disheveled appearance. "I was even now on my way," he continued, "to Coke Hall to convey the news to Sir Hervey."

It was Tom's turn to utter a cry of astonishment. "To Sir Hervey?" he stammered. "To Sir Hervey Coke, at the hall, do you mean?"

"To be sure, sir."

"But—why, to be sure, I might have known she was some relation," Tom cried. "Was she going there?"

"She is his wife, sir."

"Oh, but that's a flam at any rate!" Tom answered impulsively. "Sir Hervey's not married, man. I saw him myself, ten days ago."

"Where?" the girl cried, interrupting him sharply.

"Where?"

"Aye, where, sir, since you are so free with his name?"

"In Clarges Row in London, if you must know," Tom answered, his face reddening at the reminiscence. "And if he'd been married, or had had thoughts of being married then, he'd have told me."

Lady Betty stared at him, her breath coming quickly; something began to dawn in her eyes. "Told you, would he?" she said slowly. "He'd have told you? And who may you be, if you please?"

"Well," Tom answered a trifle sharply, "my name is Maitland, and for the matter of that, my girl, you need not judge me by my clothes. I know Sir Hervey, and——"

He never finished. To his indignation, to the clergyman's astonishment, the girl went off into an ungovernable fit of laughter; laughing till she cried, and drying her tears

only that she might laugh again. Sir Tom fumed and swore; while the vicar looked from one to the other, and asked himself—not for the first time—whether they were acting together, or the man was as innocent in the matter as he appeared to be.

One thing he could make clear; and he hastened to do it. "I don't know why you laugh, child," he said patiently. "At the same time, the gentleman is certainly wrong on the fact. Sir Hervey Coke is married, I know, for I had it from the steward some days ago, and I am to go with the tenants to the hall to see her ladyship next week."

Tom stared. "Sir Hervey married!" he cried in amazement; and forgot the girl's rudeness. "Since I saw him? Married? It seems impossible! Whom do you say he has married?"

"Well, 'tis odd, sir, but it's a lady of the same name as yourself," the vicar answered. "Maitland?"

"Yes, sir! A Miss Maitland, a sister of Sir Thomas Maitland, of Cuckfield."

Sir Tom's eyes grew wide. "Good Lord!" he cried. "Sophia!"

"A relation, sir? Do I understand you?"

"My sister, sir, my sister!"

The clergyman stared a moment, then without comment he walked a few paces aside and looked over the hedge. He smiled feebly at the well known prospect. Was it possible, he asked himself, that they thought he could swallow this? That they deemed him so simple, so rustic, that such a piece of play acting as this could impose upon him? Beyond a doubt they were in league together; these two with their fine story and their apt surprises, and "my lady" in his garden. The only point on which he felt any doubt was the advantage they looked to gain; since the moment he reached the hall the bubble would burst.

He turned by and by, thinking in his honest cunning to solve that doubt. He found Tom in a sort of maze, staring at the ground; and the girl watching him with a strange smile. For the first time the good vicar had recourse to the wisdom of the serpent. "Had we not better go on to the hall at once?" he said blandly. "And send a carriage for my lady?"

"Go to the hall without seeing her?" Tom cried, awakening from his reverie. "Not I! I shall go to her straight."

"And so shall I, sir, by your leave," the lady cried pertly. "And at once. I know my duty."

"And you shall show us the way," Tom continued heartily. "No more going up and down at random for me! Let's to her at once. We can easily find a messenger to go to the hall when we have seen her. But, Lord! I can't get over it! When was she married, my girl?"

"Well," Betty answered demurely, "'twas the same day, I believe, as your honor was to have been married."

Tom winced and looked at her askance. "You know that, you baggage, do you?" he cried.

"So 'twas said in the steward's room, sir."

But the vicar, his suspicions fully confirmed by their decision not to go to the hall, hung back. "I think I had better go on," he said. "I think Sir Hervey should be warned."

"Oh, hang Sir Hervey!" Tom answered handsomely. "Why is he not looking after his wife himself? Lead on! Lead on, do you hear, man? How far is it?"

"About a mile," the vicar faltered; "I should say a—a long mile," he added, as he reluctantly obeyed the pressure of Tom's hand, and turned.

"Well, I am glad it's no farther!" the young man answered. "For I am so sharp set I could eat my sister? You've parson's fare, I suppose? Bacon and eggs and small beer?" he continued, clapping the unfortunate clergyman on the back with the utmost good humor. "Well, sir, you shall entertain us! And while we are dining, the messenger can be going to the hall. Soap and a jack towel will serve my turn, but the girl—what's your name, child?"

"Betty, sir."

"Will be the better for the loan of your wife's shoes and a cap. Sophy really married? Where was it, my girl?"

"At Dr. Keith's, sir."

"The deuce it was!" Tom cried ruefully. "Then, that's two hundred out of my pocket. Were you with her then, child?"

"No, sir; her ladyship hired me after she was married."

Tom looked at her. "But—but I thought," he said, "that you told me last night that you had been brought up with your mistress?"

Betty bit her lip. "Oh, yes, sir," she said hastily; "but that was another mistress."

"Also of the name of Sophia?"

"Yes, sir."

"And for which Sophia were you weeping last night?" Tom asked with irony.

Betty's face flamed; if the truth be told, her fingers tingled also, though the slip was her own. It would have been the easiest thing in the world to throw off the mask and tell the young man who she was. But for a reason Betty did not choose to adopt this course. Instead she stooped, pretending that her boot lace was untied; and when she rose there were tears in her eyes.

"You are very unkind, sir," she said in a low voice. "I took a—a liberty with my mistress in calling her by her name, and I—I had to account for it, and didn't tell quite the truth."

Tom was melted, yet his eye twinkled. "Last night or today?" he said.

"Both, sir," she whispered demurely. "And I'm afraid, sir, I took a liberty with you, too, talking nonsense and such like. But I'm sure, sir, I am very sorry, and I hope you won't tell my mistress."

The maid looked so pretty, so absurdly pretty, in her penitence, and there was something so captivating in her manner, that Tom was seized with an inordinate desire to reassure her. "Tell, child? Not I!" he cried generously. "But I'll have a kiss for a forfeit. You owe me that," he continued, with one eye on the parson, who had gone on while she tied her shoe. "Wilt pay it now, my dear, or tomorrow with interest?"

"A kiss? Oh, fie, sir!"

"Why, what is the harm in a kiss?" Tom asked; and the rogue drew a little nearer.

"Oh, fie, sir!" Betty retorted, tossing her head and moving farther from him. "What harm, indeed? And you told me last night I should be as safe with you as my mistress need be!"

"Well," Tom exclaimed triumphantly, "and shouldn't I kiss your mistress? Isn't she my sister? And—pooh, child, don't be silly! Was ever waiting maid afraid of a kiss? And in daylight?"

But Betty continued to give him a wide berth. "No, sir, no, I'll not suffer it!" she cried sharply. "It's you are taking the liberty now! And you told me last night you had seen enough of women to last you your life!"

"That was before I saw you, my dear!" Tom answered impudently. But he desisted from the pursuit, and resuming a sober course along the middle of the road, became thoughtful almost to moodiness; as if he were not quite so sure of some things as he had been. At intervals he glanced at Betty, who walked by his side, primly conscious of his regards, and now blushing a little and now pouting; and now, when he was not looking, with a laughing imp dancing in her eyes that must have effected his downfall in a moment if he had met her eyes at these times. As it was, he lost himself in thinking how pretty she was, and how fresh; how sweet her voice and how dainty her walk, how trim her figure, and—

And then he groaned; calling himself a fool, a double, treble, deepest dyed fool! After the lesson he had learned, after the experience through which he had passed, was he really, really going to fall in love again? And with his sister's maid? With a girl picked up—his vows, his oaths, his resolutions, notwithstanding—in the road! It was too much!

And Lady Betty, walking beside him, knowing all and telling nothing, Betty the flirt? "He put his coat on me, I have worn his coat.

He said he would tie me to a gate, and he would have tied me"—with a furtive look at him out of the tail of her eye—that was the air that ran in her mind as she walked in the sunshine. A kiss? Well, perhaps; some time. Who knew? And Lady Betty blushed at her thoughts. And they came to the corner where the garden house lay off the road, the vicarage still out of sight.

At the gate of the orchard the poor parson stood waiting for them, smiling feebly, but not meeting their eyes. He was in a state, if the truth be told, of the most piteous embarrassment. He was fully persuaded that they were cheats and adventurers, hedge players, if nothing worse; and he knew that another man in his place would have told them as much and sent them about their business. But in the kindness of his heart he could no more do this than he could fly. On the other hand, his hair rose on end when he pictured his wife, and what she would say when he presented them to her. What she would do were he to demand the good fare they expected, he failed to conceive; but at the mere thought, the dense holly hedge that screened the house seemed all too thin a protection. Alas, the thickest hedge is pervious to a woman's tongue!

In the others' ease and unconsciousness he found something almost pitiful; or he would have done so if their doom had not involved his own punishment. "She is here, is she?" Tom said, his hand on the gate.

The vicar nodded, speechless; he pointed in the direction of the garden house.

Betty slipped through deftly. "Then, by your leave, sir, I'll go first," she said. "Her ladyship may need something before she sees you—if you please, sir?" And dropping a smiling courtesy, she coolly closed the gate on them, and flew down the path in the direction the vicar had indicated.

"Well, there's impudence!" Tom exclaimed. "Hang me, if I know why she should go first!" And then as a joyful cry rang through the trees, he looked at the vicar.

But Michieson looked elsewhere. He was listening and shivering with anticipation. If that cry reached her! Meanwhile Tom, innocent and unconscious, opened the gate and passed through; and thinking of his sister and his last parting from her, went slowly across the dappled grass until the low hanging boughs of the apple trees hid him.

The parson, left alone, looked up and down the road with a hunted eye. The position was terrible. Should he go to his wife, confess, and prepare her? Or should he wait until his unwelcome guests returned to share the brunt with him? Or—should he go? Go about his business—was there not that sad pressing business at Beamond's farm?—until the storm was overpast?



He was a good man, but he was mortal. A few seconds of hesitation, and he skulked down the road, his head bent, his eyes glancing backwards. He fancied that he heard his wife's voice, and hurried faster and faster from the dreaded sound. At length he reached the main road, and stood, his face hot with shame, considering what he should do next.

Beamond's? Yes, he must go about that. He must, to save his self respect, go about business of some kind. There was a large farm two miles away, where his church warden lived; there he would be sure of help. The farmer and his wife had had the disease, and were in less terror of it than some. At any rate, he could consult with them; in a Christian parish people could not lie unburied. In vital matters the parson was no coward, and he knew that if no one would help him—which was possible, so great was the panic—he would do all himself, if his strength held out.

In turning this over he tried to forget the foolish imbroglio of the morning; yet now and again he winced, pricked in his conscience and his manhood. After all, they had come to him for help, for food and shelter; and who so proper to afford these as God's minister in that place. At worst he should have sent them to one of the farms and allowed it out of the tithe, and taken the chance when Easter came and Peg discovered it. Passing the branch road on his left, which Tom and Betty had taken in error in the night, he had a distant back view of a horseman riding that way at speed; and he wondered a little, the sight being unusual. Three minutes later he came to the roadside ale house which Betty had visited. The goodwife was at the door and watched him come up. As he passed, she called out, to learn if his reverence had news.

"None that's good, Nanny," he answered; never doubting but she had the illness at Beamond's in her mind. And declining her offer of a mug of ale he went on, and half a mile farther turned off the road again by a lane that led to the church warden's farm. He crossed the farm yard heavily, and found Mrs. Benacre sitting within the kitchen door, picking over gooseberries. He begged her not to move, and asked if the Goodman was at home.

"No, your reverence, he's at the hall," she answered. "He was loading hay in the Furlongs, and was fetched all in a minute this hour past, and took the team with him. The little lad came home and told me."

The vicar started, and looked a little odd. "I wanted to see him about poor Beamond's death," he said.

"'Tis true, then, your reverence?"

"Too true. There's nothing like it happened in the parish in my time."

"Dear, dear, it gives one the creeps! After all, when you've got a good husband, what's a little marking, and be safe? There should be something done, your reverence. 'Tis these gipsies bring it about."

The vicar set back the fine gooseberry he had selected. "What time did her ladyship arrive yesterday?" he asked, his voice a little unsteady.

Mrs. Benacre lifted up her hands in astonishment. "La, didn't you know?" she cried. "But, to be sure, you're off the road a good bit, and all your people so taken up with the poor Beamonds, too? No time at all, your reverence! She didn't come. I take it, it's about that Sir Hervey has sent for Benacre. He thinks a deal of him, as his father before him did of the old gaffer. I remember a cocking was at the hall," Mrs. Benacre continued garrulously, "when I was a girl—'twas a match between the Gentlemen of Sussex and the Gentlemen of Essex—and the old squire would have Benacre's father to dine with them, and made so much of him as never was!"

The vicar had listened without hearing. "She stopped the night in Lewes, I suppose?" he said, his eyes on the gooseberries, his heart bumping.

"'Twasn't known, the squire being at Lewes to meet her. And today I've had more to do than to go fetching and carrying, and never a soul to speak to but they two hussies and the lad, since Benacre went on the land. There, your reverence, there's a berry should take a prize so far away as Croydon."

"Very fine," the parson muttered. "But I think I'll walk as far as the hall and inquire."

"'Twould be very becoming," Mrs. Benacre allowed; and made him promise he would bring back the news.

He went down the lane, and midway saw two horsemen pass the end of it at a quick trot. When he reached the road the men were out of sight; but his heart sank lower at this sign of unusual bustle. A quarter of an hour's walking along a hot road brought him, much disturbed, to the park gate; it was open, and in the road was the lodge keeper's wife, a child clinging to her skirts. Before he could speak, "Has your reverence any news?" she cried.

He shook his head.

"Well, was ever such a thing?" she exclaimed, lifting up her hands. "They're gone, to be sure, as if the ground had swallowed them. It's that, or the rogues ha' drowned them in the Ouse!"

He felt himself shrinking in his clothes. "How—how did it happen?" he muttered faintly. What had he done? What had he done?

"The postboys left them in the carriage

the other side of Beamond's," the woman answered, delighted to gain a listener, "and went back with fresh horses—I suppose it would be about seven this morning; they could not get them in the night. They found the carriage gone, and tracked it back so far almost as Chailey, and there found it, and the woman and the two grooms with it; but not one of them could give any account except that their ladyships had been carried off by a gang of men, and they three had harnessed up and escaped. The postboys came back with the news, and about the same time Mr. Watkyns came by the main road through Lewes, and knew nought of it till he was here! He was fit to kill himself when he found her ladyship was gone," the woman continued with zest; "and Sir Hervey was fit to kill 'em all, and serve 'em right; and now they are all out and about searching the country and a score with them; but its tolerable sure the villains ha' got away with my lady, some think by Newhaven! What? Is your reverence not going to the house?"

"No," he muttered, with a sickly smile. "No." And he turned from the cool shadows of the chestnut avenue, that led to the hall, and setting his face the way he had come, hastened through the heat. He might still prevent the worst! He might still—but he must get home as quickly as he could. He must get home. He had walked three miles in forty minutes in old days; he must do it now. True, the sun was midsummer high, the time an hour after noon, the road straight and hot and unshaded, his throat was parched and he was fasting. But he must press on. He must press on, though his legs began to tremble under him—and he was not so young as he had been. There was the end of Benacre's lane! He had done a mile now; but his knees were shaky, he must sit a moment on the bank. He did so, found the trees began to dance before his eyes, his thoughts to grow confused; frightened, he tried to rise, but instead he sank down in a faint and lay inert at the foot of the bank.

### XXII.

It was a strange meeting between the brother and sister. Tom, mindful how they had parted in Clarges Row, and with what loyalty she had striven to screen him and save him from himself—at a time when he stood in utmost need of such efforts—was softened and touched beyond the ordinary; while Sophia, laughing and crying at once in the joy of a reconciliation as unexpected as it was welcome, experienced as she held him in her arms something nearer akin to happiness than had been hers since her marriage. The gratitude she owed Providence for preservation through the dangers and chances of the

night, strengthened this feeling; the sunshine that flooded the orchard round her, the grass below, the laden sprays of blossoms above, the songs of the birds, the very strangeness of the retreat in which they met, all spoke to a heart peculiarly open at the moment to receive impressions. Tom recovered, Tom kind, formed part of that beauty of the world which welcomed her back, and shamed her repining: while her brother on his side, sheepish and affectionate, marveled to see the little sister whom he had patronized all his life, transmogrified into Lady Coke.

He asked her how she came to be so strangely dressed, learned that she also had fallen in with the old parson, and when he had heard, "Well," he exclaimed, "'tis the luckiest thing your woman met me, I ever knew!"

"You might have been in any part of England," she answered, smiling through her tears. "Where were you going, Tom?"

"Why, to Coke's, to be sure," he replied; "and wanted only two or three miles of it."

"Not—not knowing?" she asked, blushing.

"Not the least in life! I was on the point of enlisting, Sophy," he went on, coloring in his turn, "at Reading, in Tatton's foot, when a man he had sent in search of me found me and gave me a note."

"From Sir Hervey?" she cried, startled.

"Of course," Tom answered—"telling me I could stay at the hall until things blew over. And—and not to make a fool of myself," he added ingenuously. "'Twas like him, and I knew it was best to come, but when I was nearly there—that was last night, you know, and lucky it was for you—I thought I would wait until morning and hear who were in the house before I showed myself; and that is why Mistress Betty found me where she did."

Sophia could not hide her agitation on learning what Sir Hervey had done—and done silently. Tom saw her tremble, saw that for some reason she was shaken and on the verge of tears; and he wondered. "Why," he exclaimed, "what is the matter, Sophy? What is it?"

"It's nothing, nothing," she answered hurriedly. "Nothing at all."

"It isn't—that you don't like me coming here this kind of a figure?" he persisted, a little chagrined; and with a boy's high opinion of the importance of his dress. "Coke, I bet, won't mind. He's a good fellow, and—no!"—with sudden conviction—"it's not that. I know what it is. You have been up all night, and had nothing to eat. You will be all right when you have had a meal! The old parson said he'd give us bacon and eggs, and it should be ready now."

Sophia laughed a little hysterically. "I fear it doesn't lie with him," she said. "His wife would not let me into the house. She's afraid of the smallpox."

"Pooh!" Tom said contemptuously. "When she knows who we are she'll sing another note."

"She won't believe," Sophia answered.

"She'll believe me," Tom said. "Come, let us go."

"Do you go first, then, sir, if you please," Lady Betty cried, tossing her head. "I'm sure her ladyship's not fit to be seen! And I'm not much better," she added pertly; and then, a bubble of laughter rising to the surface, she buried her face in Sophia's skirts, and affected to be engaged in repairing the disorder. Tom saw his sister's face relax in a smile, and he eyed the maid suspiciously; but before he could speak Sophia also begged him to go, and see what reception the old clergyman had secured for them; and he turned obediently and went.

He looked back when he reached the gate, but a wealth of apple blossom intervened, and he did not see that the girls had flown into each other's arms; nor did he hear them laughing, crying, asking, answering, all at once and out of the fullness of thankful hearts. His wholesome appetite began to cry cupboard, and he turned briskly up the road, discovered the wicket gate of the parsonage, and marching to it, found that it was locked. Though the obstacle was not formidable to young limbs, the welcome was cold, to say the least of it; and where was his friend the parson? Wondering, he rattled the gate, thinking some one would come; but no one came, and, losing patience, he vaulted over the gate, and having passed round a mass of rose bushes that grew in a tangle about the pot herb garden, saw the door of the house standing ajar before him.

One moment; the next and long before he could reach it, a boy about twelve years old, with a disheveled shock of hair and sullen eyes, looked out, saw him, and hastened with a violent movement to slam the door in his face. The action was unmistakable, the meaning plain; Sir Tom stood, stared, and after a moment swore. Then in a rage he advanced and kicked the door. "What do you mean?" he cried. "Open, do you hear? Are these your manners?"

For a few seconds there was silence in the sunny herb garden with its laden air and perfumed hedges. Then a casement above creaked open, and two heads peered cautiously over the window ledge. "Do you hear?" Tom cried, espying them. "Come down and open the door, or you'll get a whipping."

But the boys, the one he had seen at the door, and another who appeared to be a year or two older, preserved a sullen silence; eying him with evident dread and at the same time with a kind of morbid curiosity. Tom threatened, stormed, even took up a stone; they answered nothing, and it was only when he

had begun to retreat, fuming, towards the gate that one of them found his voice.

"You'd better be gone!" he cried shrilly.

"They are coming for you!"

Sir Tom turned at the sound, and went back at a white heat. "What do you mean, you young cubs?" he cried. "Who are coming for me?"

But they were dumb again, staring at him over the ledge with somber, fearful interest. Tom repeated his question, scolded, even raised his stone; but without effect. At last he turned his back on them, and in a furious rage flung out of the garden.

He went out as he had entered, vaulting the gate. As he did so this time, he heard a woman's voice shrill and insistent, and before he went his way he looked in the direction whence it came, and saw a knot of people coming down the road. It consisted only of three or four women with a rough looking laborer; but while he stood, watching them, a second party, more largely made up of men and boys, came in sight, following the other at a rapid pace; and tailing behind these again came a couple of women and then two or three boys. The women were speaking loudly, with excited gestures, as if they were hounding on the men; and those on the outside of each rank, hurried a step in advance of the others, and addressed them with turned heads. But, after watching them a moment, under the idea that they might be a search party sent by Coke, he reflected that the noise would alarm his sister, and, turning in at the gate, he crossed the orchard.

Sophia came hurriedly to meet him. "What is it?" she asked. "What is the matter, Tom?" The clamor of strident voices, the scolding of the women, had preceded him. "Where is the clergyman? Why, Tom—why, they are coming in here!"

"The deuce they are!" Tom answered; and looking back, and seeing through the trees that the man with the first gang had opened the gate and was leading them in, he went to meet him. "What is it?" he asked haughtily. "What are you doing here? Has Sir Hervey sent you?"

"We want no sending!" one of the women cried sharply. "'Tis enough to send us of ourselves."

"Aye, so it is!" cried a second. "And do you keep your distance, if you be one of them! Let's have no nonsense, master, for we won't stand it!"

"No, master, no nonsense!" cried another shrilly, as the larger party arrived and, joining the first comers, raised their numbers to something like a score. "She's got to go, and you with her if you be of her company! Isn't that so?" the speaker continued, turning to her backers.

The appeal was the signal for a chorus of

"Aye, out of the parish she must go! We'll ha' no smallpox here! She'll go or swim! Out of the parish!"

Tom looked along the line of excited faces, faces stupid or cruel, at the best of a low type, and now brutalized by selfish panic; and his heart sank. But for the present he neither blenched nor lost his temper. "Why, you fools," he said roughly, thinking to reason with them, "don't you know who the lady is?"

"No, nor care!" was the shrill retort. "Nor care! Do you understand that?" And then a man stepped forward. "She's got to go," he said, "whoever she be. That's all."

"I tell you you don't know who she is," Tom answered stubbornly. "Whose tenant are you, my man?"

"Sir Hervey's, to be sure," the fellow answered, surprised by the question.

"Well, she's his wife?" Tom answered. "Do you hear? Do you understand?" he repeated, with growing indignation. "She is Lady Coke, Sir Hervey's wife. His wife, I tell you. And if you raise a finger or wag a tongue against her, you'll repent it all your lives."

The man stared; doubting, hesitating, in part daunted. But a woman behind him, a lean vixen, her shoulders barely covered by a meager kerchief, pushed herself to the front and snapped her fingers in Tom's face. "That my lady?" she cried. "That for the lie! You be a liar, my lad, that's what you be! A liar, and ought to swim with her! Neighbors," the shrew continued volubly, "she be no more my lady than I be. Madam told me she faked for to be it, but was a gipsy wench as had laid the night at Beamond's, and now was for 'fecting us!"

"Any way, she don't go another step into the parish!" pronounced an elderly man, apparently something better off than the others. "We don't want to swim her, and we don't want to stone her, but she must go, or worse come of it! And you, my lad, if you be with her. And the other!" For Lady Betty had crept timidly out of the garden shed, and joined the pair.

"I?" Tom cried, in growing passion. "You clod, do you know who I am? I am Sir Thomas Maitland, of Cuckfield."

"Sir or no sir, you'll ha' to go," the man retorted stubbornly. He was a dull fellow, and an unknown Sir Thomas was no more to him than plain Tom or Dick. "And 'tis best, with no more words!" he continued heavily.

Tom, now greatly enraged, was for answering in the same strain; but Sophia plucked his sleeve, and took the work herself. "I am quite willing to go," she said, holding her head up proudly as she addressed them. "If you will let me pass safely to the hall—that is all I ask."

"To the hall?"

"Yes, to my husband."

"No! No! To the hall, indeed! No! No! That's likely!" cried the crowd, and were not to be silenced till the elderly farmer who had spoken before raised his hand for a hearing.

"'Tis no wonder they shout!" he said, with a smile, half cunning, half stupid. "Why, 'tis the very inmost of the parish! The hall! No, no! Back by Beamond's and over the water, my girl, you'll go—same as Beamond's folk did. There's few live the other side, and so the fewer to take it, d'ye see? Besides, 'tis every one for himself."

"Aye, aye!" the crowd cried. "He's right! That way, no other! Hall, indeed!" And at the back they began to jeer.

"Do you know you've no law for this?" Tom cried, furious and panting.

"Then we'll make a law!" they answered, and jeered again.

Tom, almost beside himself, would have sprung at the nearest and punished him; but Sophia held him back. "No, no," she said in a low tone. "We had better go. Sir Hervey is surely searching for us; we may meet him, and they will learn their mistake. Please let us go. Let us go quickly, or they may—I do not know what they may do."

Tom allowed himself to be convinced; but he made the mistake of doing with bad grace that which he had to do, whether he would or no. "Out of the way, you clods!" he cried, advancing on them furiously and with stick raised. "You'll sing another tune before night. Do you hear, I say? Out of the way!"

They left his front open, moving sullenly aside; and he marched proudly through the gate of the orchard, Sophia and Betty beside him. But his hard words had raised the devil that lies dormant in the most peaceful crowd. He had no sooner passed than the women closed in upon his rear, and followed him with taunts and laughter. And presently a boy threw a stone.

It fell short of the mark; but another stone followed, and another; and the third struck Tom on the leg. He wheeled round in a towering passion, caught sight of the offender, and darted after him. Unfortunately the boy tripped, in trying to escape, and fell, shrieking. Tom got home two cuts; then a virago, her tongue spitting venom, her nails in the air, confronted him over the body of the fallen, and he retired sullenly to his charges, and resumed his retreat.

But the boy's screams had exasperated the rabble. Groans now took the place of laughter, curses succeeded jeers. The bolder threw dirt, the more timid hooted and boo-ed, and all pressed more and more closely on their heels, threatening every moment to jostle them. Tom had to turn and brandish his stick, to drive the rudest back; and finding



that, even so, he could scarcely secure the briefest respite, the lad began to grow hot and confused, and looked about for a way of escape with something between rage and terror.

To run, he knew, would only precipitate the disaster. To defend himself was scarcely possible, for Sophia, in fear lest he should again attempt reprisals, hampered him on one side, Betty in pure fear clung to him on the other. Both were almost sinking with apprehension, while his ears tingled under the coarse jeers and coarser epithets that were hurled at them; yet he dared not suffer them to move a pace from him. Cries of "Roll them in the road! Duck them! Duck them!" began to be heard; and once he only checked an ugly rush by facing about at the last moment. At length, a hundred yards before him, he espied the turning, into the main road; and, whispering the women to keep up their courage, he pressed on sullenly towards it.

He reached it, or he had as good as reached it, when a stone, more weighty and better aimed than those which had preceded it, struck Lady Betty fairly between the shoulders. The girl stumbled forward with a gasp, and Sophia, horror stricken and uncertain how far she was hurt, sprang to her side to hold her up. The movement freed Tom's arm; his sister's furious cry of "You cowards! Oh, you cowards!" burned up the last shred of his self control. In a tempest of rage the lad rushed on the nearest hobbledoy, and felling him with his stick, proceeded to rain blows upon him. The next instant he was engaged, hand to hand, with half a dozen combatants.

Unfortunately the charge had carried him a dozen yards from his companions; and the more timid of the rascals, who were not eager to encounter him or his stick, saw their opportunity. In a twinkling they cut off the two girls, and hemmed them in; and beginning with pushing and jostling them, would soon have proceeded to further insults if Sophia had not flown at them in her turn, and repelled them with a rage that for a few seconds daunted them. Tom, too, heard their cries, and turned to relieve them; but as he sprang forward a boy tripped him up, and he fell prone in the road.

That gave the last impulse to the evil instincts of the crowd. The louts darted on him with a yell of glee, and began to pommel him; and it must have gone ill with Tom as well as with his charges if the crowd had had their way with them for many seconds. But at that instant, without warning, or at the best without any warning that the victors regarded, the long lash of a hunting whip flickered as by magic between the girls and their assailants; it seared, as with a red hot iron, the hand which a sturdy clown, half boy,

half man, was brandishing under Sophia's nose; it stung with the sharpness of a dozen wasps the mocking face that menaced Betty on the other side. The lads who had flung themselves on Tom awoke with yells of pain to find the same whip curling about their shoulders, and to see behind it, set in grim rage, the face of their landlord. At that the harpies who had been hounding them on vanished as if by magic, scuttling all ways like frightened hens. And Sir Hervey let them go—for the time; but behind the lads and louts, fleeing and panting and racing and sweating down the road, and aiming, but for the most part fruitlessly, at gates and gaps, the lash fell ever and mercilessly on sturdy backs and fleshy legs. The horse he rode was an old one, known in the district, quick and cunning, broken to all the turns of the hare; and that day it carried fate, and punishment with no halting foot followed hard upon the sin. Sobbing with exhaustion, with laboring chests that at intervals shot forth cries of pain, as the flickering thong licked their haws and they bounded like deer under the cuts, the bullies came at last to the vicarage gate. And there Sir Hervey left them, free at last to rub their weals and curse their folly; sorer but, it is to be hoped, wiser men.

Sophia, clutching a gate, and now laughing hysterically, now repressing with difficulty the inclination to weep, watched him return. She saw him through a mist of smiles and tears, and under the influence of deep emotion forgot that this was the meeting so long and greatly dreaded. He sprang from his horse. "You're not hurt?" he cried. "Child——" and then with astonishment she saw that he was speechless.

Her own words came easily, her manner was eager and unembarrassed. "No," she cried, "nor Lady Betty! You came just in time, Sir Hervey."

"Thank God, I did!" he answered. "Thank God! And you are sure, child, you are not the worse?"

"No," she cried, laughing freely, as people laugh in moments of agitation. "Not a whit! You are looking at my dress? Oh, we have had adventures, a vast lot of adventures, Sir Hervey! 'Twould take a day to tell them, wouldn't it, Betty? Betty's my maid, Sir Hervey." She was above herself, and spoke gaily and archly as Betty might have spoken.

"Lady Betty your maid?" he exclaimed, turning to Betty, who blushed and laughed. "What do you mean?"

"Mean? Why, only—hush, where is Tom? Oh, repairing himself! Why, only a frolic, Sir Hervey! Tom took her for my woman, and we want to keep him in it. So not a word, if you please. This is Betty, the maid, you'll remember."

"I obey," Sir Hervey answered. "But to tell the truth," he continued soberly, "my head turns round. Where did you meet Tom, my dear? What has happened to you? And why are you wearing—that queer cloak?"

"It's not very becoming, is it?" she cried. And she looked at him. Never in her life had she played the coquette, never before; now, for the first time in this moment of unrestrained feeling, her eyes, provocative as Lady Betty's, challenged the compliment. And she wondered at herself.

"You are always—the same to me," he said simply. And then, "You are really all unhurt? Well, thank God for that! Thank God! And, Tom—you know, I suppose, how you came to be in this? I am sure I don't, but I thought it was you when I came up."

"I hope you flayed them," Tom growled, as they gripped hands. "See, she's barefoot! They hunted us half a mile, I should think."

Sir Hervey looked and grew red. "I did," he answered. "I think they have learned a lesson, the brutes! And they have not heard the last of it!" And then the postchaise which he had escorted to Beamond's farm on a fruitless search came up; and behind it a couple of mounted servants, whose training scarce enabled them to conceal their surprise when they saw the condition of their new mistress.

Sir Hervey hurried the two ladies into the carriage, postponing further inquiry, set Tom on a servant's horse, and gave the word. A moment later, the party were traveling rapidly in the direction of the hall. Coke rode on the side next his wife, Tom by Lady Betty. But the noise of the wheels rendered conversation difficult; and no one spoke.

But presently Sophia looked at Sir Hervey; and whether his country costume and the flush of color which exercise had brought to his cheek became him, or he had a better air, as some men have, on horseback, or she had learned to appreciate the value of strength, it is certain that he had never seemed to her so young. The moment in which he had appeared to her, towering on his horse above the snarling, spitting rabble, and had driven them along the road as a man drives sheep, was fresh in her memory. He had wielded, and grimly and ably wielded, the whip of authority. He had ridden as horse and man were one; he had disdained weapons, and had flogged the hounds into submission and flight. Now in repose his sinewy, strong figure in its plain dress seemed to her eyes—but how was this?—to wear an air of distinction.

She looked away and looked again, wondering if it really was so. And slowly a vivid blush spread over her pale face. The man who rode beside the wheel, the man whose figure she was appraising, was—her husband. At the thought she turned guiltily to Lady

Betty; but the girl, worn out by excitement and the night's vigil, had fallen asleep. Sophia looked again; and the carriage, leaving the road, swept through the gates into the park.

## XXIII.

"THEY are coming to the hall at four o'clock," Sir Tom said. "And I wouldn't be in their shoes for a mug and a crust. Coke must swinge them," he continued with zest, "like it or not. It'll be go, bag and baggage, next year for most of them, and some, I'm told, have been on the land time out of mind."

He was seated on the broad balustrade of the terrace, swinging his legs; with his back to the park, and his eyes on the windows of the house. Sophia, seated sideways on the stone bench near him, gazed thoughtfully over the park, as if she found refreshment merely in contemplating the far stretch of fern and sward, here set with sparse oak trees, there falling away in half seen dells of bracken and foxgloves.

Recreated by a long night's rest, her youth set off and her freshness heightened by the dainty Tuscan and chintz sack she had put on that morning, she was not to be known for the dragged miss who had arrived in so grievous a plight the day before. From time to time she recalled her gaze, to fix it dreamily on her left hand; now reviewing the fingers, bent or straight, now laying them palm downwards on the moss stained coping. She was so employed when the meaning of her brother's last words came tardily home to her, and roused her from her reverie.

"Do you mean," she cried, "that he will put them out of their farms?"

"I should rather think he would," said Tom. "Wouldn't you? And serve them right, the brutes!"

"But what will they do?"

"Starve, for what I care!" Tom answered callously; and he flipped a pebble from the balustrade with his forefinger. He was not, at his best, a particularly soft hearted young gentleman. "And teach them to know better!" he added presently.

Sophia's face betrayed her trouble. "I don't think he would do that," she said.

"Coke?" Tom answered. "He won't have any choice, my dear. For the sake of your *beaux yeux* he will have to swinge them, and lustily. To let them off lightly would be to slight you; and 'twouldn't look very well, and a fortnight married! No, no, my girl. And that reminds me. Where is he? And where has he been since yesterday afternoon?"

Sophia reddened. "He'd some business," she said.

"I don't think you know."

Sophia blushed more warmly, but she said

nothing; and fortunately Tom at that moment caught sight of the whisk of a certain petticoat descending the steps at the end of the terrace. It is not impossible that he had been watching for it, for he rose on the instant, muttered an unintelligible word, and went in pursuit.

Sophia sat a while, pondering in a troubled way on what he had said. It was right that the offenders of the day before should be punished; their conduct had been cruel. But that her home coming should mean to many the loss of home shocked her. Yet she saw the possibility of it; pride if not love, the wish to do his duty by her, if not the desire to commend himself to her, would move Sir Hervey to especial severity. What bridegroom indeed, what lover, could afford to neglect so obvious a flattery? And if in her case Coke counted neither for lover nor bridegroom, what husband?

She rose. She must go at once and speak to him, intercede with him, convince him that such a course would not pleasure her. But she had not taken two steps before she paused, her pride revolting. After she had changed her dress and repaired her disorder the day before, she had waited, expecting that he would come to see her. He had not done so, he had not come near her; and at length she had asked for him. Then she had learned with astonishment, with humiliation, that immediately after her arrival he had left the house on business, none knew whither.

If he could slight her in that fashion, was there any danger that out of regard to her he would do injustice to others? She laughed bitterly at the thought, yet believed all the same that there was, for men were inconsistent. But the position he had taken up made intercession difficult. Instead of calling a servant, therefore, and asking if he had returned, Sophia wandered aimlessly into the house. She remembered presently that the housekeeper had begged to know when her ladyship would see the drawingrooms, and she sent for Mrs. Stokes.

The old lady found her young mistress waiting for her in the larger of the two rooms. It was furnished scantily after the fashion of the early part of the century; with heavy chairs and a table, that set at wide intervals on a parquet floor; a couple of box-like settees, and as many buhl tables—the latter bought on her wedding tour by Sir Hervey's mother, and preserved as the apple of her eye. On either side of the open blue tiled fireplace a round headed alcove exhibited shelves of oriental china, and on the walls were half a dozen copies of Titians and Raphaels, large pictures at large intervals. All was stately, proper, a little out of fashion but decently so. Sophia admired, yawned,

said a pleasant word to Mrs. Stokes, and passed into the smaller room.

There she stood, suddenly entranced. On each side of the fireplace hung a full length portrait. The one on the right hand, immediately before her, represented a girl in the first bloom of youth, lovely as a rosebud, graceful as a spray of jessamine, with eyes that charmed and chained the spectator by their pure maidenliness. A great painter in his happiest vein had caught the beauty and innocence of the model; as she smiled from the canvas, the dull room—for the windows were curtained—grew brighter and lighter. The visitor who entered saw only that sweet face; as the playgoer sees only the limited space above the footlights, and sees that grow larger the longer he looks.

It was with an effort Sophia turned to the other picture; she looked at it and stood surprised, uncertain, even faintly embarrassed. She turned to the housekeeper. "It is Sir Hervey, is it not?" she said.

"Yes, my lady," the woman answered. "At the age of twenty one. But he is not much changed to my eyes," she added jealously.

"Of course—I did not know him then," Sophia murmured apologetically; and after a long, thoughtful look she went back to the other picture. "What a very, very lovely face!" she said. "I did not know that Sir Hervey had had a sister. She is dead, I suppose?"

"Yes, my lady. She is dead."

"It is his sister?"

The housekeeper looked uncomfortable. "No, my lady," she said at last. "It is not his sister."

"No?" Sophia exclaimed, raising her eyebrows. "Then, who is it, pray?"

"Well, my lady, it—it should have been removed," Mrs. Stokes explained, her embarrassment evident. "At one time it was to go to Sir Hervey's library, but 'twas thought it might be particular there. And so nothing was done about it. Sir Hervey wouldn't let it go anywhere else. But I was afraid that your ladyship might not be pleased."

Sophia stared coldly at her. "I don't understand," she said stiffly. "You have not told me who it is."

"It's Lady Anne, my lady."

"What Lady Anne?"

"Lady Anne Thoresby. I thought," the housekeeper added in a faltering tone, "your ladyship would have heard of her."

Sophia looked at the lovely young face, looked at the other portrait—of Sir Hervey in his gallant hunting dress, gay, laughing, debonair—and she understood. "She was to have married Sir Hervey?" she said.

"Yes, my lady."

"And she—died?"

"Yes, my lady, two days before their wed-

dining day," Mrs. Stokes answered, her garrulity beginning to get the better of her fears. "Sir Hervey was never the same again—that is to say, in old days, my lady," she added hurriedly. "He grew that silent it was wonderful, and no gentleman more pleasant before. He went abroad, and 'tis said he lost twenty thousand pounds in one night in Paris. And before that he had played no more than a gentleman should."

Sophia's eyes were full of tears. "How did she die?" she whispered.

"Of the smallpox, my lady. And that is the reason why Sir Hervey is so particular about it."

"How do you mean? Is he so greatly afraid of it?"

"Oh, no, my lady! He had it years ago—himself. But wherever it is, he's for giving help. That's why we kept it from him that 'twas at Beamond's farm, thinking that, as your ladyship was coming, he would not wish to be in the way of it. But he was wonderful angry when he learned all about it, and went off as soon as his reverence came. And I can pretty well guess what he's gone about," she added sagaciously.

"What?" Sophia asked.

Mrs. Stokes hesitated, but decided to speak. "Well, it happened once before, my lady," she said, "that they could get no one to help bury, and Sir Hervey went and set the example; and you may be sure there were plenty then as had had it, and had no cause to fear, ready to come forward to do the work. And I've not much doubt, my lady, it's for that he's gone with Mr. Michieson this time. He'd stay away a night—at the old keeper's hut, I expect," Mrs. Stokes continued, nodding her head sagely, "just to see to his clothes being destroyed and the like. For there's no one more careful to carry no risks, I will say that for his honor."

Sophia stared. "But do you mean," she cried, "that Sir Hervey would do the work with his own hands?"

"Well, it's what he did once, I know, my lady," the housekeeper answered apologetically. "It was not very becoming, to be sure, my lady, but he was not the less thought of about here, I assure your ladyship. You see, my lady, 'tis in the depth of the country, and the land is his own, and it's not as if it was in London. Where, I know, things are very different," she continued with pride, "for I have been there myself with the family. But about here I'm sure he was not the less considered, begging your ladyship's pardon."

"I can believe it," Sophia said, in a voice suspiciously quiet and even. And then, "Thank you, Mrs. Stokes, you can leave me now," she continued. "I shall sit here a little."

But when Mrs. Stokes—feeling herself a trifle snubbed—had withdrawn and closed the door of the outer room upon her, Sophia's eyes grew moist with tears, and the nosegay that filled the open bodice of her sack rose and fell strangely. In that age philanthropy was not a fashion. Pope indeed had painted the Man of Ross, and there was a Charitable Corporation, lately in difficulties, and there was a Society of the Sons of the Clergy, and there were other societies of a like kind, and in the country infirmaries were beginning to be founded on the patterns of Winchester and Shrewsbury; and to subscribe to such objects after dining well and drinking deeply was already, under the Walpoles and the Pelhams, a part of the fine gentleman's life. But for a man of condition to play the Borromeo, to stoop to give practical help and run risks among the vulgar, was still enough to earn for him a character as eccentric as that of the famous nobleman who had seen more kings and more postilions than any of his contemporaries.

In the eyes of the world; but not in Sophia's, or why this dimness of vision as she gazed on Sir Hervey's picture? Why the unrest of the bodice that threatened to find vent in sobs? Why the sudden rush of shame and self reproach? More sharply than any kindness shown to her—in the long, consistent course of his dealings with her—more keenly even than his forethought for her brother, this stabbed her. This was the man she had flouted, condemned, rejected. This was the man whose generous, whose unselfish offer she had accepted—to save her reputation—with grudging resignation; but whose love she had deemed a floor clout, not worthy the picking up! Was it wonderful that, cynical, taciturn, almost dull as the world thought him, he was "not the less considered" here.

How handsome he had been at twenty one, with wit and laughter and the gay insouciance of youth written on his face! Time, the lapse of thirteen years, had robbed his features of their bloom, his lips of their easy curve, his eyes of their sparkle. But something, surely, time had given in return. Something, but Sophia could not say what. She could not remember, though she tried to think, how he looked now; she could only recall an odd smile, kindly, long suffering, even a little quizzical, with which he had sometimes met her eyes. That she could recall perfectly; and as she did so, standing before his portrait, in the stillness of this long abandoned room, with the dead air of old potpourris in her nostrils, she grew frightened. What was it she had thrown away? And how would she fare if it were now too late to recover it?

(To be continued.)





# The Stage

## "MISS HOBBS" AND ITS "KINGSEARL MAJOR."

The present season, now about half over, has thus far been marked by a decided decrease in the number of successes as compared with the last theatrical year. One of the Broadway houses has had four "frosts" in succession, another two, while a third lost money for six weeks on a venture which the manager's pride insisted on keeping before the public. Oddly enough, the biggest hits have been made by the syndicate on the one hand, and by the head and front of the opposition to it on the other—Mrs. Fiske, with her "Becky Sharp." The play that has to its credit the longest metropolitan run flies the flag of the so called trust, and is "Miss Hobbs," with Annie Russell as its star. On its opening, September 7 last, most of the morning critics said some nice things



SCENE FROM THE SECOND ACT OF "MISS HOBBS," SHOWING ANNIE RUSSELL, IN THE NAME PART, GIVING HER VIEWS ON THE EVILS OF MATRIMONY TO "MILLCENT FAREY" (MABEL MORRISON) AND "MRS. PERCIVAL KINGSEARL" (CLARA BLOODGOOD).

*From a photograph by Sarony, New York.*



MORGAN COMAN, AS "DENNY" WITH ODETTE TYLER IN "PHROSO."

*From a photograph by Sarony, New York.*



DOROTHY DONNELLY, OF THE MURRAY HILL THEATER, NEW YORK.

*From a photograph by Schloss, New York.*



ADELAIDE PRINCE CLARKE, LEADING WOMAN IN THE COMPANY OF HER HUSBAND, CRESTON CLARKE.

*From her latest photograph by Morrison, Chicago.*

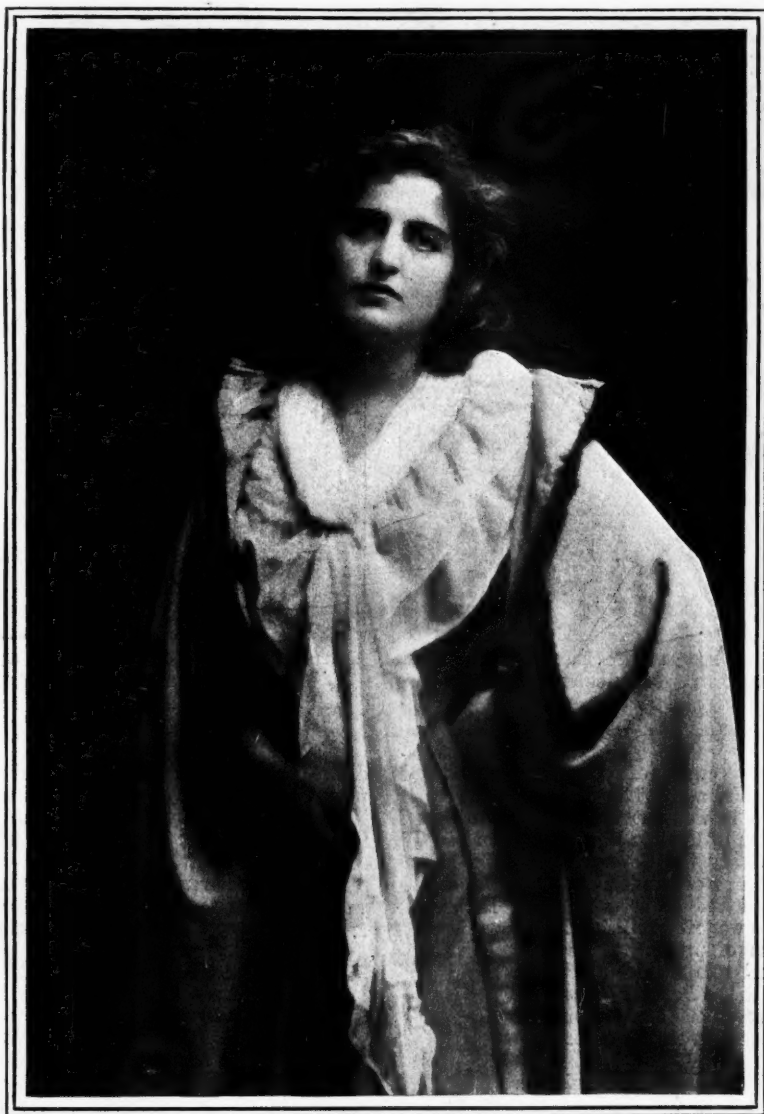


H. S. NORTHRUP, OF SOTHERN'S COMPANY, AS THE "DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM" IN "THE KING'S MUSKETEER."

*From his latest photograph by Dana, New York.*

about the cast, and patted the author patronizingly on the back with "You'll no doubt do better next time." One of the afternoon

who so often stands alone in condemnation of a piece, distinguished himself on this occasion among his confrères in quite another fashion



MAXINE ELLIOTT, NOW MRS. N. C. GOODWIN, AND APPEARING AS JOINT STAR WITH HER HUSBAND IN "THE COWBOY AND THE LADY" AND OTHER PLAYS.

*From her latest photograph by Bushnell, San Francisco.*

fraternity was so incautious as to prophesy his fear that "Miss Hobbs," while containing some gentle satire and several exceedingly brief scenes of genial quality, "was not likely to last long." William Winter, of the *Tribune*,

by declaring boldly that "'Miss Hobbs' will stay with us, and will be a favorite."

It has been arranged that Annie Russell is to occupy the Lyceum again next season, when she will produce "A Royal Family,"



D. ELOISE MORGAN, PRIMA DONNA SOPRANO IN THE LIGHT OPERA FORCES OF THE CASTLE SQUARE OPERA COMPANY.

*From a photograph by Root, Chicago.*



GERTRUDE QUINLAN, OF THE CASTLE SQUARE OPERA COMPANY, AS "MUSETTA" IN "LA BOHEME."

*From a photograph by Root, Chicago.*

the new "comedy of romance" which has made so decided a hit at the London Court Theater, where it was put on in November. It is written by Captain Marshall, author of "His Excellency the Governor," and the leading part, that of a wilful princess, was created by Gertrude Elliott, sister of Maxine, on whose work the British critics have showered pæans of praise. There is a capital rôle for Mrs. Gilbert, that of the *Dowager Queen* who is a persistent stickler for her rights in the matter of recognition.

"Miss Hobbs" was originally intended by Mr. Frohman for John Drew, though, in the event of its falling to him, another title would no doubt have been selected. But Mr. Drew, it is reported, did not care for the part of *Wolf Kingsearl*. It is possible he may regret his decision, for while "The Tyranny of Tears" is a charming play, it has not

drawn the big houses that the art displayed in its making and acting deserves. The explanation may lie in the nature of its subject matter. Matrimony is certainly shown in an unenviable light; one woman who saw it was overheard to remark that she would not care to witness such a performance in company with the man she was going to marry.

Whether Drew would have made a good *Kingsearl Major* does not concern us. We know that Charles Richman does make an admirable one. In this part he has riveted himself in the esteem of the public by a thoroughly manly impersonation of a character to which a few false attacks would have given a tinge of caddishness. Now that Mr. Richman is with Miss Russell again, it is interesting to recall that when he played *Dave Hardy* to her revival of *Esmeralda*, some five years ago, he said that he enjoyed







HATTIE WILLIAMS, LEADING WOMAN IN HOYT'S LAST SUCCESSFUL FARCE, "A DAY AND A NIGHT."

*From a photograph by Sarony, New York.*



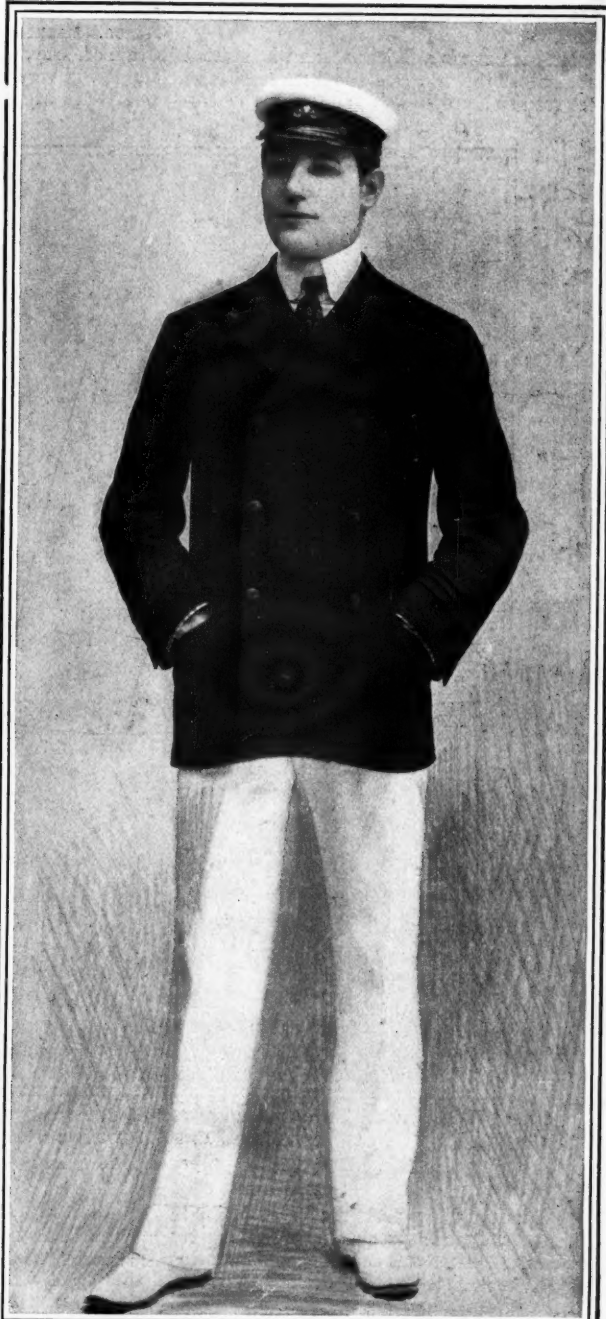
DORIS MITCHELL, FORMERLY WITH RICHARD MANSFIELD, NOW APPEARING IN "NEW YORK TO TOKIO."

*From a photograph by Werner, New York.*



LUCILE DYER, OF AN OLD TEXAS FAMILY, WHO HAS RECENTLY GONE ON THE STAGE WITH HER OWN COMPANY.

*From a photograph by Curtiss, Kansas City, Missouri.*



CHARLES RICHMAN, AS "WOLFF KINGSEARL" IN THE THIRD ACT OF "MISS HOBBS," WHEREIN HE CARRIES THINGS WITH A HIGH HAND ON BOARD HIS YACHT.

*From his latest photograph by Sarony, New York.*

the rôle more than any part he had ever done.

Mr. Richman is a Chicago man who started in amateur theatricals, spent three seasons on the road as a professional, and was then intro-

are afloat of a probable starring tour next season. Meantime, his marriage to Miss Jane Gray, of Troy, who is not connected with the stage, will very likely be a fact by the time these lines are read.



ANNA HELD IN THE TITLE RÔLE OF "PAPA'S WIFE," IN WHICH SHE HAS DEMONSTRATED HER ABILITY TO ACT AS WELL AS TO DO A MUSIC HALL TURN.

*From her latest photograph—Copyrighted, 1899, by Aimé Dupont, New York.*

duced to the New York public as *Philip* in James A. Herne's production of "*Margaret Fleming*." After this came his appearance as *The Stranger* in the much discussed "*Hannele*," which brought him an engagement with A. M. Palmer's stock company. His more recent career, including his work as leading man at Daly's, is sufficiently familiar to theater goers. His acting in "*Miss Hobbs*" has been of such sterling quality that already rumors

#### MARITAL AMENITIES OF STAGELAND.

The disclosures in Julia Marlowe's divorce proceedings, in which Robert Taber is charged with cruelty arising from professional jealousy, would seem to show the danger of marrying into one's own company. And yet there are many instances where nothing but happiness has apparently resulted therefrom. Consider, for example, Sothorn and Virginia Harned, Hackett and Mary Mannering, Fritz



ETTA REED, OF THE CORSE PAYTON STOCK COMPANY, ON TOUR.

*From a photograph by Morrison, Chicago.*



ANNE B. SUTHERLAND, OF THE "WHITE HORSE TAVERN" COMPANY.

*From a photograph by Morrison, Chicago.*



GRACE HEYER, HEADING A NO. 3 "LITTLE MINISTER" COMPANY.

*From her latest photograph by Morrison, Chicago.*



LIONEL ADAMS, APPEARING AS "ARTHUR FRIETCHIE" IN "BARBARA FRIETCHIE."

*From a photograph by the Modern Studio, Terre Haute, Indiana.*



JAMES E. SULLIVAN, OF THE LONDON "BELLE OF NEW YORK" COMPANY.

*From a photograph by Ellis, London.*



HARRY BURKHARDT, LEADING JUVENILE OF THE HOPKINS COMPANY, CHICAGO.

*From a photograph by Scherree, Worcester, Massachusetts.*



LOUISE MITCHELL, OF THE MEFERT STOCK, LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY.

*From a photograph by Morrison, Chicago.*



MABEL MORRISON, APPEARING AS "MILLCENT FAREY" IN "MISS HOBBS."

*From a photograph by Throbeck, Denver.*



CLARA PALMER, OF "THREE LITTLE LAMBS" COMPANY.

*From a photograph by Chickering, Boston.*

Williams and Katherine Florence—three couples whose first meeting, in each case, was under the sheltering wings of the Lyceum—to say nothing of those shining marks of con-

about the monumental domestic bliss of Mr. and Mrs. Kendal.

Our portrait of Adelaide Prince serves as a reminder of still another couple, for since



ESTHER TITTELL, APPEARING AS "RENÉE" IN "MAKE WAY FOR THE LADIES."

*From a photograph by Kuebler, Philadelphia.*

nubial felicity, Mr. and Mrs. Walcot. And, to cross the Atlantic, there are Cyril Maude and Winifred Emery, heads of the Haymarket company; Mr. and Mrs. Beerbohm Tree; and every one knows all

1895 Miss Prince has been the wife of Creston Clarke, with whom she played at Daly's during the seasons of 1892 and 1893. She is of London birth, but was brought up in this country, and became a





well known amateur in Galveston, Texas. She started her professional work with J. M. Hill in "A Possible Case," thence passing under Mr. Daly's management, beginning with *Agatha* in "The Great Unknown." When "Twelfth Night" was put on, she was the *Olivia* to Creston Clarke's *Orsini*.

Mr. Clarke's mother was Edwin Booth's sister, Asia, and his father the famous comedian, John Sleeper Clarke, who died in England last autumn. His first appearance on the stage took place in England in 1882, with the Booth company, as one of the conspirators in "Richelieu." His debut in America was made with the Lester Wallack forces four years later. With his wife as leading woman he is now touring the country in Shaksperian repertoire.

#### A BRIGHTER OUTLOOK.

With "The Little Minister" coining money wherever it is played, and "Barbara Frietchie" making a splendid record for itself, it would seem that the managers might learn a lesson in what the people want that would insure the public against the presence of noisome dramas next season. "In Paradise," referred to in the January issue, collapsed on tour, and with regard to a fresh dish of French nastiness recently served up to metropolitan theater goers, not even the presence of a live earl in the cast was able to bring the "house full" sign into service in front of one of the smallest theaters in town.

We give the portrait of a comely young player who is so unfortunate as to be cast for the leading part in the play last mentioned, "Make Way for the Ladies." Esther Tittell is one of three sisters (Charlotte and Minnie are the other two), natives of San Francisco, who turned to the stage when the question of bread winning was suddenly presented to them. She has been five seasons with Charles Frohman, beginning with *Mrs. Perrin* in "Wilkinson's Widows," and later taking Georgia Drew Barrymore's part in "The Sportsman." Last year she was the injured wife in "On and Off."

#### VAUDEVILLE ON THE WANE.

Music halls of the regulation type have recently fallen upon evil days in the metropolis. Koster & Bial's has bounded from manager to manager with the restlessness of a tennis ball, and the New York was reduced to putting up a biograph reproduction of a prize fight to keep its auditorium light. Meanwhile, the burlesque halls—Weber & Fields in their own home, and the Rogers Brothers at Hammerstein's Victoria—gathered a harvest which appears never to fail them.

It seems impossible to maintain in New York for any extended period music halls such

as flourish all the year round by the half dozen in London. There was a time when Loie Fuller packed Koster & Bial's for weeks, as did also Chevalier with his coster songs. At the New York, when it was the Olympia, Yvette Guilbert brought everybody in town to see her, and later Fregoli proved another golden magnet. All sorts of experiments have been tried of late with both houses in a vain endeavor to repeat the trick.

#### BELASCO'S WATERLOO.

"I am your Waterloo," says the hosiery model to the professor of moral culture in Belasco's new play, "Naughty Anthony." And it is on the cards that his own phrase may be applied to this latest output of the man who carried all before him in "The Heart of Maryland" and "Zaza." The naughtiness of "Anthony" is not pronounced enough to capture a certain clientele, which, after all, seems to be growing tired of the meat on which it formerly fattened, and yet it is sufficiently over the border line to make the better class of theater goers uncomfortable. Worse than all, the play abounds in situations that lead to nothing, but are devised simply because Mr. Belasco thinks it time to diversify his talk with action. In short, "Naughty Anthony" smacks strongly of the purpose it was intended to serve, pot boiling, for has not Mr. Belasco told us that out of its profits he intended to build a metropolitan theater?

#### THE SURPRISES OF "BEN HUR."

All the country by this time knows that the turning of General Lew Wallace's novel into a play has proved a big success. The management has not taken pains to suppress the fact that there is almost always a queue of ticket purchasers in the lobby of the theater, where an extra box office window has been opened. So the visitor who comes to New York and attends the performance will not be surprised to find a crowded house and all the evidences of continued prosperity.

What will surprise him is the fact that he will be thrilled and excited in the very first act, long before the much talked of chariot race is run. And even after that event, there is no anti climax in the three scenes that follow. In brief, "Ben Hur," as it has been prepared for the theater, is more than a spectacle. It is a play in which things closely touching a sacred personage are treated in a reverent spirit and in a way to arouse the deepest interest in the thoughtful mind.

There are six acts and fourteen different scenes, including the tableau prelude, showing the meeting of the three wise men in the desert. It is not necessary to speak at this date of the galley, the raft, or the chariot,

but in any chronicle emphasis should be laid on the dream-like beauty of the scene by the lake in Act IV, which is matchless in the artistic blending of light, color, and music called for by the exercise of a Cleopatra's wiles.

Edward Morgan, as *Ben Hur*, is sufficiently virile. He is always that, but it seems a pity that he should always be doomed to somber rôles. W. S. Hart, the *Messala*, *Ben Hur's* companion in chariot racing and love, has been seen throughout the country in the name part of "The Man in the Iron Mask," and Frank Mordaunt, (*Balthazar*, the Egyptian) created the Northern colonel in "The Heart of Maryland." Frederick Truesdell (*Malluch*, *Ben Hur's* comrade) enacted villains last season with William H. Crane. For Mary Shaw (*Amrah*, the old servant in the family of *Ben Hur*) the tide seems to have turned at last. Hitherto almost every venture in which she has appeared has "fallen down," the sinister record extending from the Theater of Arts and Letters, in the early nineties, to "The Sorrows of Satan" last winter. And she is surely a player of real power.

There is every indication that "Ben Hur" will run at the Broadway until hot weather. Next season it is to be taken on tour; but as eight horses and a two humped camel are on the roster, it is not likely that one night or even one week stands will be in the route.

It was with a comedy whose lightness had practically the frothiness of farce that the Daniel Frohman company, from the Lyceum, inaugurated its career at Daly's. Had "The Maneuvers of Jane" had a less clever cast than fell to its lot both in New York and London, the unpleasantness of its characters might easily have jarred the beholder's nerves. But Mary Mannering has the skill that permits the humor in the spectacle of a disobedient daughter to dominate the pity of it, and Mr. Frohman has found all the dry drollery needed for *Baphild* in Ferdinand Gottschalk, who was the never to be forgotten *Tweenways* in "The Amazons," and the musician with a flirtatious wife in "Never Again." His brevity of stature makes him even funnier in the new rôle than was its Haymarket creator, Cyril Maude.

"Three Little Lambs" is a deliberate endeavor to give this country an article in musical comedy of domestic brand as closely similar as possible to the "Circus" and "Run-away Girls" which the late Mr. Daly imported from London. Frankly, imitation could no further go than in "The Man Behind the Gun," sung by Adele Ritchie, with waving flags and chorus punctuation marks, as she sang on the same stage last season "The Soldiers in the Park." But the audience liked

it immensely, especially when she brought on the Union Jack and sang a verse about the British, the Boers, and Uncle Sam's shoulder to shoulder attitude with John Bull. And as musical comedies are produced to please the people, and not to show how smartly original their makers can be, nobody but the carping critic will complain.

The three little lambs are three thieves, recalling the fun makers of "Erminie," one of them a woman, played by Marie Cahill, who mounted into metropolitan favor some half dozen years ago by proving the only acceptable feature in an awful affair called "The Gold Bug," and was lately *Carmenita* in "A Runaway Girl." Another "lamb" is Raymond Hitchcock, who last season was comedian with the Castle Square Opera Company, and the third member of the thieving trio is Edmund Lawrence, lately with Francis Wilson. William Philp, the tenor, was once with the Bostonians; William T. Carleton, who enacts *Dakota Dick*, was a favorite at the Casino in the old "Erminie" times, and is the father of the young Carleton who has been playing opposite to Edna May in the London "Belle of New York." Thomas Whiffen, who sings a swinging soldier song about "Peggy Blake," is the son of Mrs. Whiffen, of the Daniel Frohman forces.

The bright particular twinklers of the troupe are the two pickaninnies who assist Nellie Braggins to sing "The Bugaboo Man." The little coon girl's cake walk is a whole show in itself. Puerto Rico in war time, and golf at all times, are other elements that help to put "Three Little Lambs" in the up to date line.

The Grau season of grand opera at the Metropolitan opened on the 18th of December as announced, but with a change of bill, "Romeo and Juliet" being given in place of "Faust." Alvarez, the tenor new to New York, although not to the country, made his début, and in the same week appeared also in "Carmen" and "Faust." The critics found his voice to be good rather than great. In fact, Saléza, who was by no means so magniloquently heralded last winter, made a much more pronounced hit. It is to him rather than to Alvarez that Jean de Reszke must look if he fears for the snatching away of his laurels.

The present year's subscription list is the largest in the history of opera. It would have helped the management out of an embarrassing position if the whole house were disposed of in this way. Calvé was unable to sing at a certain performance, the box office refused to return the money because the advertised opera was given, and there was bitter denunciation from the disappointed.

On his side, Mr. Grau claimed if the precedent were once established there is no saying with what artist it could be made to stop. Nevertheless, in view of the splendid support given to his enterprise by the New York public, he and Frank Sanger, manager of the opera house, took the matter into earnest consideration and announced that hereafter, whenever an important change is made in the cast of an opera, patrons may have the option of getting their money back or exchanging their tickets for some other performance.

This is an important victory for opera goers, and one can imagine that hereafter the doctor's certificate of indisposed singers must be copper riveted to serve their purpose.

Henry V. Esmond, author of "My Lady's Lord," is a young Englishman, formerly an actor in the stock company of the St. James Theater. He has written several plays, and it is an indication of the scarcity of the dramatic supply that managers should still pin their faith to him when almost every one of his ventures has resulted in failure. He is clever up to a certain point, but lacks a sense of proportion, and seems unable to sustain a piece up to a high average throughout. "My Lady's Lord," with which the Empire company inaugurated its new season, bewildered the audience instead of pleasing it.

Mr. Esmond set out to travesty the Anthony Hope style of drama, but he does not seem to know where to stop. It may be that if the serious love plot he secured for his background had not been so good, he would have made more of a success. As it was, the constant irruption of incongruous references to taking a cab in a forest, packing a princess' trunk, and puncturing tires in a land where bicycles are unknown—these attempts at satire served to annoy the public rather than amuse them. In short, young Mr. Esmond seems to be engaged in an attempt to play smart without being possessed of the implements necessary to the game.

One of the results of the war in South Africa was to put a period to the run of "The Belle of New York" in London, which was taken off at the close of the year after a record of almost seven hundred consecutive performances. England's troubles in the Transvaal have brought troubles to the managers at home. According to London theatrical journals, not only has the Britisher small heart for amusement just now, but so many men have been drawn away to the army that the women have no one to take them to the play, even did they care to go. It is reported that on one occasion, at what was supposed to be one of the hits of the season, there were

only forty people in the house. Later in the year Mr. Lederer contemplates sending over his new "Casino Girl."

Apropos of "The Belle," we give a portrait of J. E. Sullivan, who, as the *Polite Lunatic*, made a London hit second only to Edna May's own. He is a New Yorker by birth, and before his departure for England had been appearing in "The Girl from Paris." It is noteworthy as showing the difference in taste between New York and London that this lunatic rôle was adjudged absurdly silly here, whereas there it was voted supremely funny. It is but just to Mr. Sullivan to emphasize the fact that he was not in the New York cast.

Another case of divergence of taste was found in "The Christian," to which our English cousins extended a very cool reception. As an offset to these two instances, the two cities seem to have agreed in finding "The Children of the Ghetto" impossible and "Miss Hobbs" thoroughly charming. At this writing, however, it looks as though a fresh split had arisen in the matter of "The Cowboy and the Lady." This, it will be remembered, was the Clyde Fitch play with which Nat Goodwin and Maxine Elliott opened their London engagement last summer. It "fell down" in short order and "An American Citizen" was substituted. Now "The Cowboy" has been produced in New York, with fair indications of having a successful run. Mr. Goodwin, however, has on hand a new play by the indefatigable H. V. Esmond, which, ere it has seen the glow of the footlights, has already borne in succession these three titles: "The Trinity," "Pals," and "When We Were Twenty One."

"Unless there was a personally attractive woman to play the part of *Mrs. Bulmer* the piece would be utterly unconvincing."

This was the comment of a New Yorker after seeing Carton's comedy, "Wheels Within Wheels," as presented at the Madison Square Theater, with Hilda Spong in the leading rôle referred to. Had this same theater goer seen the play in London, it would have had no illusions for him. For while Miss Compton, who was the *Mrs. Bulmer* there, is a fine actress, she has certainly not the natural charms possessed by Miss Spong, who, by the way, is also an Englishwoman.

And just here is where New York theaters have the advantage of many in London, where the sway of the actor manager would seem to have extended itself so as to include author managers trying to keep leading parts in a few hands irrespective of natural adaptability. Miss Compton, in private life, is Mrs. R. C. Carton.

# THE MORAL ADVENTURESS.

BY JAMES L. FORD.

A WOMAN WITH HIGH AMBITIONS FOR A "CAREER," A PASSION FOR A "SWEET HOME LIFE,"  
AND REMARKABLE SKILL IN GETTING SOMETHING FOR NOTHING.

I CALL her the Moral Adventuress for want of a better term, although she is not vicious enough to pass muster as a real adventuress, nor high minded enough to deserve the qualifying adjective. She is not essentially wicked, according to the common acceptation of the word, but in certain respects she is far more dangerous than the woman who smokes cigarettes and locks within her own bosom those twin secrets, the true color of her past and of her hair. She is a true adventuress, however, in that her whole life is a constant attempt to get something for nothing.

The Moral Adventuress usually wishes to "be something," and her efforts along the line of this important and significant verb are invariably seconded by the group of well meaning and credulous persons whom she gathers about herself as a sort of staff. Every one of these believes in her implicitly, and is tireless and noisy in proclaiming this belief from the housetops, in talking to influential men and women about her, and in seeking to interest them in her behalf.

Sometimes the Moral Adventuress wishes to "be something" on the stage. This is an ambition that is certain to bring out the full strength of her support and stir the different members of her staff to words and deeds that literally border on frenzy. I have noticed that when she makes this move she generally contrives to enlist in her service an important coadjutor in the person of some writer whose open mouthed belief in everything that is absurd and impossible has won for him a place as critic on some chronicle of current thought and event. This writer, usually an impressionable young man who takes himself and his critical labors very seriously—and who is therefore an easy prey to the wiles of the flatterer—always believes that the Moral Adventuress has a great future before her; that she is that "coming actress" for whom the American public has been waiting ever since long before the first band of Millerites climbed the hill to behold the coming of the Messiah.

It is true that this belief always rests upon the most slender foundation, for the real Moral Adventuress never possesses a particle of true dramatic fire. If she did, she would not follow her calling of moral adventure,

but would secure an engagement in a good company, draw a good salary, eat late suppers with a relish, compile a scrap book of notices favorable to herself from the pens of critics whose good opinion is worth having, and enjoy to the full the pleasures of an artistic career—perhaps even the crowning one of deriving a steady revenue from the sale of her photographs.

I have known scores of young women of the Moral Adventuress type who hungered after histrionic honors, and I do not think I am doing a single one of them the least injustice when I say that they were all totally unfit to take even the most trivial part in a decent dramatic representation. More than that, each and every one of them endeavored to achieve success in a very difficult calling by methods that were illegitimate and positively contemptible.

There are various ways in which the Moral Adventuress seeks to launch herself upon a histrionic career. She usually begins by giving a reading in the drawingroom of some excellent woman who is in full sympathy with her ambition, and who perhaps thinks that it would be pleasant to have her own face illumined with a little of the glory of the new *Juliet*. This reading is invariably a tremendous success, for I will defy any one, even the silly stage struck girl, to read "Curfew Shall Not Ring Tonight" or "Grandma Danced a Minuet," so badly that a roomful of gawping admirers will not be convinced that they are listening to a second Mrs. Siddons.

The gifted young critic who believes in the Moral Adventuress is one of the guests on the occasion of her parlor debut, and if he were only wise enough to appreciate the difference between reading and mouthing, and courageous enough to try to stop the spread of crime, she might be knocked out in her very first round with dramatic art by a good right hander of ridicule. But as a matter of fact, even in those rare instances when he happens to be competent to judge, he does not dare to look the matter squarely in the face and tell the whole humiliating truth in cold black type about the young woman who is trying to foist herself upon a long suffering public. On the contrary, he either boldly announces the discovery of a new Neilson or else writes



a few commonplaces about the "delightful reception at Mrs. Greengoose's house," and makes a few flattering allusions to the talented young lady whose many charming friends in society "hope"—that is the salve to his conscience—that she will one day make a name for herself in the profession she has chosen.

Having made her début in the Greengoose drawingroom, the Moral Adventure next endeavors to secure a position on the stage. She receives all the aid that her entire staff of followers can give her. The young critical writer is assiduous in her behalf, and does not disdain to call upon theatrical managers of his acquaintance and ask them to place her before the public. The excellent Mrs. Greengoose, and the other excellent women who know absolutely nothing about the stage but believe implicitly in the Moral Adventure, rush breathlessly to and fro, championing her cause with fervor.

The Moral Adventure herself is "studying," diligently and earnestly, while awaiting the engagement that is to show New York what acting really is. I have often wondered what the word "study" means when used in connection with young women of the type I am trying to describe. I know of one Moral Adventure who has been "studying" for the past ten years, during which time she has had at least seven unimportant engagements; but the faith of her friends is as strong as it was a decade ago. Certainly I never heard of one of these women who studied so hard that she could not accept every invitation that came her way, so it may be that the curriculum of the stage struck maiden includes bonnets, gowns, tea, terrapin, and contemporaneous men and manners.

At this stage of her career the Moral Adventure is willing to play any part as far down in the scale as *Juliet*, and only wishes a chance to make a beginning. She would like a place at the head of some stock company in New York, but realizes that that is out of the question during the present season at least, as every manager has his favorite leading lady whose interest he is seeking to advance. She has written to two or three of these managers offering to star under their management, but has received no replies, probably because of the sinister influence exerted by these leading ladies. The season moves along, and although the coalition of managers and leading ladies is strong enough to prevent her from obtaining the engagement that she covets, nevertheless she has the satisfaction of feeling that she is now a figure of growing importance in the various social and so called artistic gatherings where she carries on her course of study. In these assemblies she is pointed out as the very interesting young girl who reads so beautifully—"I do hope some-

body will ask her to recite before she goes"—and is actually going on the stage to be an actress.

Thus her following among the credulous and those who love to be on speaking terms with fame and success, or at least within hailing distance of them, grows day by day, while laudatory paragraphs glisten from time to time in those misleading columns of print that purport to chronicle the happenings of society and the stage.

At last, through the personal influence of the young writer of critical reviews, the Moral Adventure secures the long looked for opportunity. It is not precisely the one she had hoped for, for the part is but a small one, but it is with a company which is to open in New York, and at last her native gifts, ripened by her arduous course of study, are to find expression in the portrayal of one of the minor rôles in a new comedy.

As the time draws near for this important moment, the tea tables of the town literally throb with excitement, and the leaders of the clique bestir themselves with renewed vigor in well meant efforts to make the professional début of the Moral Adventure an occasion of far reaching importance. It is at about this stage of the game that the benevolent middle aged woman of ample girth comes wheezing to the desk of the dramatic critic whose office boy does not know his business, and recites the following monologue:

"I suppose you make it a practice to speak well of the deserving in your column? Yes? Well, then, I want to have you write a pleasant little paragraph about a noble young girl who is making such a brave struggle for a place in the world. She's going to make her first appearance in New York next Monday night, and I think people are going to be astonished when they see what wonderful talents she possesses. Perhaps some day I will give you the material for an article showing how the managers of this town are banded together to crush out a young woman who wants to live a sweet home life and is such a genius that not one of them dare give her a part. Why, sir, this little girl went to four different managers in this city and offered herself as a leading lady, and not one of them would even listen to her. What do you think of that? And it is all because she wants to live a sweet home life and knows a great many very charming people. I am going to give a little tea for her myself tomorrow afternoon, and I should be so pleased to have you come and meet her. I think it is time that some encouragement was given to noble young American girls instead of giving all the praise to these dreadful foreigners like that Sarah Bernhardt and Heaven knows who else beside!"

If the dramatic editor knows his business

one quarter as well as his office boy—who does not know his at all—he will keep away from that tea. Probably experience has already taught him that if he be rash enough to write or even speak a complimentary word in regard to the débutante, he will be looked upon as having committed himself irrevocably to her support; therefore, if he be wise, he will get rid of the woman with the monologue as pleasantly and easily as possible, and if he be true to his calling, and sincere in his desire to help a young girl who is so bent upon living a sweet home life that she must join a profession that is followed exclusively by nonads, he will study her performance carefully and then tell the truth about her with brutal frankness. Of course, the members of the clique will not hesitate to declare that he was bribed by some jealous star or manager to crush the budding genius, but he may console himself by cherishing in his own heart the knowledge that he has done an honorable and commendable thing in trying to keep at least one hopeless amateur off the stage.

At this point the reader may inquire why I assume that the Moral Adventuress is a hopeless amateur. I answer that no true artist would seek success on the stage by such illegitimate means as she employs, and that the mere fact that she believes that dramatic success means newspaper puffery, nothing more and nothing less, is proof positive that she is not only trying to enter the profession by the wrong door, but is also bending her steps toward a sham, not a real, goal.

Of all the silly illusions that are cherished by persons like the Moral Adventuress and those who compose her clientele, none is more ridiculous, and consequently more certain to take root in feeble brains, than the unreasoning belief that to have a newspaper or newspapers declare one an artist is the same as being an artist; and there is not a Moral Adventuress in the land that cannot be detected by this flaw in her intelligence.

On the night of her début her friends are certain to crowd the theater and testify their admiration by loud applause whenever she reads a line. In fact, her presence in the cast, although disturbing perhaps from an artistic point of view, has a distinct pecuniary value, which is precisely the reason why the manager engaged her. She will remain with the company till it leaves New York, and then perhaps drop quietly out and return to the city to resume her course of "study" and to sponge on her friends—for the Moral Adventuress, as a rule, will absorb everything, from tearful sympathy to a sealskin sack, as her rightful due.

Moreover, the Moral Adventuress has a distinct distaste for the hard, dull work which every true artist must face bravely and without complaint. Her health, never

strong enough to permit her to do anything she did not wish to do, will not permit her to undergo the rigors of hard work and travel in inclement weather. Besides, it is almost impossible to work and sponge at the same time. All successful spongers do nothing else; for sponging, when it becomes a fine art, is, if I may employ the familiar metaphor of the old fashioned romantic novel, a jealous mistress who will brook no rival.

I have known hundreds of chronic spongers of the type that I describe, and I never knew one of them to have any regular employment. Nor will any one of them do anything that does not promise some reward in the way of publicity. The successful feminine sponge first asks for sympathy; having obtained that, there is nothing she will not demand or accept. She will ask the newspaper writer to use his own personal influence and the columns of his employer's paper, to the jeopardy of his own position, to further her interests; and she will accept free board, clothes, and even spending money from those well meaning women who are always ready to take a deep interest in a thoroughly meretricious career.

A Moral Adventuress who plays her cards well may succeed in stretching her dramatic efforts over a considerable space of time, and in securing small engagements now and then, if for no other purpose than to keep alive her friends' interest in her as an actress. She can do all this, without possessing a particle of dramatic talent; and if she have only moderate skill in the art of working on the sympathies of her friends, they will believe in her at the end of ten years of what she calls a "professional career" varied by frequent periods of rest and "study," just as firmly as they did on the night of her début. They will believe that she is "persecuted" by a powerful syndicate composed of rival actresses, soulless managers, and wealthy and aged Lotharios who have pursued her in vain. In short, there is no limit to the credulity of excellent and well meaning women when once they fall into the clutches of a Moral Adventuress who would rather live a sweet home life than work.

Having exhausted the stage as a means of self advertisement, the next step in the career of the Moral Adventuress is the publication of a book, which is invariably one with what is called a "purpose," and which usually takes the form of a leaden footed satire on existing social conditions, or of a glorification in tricky English of something that is false or immoral. The book does not enjoy a large sale, chiefly because of the activity of the band of conspirators already mentioned, and partly because the persons who go to make up the literary and artistic tea table set seldom read books and never buy them. They only talk about them. Everybody

hears of the new work, however, and a few society reporters refer to its author as the "gifted and versatile young actress who has now turned from the stage to literature," and so the new venture may be safely regarded as having achieved its object, which is to rekindle the fires of sympathy.

After the tumult attending the publication

of the book has subsided, we may expect to see its author enter upon the downward grade of her career. She may be fortunate enough to get married, but failing in this, there will be nothing left for her to do except to crochet beautifully and give a series of Ibsen matinées.

And after the Ibsen matinées, silence.

## The Temptation of Ten Per Cent.

BY WALTER L. HAWLEY.

THE LONG SERIES OF FRAUDULENT SCHEMES OFFERING IMPOSSIBLE PROFITS TO THE INVESTOR WHO DESIRES TO GET RICH QUICKLY, AND THE SECRET OF THEIR MARVELOUS SUCCESS.

MORTUARY statistics may fluctuate, but the birth rate of fools remains unchanged, and the swindler who offers something for nothing today will find plenty of victims eager to chase golden rainbows if the percentage of prospective profit is large enough. The police record of the operations of certain financial syndicates that flourished recently in New York City shows that the work of separating inexperienced and credulous persons from their money has been reduced to an exact science, in which skilfully adjusted percentage has superseded the crude methods of the confidence man and the pick-pocket.

To sell a man a gold brick, a worthless check, or a package of green paper may still be possible in isolated cases, but such frauds are too slow and uncertain to engage the attention of shrewd men who would get rich quickly. Men who speculate nowadays upon human avarice and credulity expect prompt returns. To get money they have only to ask for it and offer ten per cent a week in interest, making the offer in heavy black type marked "confidential." Students of human nature cannot explain it, but there is some secret, mysterious, and seductive influence about a letter from a stranger that is marked "confidential," if the subject matter is an appeal to the honor or the avarice of the recipient. An offer of ten per cent a week in interest upon an investment of any sum from a dollar upward is far more alluring to a man who believes himself honest than a proposition to sell counterfeit money that cannot be detected. Thousands of men who would indignantly spurn the latter will hesitate, investigate, and invest in the former.

The popular impression that large fortunes are made quickly by speculation on the New York Stock Exchange has made it possible for clever swindlers to collect money from a confiding public at a rate that makes the South Sea Bubble, the Freedman's Bank, and

other ancient frauds sink into comparative insignificance. Timid and hesitating indeed is the speculator who, offering a return of ten per cent a week upon all money intrusted to him for investment, fails to collect a million dollars within a year. Those who swindle on a large scale have less to fear from the law than a petty thief. Public opinion is tolerant of a Napoleon of fraud, especially when his victims are not entirely innocent, but risked their money knowingly for a chance at impossible returns. No really successful swindler by the game of percentage has yet been convicted in the courts, and there are learned lawyers who say that a conviction in such cases may be impossible. Courts and juries, apparently, have little sympathy for the willing victims of a fraud perpetrated as a game of chance.

The modern financial syndicates offering impossible profits upon investments are the natural outgrowth of a petty form of speculative swindle known as "bucket shops." The owners of bucket shops made money slowly because they did not guarantee any return upon capital invested with them, and promised no fixed rate of interest. This form of swindle, it may be explained, is very crude and old fashioned. A "bucket shop" is an alleged broker's office for trading in stocks where fictitious quotations are posted, though securities are never actually bought or sold. The customer is not, as a rule, permitted to buy or sell on margin a particular stock according to his own judgment. He must invest his money blindly, trusting everything to the judgment of the broker. That form of trading makes it easy for the owner of the shop to furnish each customer an account of the loss of his money in trades that were never made. The cash invested by customers represents the income of the broker, less his operating expenses. Some small fortunes have been made in this way by brokers who encouraged good customers with an occasional

remittance, but in competition with a financial syndicate paying ten per cent a week the bucket shop soon became a trick known to gamblers as a "dead card," which means a game that doesn't pay.

The "financial syndicates," so called, that were so notorious and successful for the promoters, were operated on the simple plan of paying interest out of the principal invested as long as the latter continued to increase at a satisfactory rate. Some capital was required to begin business, because it was necessary not only to advertise extensively, but to establish a reputation for the prompt payment of obligations. With a name selected probably with a view to euphony and respectability, the swindlers began business in a modest way, usually by advertising in the newspapers that they had special facilities for obtaining advance information of financial movements in Wall Street. Merely as evidence that they are in earnest and possess extraordinary facilities for making money for their customers, to quote the substance of their announcements, these men undertook to guarantee the payment of a fixed rate of interest or dividends each week or month upon all money invested with them.

The bait was alluring, and the public began to nibble. Ten per cent a week! What golden vistas lay beyond the rainbow hues of such a promise! Every man with an income of less than ten thousand dollars a year is looking for a chance to make a fortune quickly.

Three classes of people, three grades of greed, were represented among the early customers of the syndicates. First came the poor, shiftless, dreaming fools who had a few dollars they could spare from the struggle with necessity, and were willing to take any desperate chance to double or treble the sum. They were the credulous ones, ready to believe anything that promised to make their toil inspired dreams a golden reality.

Next came the crafty ones in whom the gambling instinct was arrested just short of maturity. They suspected fraud, and perhaps many of them had suffered in other ventures, but they calculated chances as the ruined gamester works out a system at roulette or faro. They were wise enough to know that such a game, to succeed, must pay some customers at the outset, and they took their chances of being among the lucky ones. They walked into the web of the syndicate with open eyes, trusting that the supply of greater fools would be sufficient to enable them to get out with a profit before the collapse.

These two classes drew the dividends of the early days, they dangled on the golden hook, bait for the ignorant, the covetous, and the hesitating, who, tempted by the magic of

ten per cent actually paid to the lucky ones, waited, yielded, and lost.

Among men who are willing to take the risk of getting rich quickly by fraud, there is a universal belief that any swindle will succeed if it is properly advertised, and that if the scheme presented is one promising extravagant returns to the investor it will catch more victims than a plausible and possible plan of speculation. The danger of arrest before a fortune is realized by the operators has been reduced to a minimum by clever devices to avoid open violation of the letter of the State laws, and the chief risk of the promoters of such syndicates is a fraud order from the Post Office Department that will stop the delivery of their mail. It is estimated by the postal authorities that the government saves the credulous people of this country fully a hundred million dollars annually that they would lose by investment in clever swindling schemes, but for the care exercised by postmasters and inspectors in the delivery of letters and the payment of money orders.

As a rule, the swindlers who conduct "bucket shops" and financial syndicates in New York seek their customers in the country. They advertise in the newspapers of small towns and villages throughout the country, and most of their business is done by mail. They hire an inexpensive room in the financial district; and once the business is properly advertised with alluring promises of enormous profits to be made, the money pours in to them in a steady stream. For a period of one to six months, according to the announced plan of operation, the swindlers are comparatively safe from investigation by inquisitive customers, and they are usually able to secure a small fortune before the post office authorities step in and break up their business.

These operators are well aware that men who have been swindled do not, as a rule, care to let the fact be known to their friends. When they start in business, they keep an accurate account of all money received and paid out, as well as the name and address of every customer. The first investors are sure of some return for their money. The best advertisement of the business is to pay large dividends promptly to at least one customer in every small town or village. News of the successful venture will then spread rapidly, and victims will multiply in all directions. As soon as the swindle has gone far enough to insure a large profit for the promoters, all pretense of keeping accounts is usually abandoned. From that time until the place is closed by the authorities, or the swindlers flee from a false alarm, all money received is turned into the general fund, letters are destroyed, and no more dividends are paid.



The men who operated a financial syndicate known as the E. S. Dean Company were the first in New York to introduce new and bold methods into the business of speculative swindling. The small returns from ignorant country people who had very few dollars to invest were entirely too slow for this concern. They began business in a small way—with a "bucket shop," in fact—but as soon as they took in enough money they hired an entire floor in a large building on lower Broadway, and advertised extensively in the newspapers, announcing a system of speculation that could not lose. The men in the E. S. Dean Company were really pioneers in a new and golden field for clever swindlers. The very audacity of their methods for a time inspired the public with some degree of confidence in their promises, and delayed investigation that would disclose the fraudulent nature of the concern. They made some trades on the Stock Exchange through authorized brokers, paid large dividends and extravagant interest to many customers, sent out market letters and regular quotations, and fooled the public so successfully that their receipts for a brief period before the end were more than a hundred thousand dollars a day. The concern operated on a large scale less than one year, and its expenses were very heavy, yet reliable estimates agree that the members of the firm realized nearly three millions in cash. These men were arrested and their business was broken up, but none of them has been convicted of any crime in connection with their bold and gigantic swindle.

The disclosures that followed the collapse of the company revealed the fact that among the customers and victims of the firm were ministers, school teachers, merchants, and many other persons of sufficient intelligence to have known better. Other victims included widows and workingmen and women who lost every dollar of their small savings. In every case the offer of ten per cent a month or week had proved too alluring to be resisted.

The methods of the Dean company served as a model for the Franklin Syndicate, which operated recently in an out of the way street in the borough of Brooklyn. The manager of this enterprise was a young man who had lived all his life in the neighborhood where he operated the swindle, and he began business with the prestige of a local acquaintance and a fair reputation for honesty. Like the Dean people, W. F. Miller, of the Franklin Syndicate, began operations on a small scale, but he improved upon the methods of his predecessors to the extent of offering to all customers a sure investment and a fixed return. He undertook to pay ten per cent a week interest to every person who invested money in his syndicate, and up to the time when publicity and threatened prosecution caused him to

flee, he kept his word so far as the police could trace his operations. The fact was established that many persons did make money out of the Franklin Syndicate. Some were found who had received in interest or dividends more than the original amount of their investment, and a few of his neighbors were permitted to withdraw their capital after they had received ten per cent a week in interest for many weeks.

Unlike the Dean swindlers, Miller did not risk any part of his receipts in speculation in Wall Street. He followed the simple rule of paying ten per cent interest a week out of the capital placed in his hands by credulous customers, and such payments were charged on his cash book to the account of expenses. In his accounts, everything received was income; the ten per cent weekly payments represented his chief item of expense. The fame of his system spread rapidly, once the business was established, because few men could keep the secret of such a profitable investment. Miller's business grew so fast that he might have gone on for months paying his fixed rate of weekly interest to every customer, all the time keeping millions ahead of the game. It was all a matter of finding plenty of new victims. So long as investors received their ten per cent per week, few of them demanded the return of their capital. Too much publicity, however, exposed the fraud, and Miller fled while money was still pouring into his office at the rate of thirty thousand dollars a day. He is credited with making a profit of five millions in less than one year. The remarkable feature of his swindle was that most of his customers were residents of his own city, and the personal deposits aggregated three times as much money as he received through the mails.

The bookkeeping of the Franklin Syndicate was a model of simplicity. One of the balance sheets found in the office contained this entry:

From Oct. 14 to Nov. 16:	
Took in.....	\$620,545
Paid out.....	215,659
Balance.....	\$404,886

The entries in his cash book for three days in November were as follows:

Nov. 8—Received by mail...	\$ 6,435
" Received in cash...	17,484
" Expenses.....	9,206
Nov. 9—Received by mail...	9,343
" Received in cash...	34,260
" Expenses.....	9,612
Nov. 10—Received by mail...	17,994
" Received in cash...	61,000
" Expenses.....	4,912

Miller's books showed that he took in, from October 27 to November 24, in cash deposits,

\$748,000. Through the mails in that period he got \$183,000, or a total, for twenty three business days, of \$931,000. His expenses, computed from the record of the books for nine days, must have been about \$138,000, which would leave a profit to the "syndicate" of about \$793,000.

While Miller's flight was accepted as a confession of the fraudulent character of his business, it is contended by many lawyers that he could not be convicted of any specific crime. He promised to pay ten per cent on money deposited with him, and did so until the police closed his office. That amount of interest is above the legal rate, and the law does not permit the recovery of usury; therefore no customer of the syndicate was entitled to recover the amount of interest promised, even if Miller had failed or refused to pay it. The police found that many of the customers put in money with full knowledge that the scheme was a fraud and could not long endure, but they went into it willing to take their chances of getting out with a profit before the collapse. Miller made no special appeal to the avarice of the poor and ignorant. He merely invited everybody to deposit money with him and receive ten per cent a week interest. The temptation was strong enough to gather in a rich harvest of honest (?) persons willing to accept something for nothing.

Speculation in Wall Street, with big profits and quick returns guaranteed, is not the only bait thrown to a credulous public by other bold swindlers who operate in New York. One man recently obtained nearly five hundred thousand dollars in less than a year by means of a scheme so cleverly hedged about by apparent legality and honesty that some of his victims tried in vain to secure his arrest. His business was investigated by the post office authorities and the police, and while the officers were convinced that he was operating a swindle, they could not make out a case against him.

This scheme was one that required a capital of several thousand dollars with which to begin business. The man who invented it worked alone. He opened accounts in several large banks, depositing from one to five thousand dollars in each. Then he advertised in newspapers all over the country an offer to loan money at eight per cent interest on the unsecured note of any man of good character who was in business or regular employment. The offer brought a flood of requests for particulars. To each prospective victim the swindler sent a printed form of application for a loan upon which the applicant was to write his name, age, residence, habits, employment, salary, and other businesslike particulars, and to give the names of three persons as references to prove the accuracy of his own statements. In this printed form there

was also a clause to the effect that the applicant for a loan agreed to pay in advance a fee to cover the cost of investigating his character and business prospects through the references furnished. A schedule of the fees charged was attached and they ranged from a dollar to five hundred dollars according to the amount of the loan applied for. The applicant was required to sign this form and send it in, together with the amount of the fee in cash.

So far there was not a suggestion of anything unbusinesslike in the transaction, and at the outset a few small loans were made and some correspondence had with the references of other applicants. After that every fee received was so much money in the pocket of the swindler, less the expense of a letter to inform the victim that upon investigation the loan must be refused.

This swindle was a tempting as well as a safe and simple one, because there are plenty of really honest men who would be glad to borrow money at eight per cent upon their unsecured notes. Thousands of those who sent money to the swindler probably never realized that they had been defrauded, because the whole transaction appeared so businesslike. One of the applicants for a large loan was a German saloonkeeper in a small town near New York. He paid a fee of fifty dollars and gave as reference a rival saloonkeeper in the same town. When he received notice that his application had been rejected, he at once suspected that his rival was in some way responsible, and proceeded to give the man a good drubbing before the latter got a chance to explain that he did not know what it was all about. Several victims came to the city and attempted to recover their money, but they were not successful. The swindler was able to show that he had plenty of capital, that he had made loans on the terms he advertised, and that the victims had paid the fees demanded without any guarantee on his part that he would make a loan to them. For several months money came to him in a steadily increasing stream, but finally complaints became so numerous, and the authorities so inquisitive, that the swindler lost his nerve and went abroad to spend his ill gotten gains.

Thousands of persons throughout the country remember, possibly with as much amusement as regret, the time when they paid a dollar to a New York swindler for a one or two cent postage stamp. This man assumed the rôle of an art dealer for the purpose of his swindle, and advertised extensively an announcement that he had purchased a large stock of very fine steel engravings of famous American statesmen. These steel engravings were offered to the public for the small sum of one dollar each. According to

an estimate of the postal authorities nearly half a million persons swallowed the bait in a period of three months, and in return for their dollars they received a postage stamp on the face of which was a steel engraving of the head of Franklin or of Washington. A fraud order from the Post Office Department put an end to the swindle, but the man who invented it was never punished.

Another simple but very successful swindle recently suppressed by the post office was an offer to send by mail, postpaid, "a beautiful open face lady's or gentleman's watch for one dollar." The watch sent was one sold for five cents in every toy store. But these are the tricks of the small fry of the profession.

Scores of bold and expert swindlers constantly infest Wall Street and the great financial district of New York. They have enough energy and originality to succeed in legitimate business, but they prefer the short and dangerous roads to wealth, and the country seems to be fairly well filled with men and women willing to help them along

if the percentage offered be high enough. One of these sharpers was once asked why he did not give up a business in which he must always face a prison. His reply was: "A sucker is born every minute, and somebody must fish for them. It is good for a man to be swindled occasionally, and I am merely selling instructive experience to those who require it."

Every business or financial proposition where profits impossible in legitimate trade are offered may be classed as a swindle without investigation; but the record of the E. S. Dean Company and the Franklin Syndicate shows that the boldest schemes of fraud are the most successful. It is difficult to realize that one man, or three men working together, can acquire in a few months, by palpable and brazen fraud, such enormous sums as three million dollars and five million dollars. Yet it has been accomplished by men who had little or no previous experience in business affairs. They bid ten per cent a week for fools with money, and cornered the market.

## LITERARY CHAT

HIS LATEST BOOK.

*A Drama from Real Life—in One Act.*

**Dramatis Personæ:** Jack Stretcham, popular author; about thirty, Vandyke beard, wears velvet smoking jacket, etc., after time honored custom of would be Bohemians.

Griggsby Grindemout, his publisher; fat and fifty; heavy gold watch chain most prominent article of his attire.

Messenger boy; looks like all messenger boys.

Stretcham is discovered lolling in chair with feet on desk.

Room furnished with rather gaudy elegance, pictures of pretty girls prominent. Some one knocks.

STRETCHAM—"Come in." (Enter Grindemout.) "Oh, hello, Grindemout! Take a chair." (Griggsby sits down.)

GRINDEMOUT—"I've come up to talk business, Stretcham. It's nearly a month since I published that last book of yours, and the dear people are simply yelling for more. Got anything?"

S.—"Not a line. Fact is, old fellow, I've run dry for the time being. I can't give you anything inside of six months, any way. I'd like to loaf about two years."

G.—"Oh, nonsense! Now look here, Stretcham, we've just got to have something. Haven't you got some scraps lying around? Something maybe the magazines wouldn't take and you thought wasn't any account?

"Most everybody has something of that sort, you know."

S.—"Well, yes, I've got some slop of that kind. But look here, Griggsby, it's too rotten to put into a book. Nobody would dream of buying it."

G.—"Don't you fool yourself, Stretcham. You give me stuff enough for a book, and I'll make it sell all right."

S.—"But I haven't enough for a book."

G.—"Well, trot it out, any way, and let's look at it."

Stretcham opens a drawer in his desk and after a long hunt finds a small package of manuscript.

S.—"Here it is. Here's a poem on 'The Twilight' that the *Eon* rejected. They were unusually candid and said it was rot, and I agree with them. Here's a ballade about Spears' Soap. Here's an ode to a girl I met on the train one day, and here's five or six others. They're all pretty rocky."

G.—"Oh, that don't matter! Let's see 'em." (Takes manuscript.) "H'mmmm. If these are padded out pretty well, they'll make thirty pages, say. You know we'll start 'em in well down on the first page and make 'em break over a few lines on the second. That makes two pages. See? Got anything else?"

S.—"Let's see." (Muses for a few minutes.) "I've got an old primer I wrote some stuff in

when I was a kid. Thought I was in love, you know."

G.—"That's just the thing: 'Verses Written in Youth. Talented Author's First Productions Indicate the Genius of His Later Years. His First Love.' Why, that'll make the book sell by itself! Let's see that primer."

Stretchem ransacks another drawer and finally finds the primer.

S.—"Here it is." (Gives book to G.)

G. (opening book)—"Ah, yes. Here's one of 'em. Let's see" (reads):

"When first I saw your eyes of blue  
I did not sleep that night—  
I lay awake and thought of you  
Till came the morning bright.

Say, that sounds just like Wordsworth. Suppose we say 'Written at the age of ten, under the influence of Wordsworth.' That'll catch the critics. This is a gold mine." (Looks through book.) "Well, I think I can make twenty five pages more out of this. That makes fifty five. Then title page, table of contents, index of first lines at back of book, extra page with tail piece—that makes about sixty four. You can write six or eight lines as a sort of introduction, you know, and then a little skit telling 'how I collected these stray verses into one little sheaf.' That's four more—sixty eight—say seventy. Why, we're nearly done already! A hundred pages will be plenty. Now, what else?"

S.—"Well, let's see. When I came up from the country yesterday I wrote some stuff on the sash of the window in the railway carriage."

G.—"And didn't take a copy of it?"

S.—"No; I didn't think it worth while."

G.—"That was awfully careless. But let's see what we can do. What road was it?"

S.—"The C., A. & C."

G.—"What train?"

S.—"The 10:15."

G.—"Which coach?"

S.—"Next to the last."

G.—"Ah!" (Writes rapidly.) "How's this?" (Reads.) "Clarke, Supt. C., A. & C. Do not wipe off sashes of coach which was next to last on 10:15 train yesterday morning. Most important. Wire where I can find coach. Grindemout." (Rings bell. Messenger boy enters.) "Here, take this message down to the telegraph office and tell them to get it off right away." (Boy takes message and goes out.) "Clarke's a friend of mine, and I know he'll help us out. Well, that's two pages more. What else?"

S.—"I tell you what! I've got a lot of translations of Horace and Ovid and Vergil I made when I was a schoolboy. We might run them in."

G.—"Just the thing! How many have you?"

Stretchem rummages around in his desk

and produces an old copybook. Grindemout takes it and looks over it.

G.—"H'mmmmm. Well, here's enough for twenty pages, any way. Now, just a few more and we're all right."

S.—"I might copy some verses I wrote in a girl's album the other day."

G.—"Of course you might. That's ninety four pages."

S.—"While I was stopping down in the country, I wrote a sonnet on the wall of my room. I remember, though, it had only thirteen lines."

G.—"Oh, that's no matter! You can write some kind of a witty little note about it. Say the printer left it out, and tell the reader to write one in place of it. That'll take. Well, that's ninety six pages." (A knock at the door.) "Come in."

Messenger boy enters with telegram, which he hands to Grindemout and then exit. Grindemout opens telegram and reads.

G.—"Ah! It's from Clarke. 'Grindemout. Have coach in yards here. Sashes have not been washed. Will hold till hear from you. Clarke.' That's all right. I'll send a man down to get those verses tomorrow. Let's see, now; where were we? Oh, yes—ninety six pages. Well, what else?"

S.—"I give it up."

G.—"I'll tell you. Suppose we classify them? Give the title on one page and leave the other page blank. Then I can work in a few more blank pages, and you might write a few notes about the poems. We'll put them at the back of the book. Notes always give a book a profound air and a look of careful preparation. So that's all fixed. Now, you write your notes and that little skit, and I'll send up after 'em in the morning. Didn't know how easy it is to get up a book, did you? And just wait till you see how it sells. Well, good by. I'll have the proofs ready for you in a few days."

Exit Grindemout. Stretchem seems to be troubled with some qualms of conscience, but gradually a satisfied smile steals over his face.

(Curtain.)

And so the book, "A Garland of Verses," was issued. It contained 116 pages, was handsomely bound, and dainty in printing. It is already in its fifth edition.

#### FICTION THAT DEALS WITH AMERICAN HISTORY.

The final years of the century that is almost closing have scarcely been brilliant ones so far as our natural literature is concerned. Some popular writers have been fortunate enough to attract attention, but not many of these are likely to take permanent place in American letters. In fact, the demand for fresh reading matter has been so



much greater than the domestic supply that we have become large consumers of foreign and especially of English fiction.

During the last twelve months, it is true, the tide has to a certain extent set in the opposite direction. The century would have "flatted" pitifully at its close had it not been for the unlooked for appearance of three or four of what are known in the parlance of the book trade as "first class sellers"; and it is in these "sellers" that the literary soothsayer sees golden promise for the century that is dawning now. The race of American humorists that began with "John Phoenix," and was thought to have perished with Bill Nye, has been reincarnated in the person of "Mr. Dooley," who is a "seller" to the extent of thousands of copies, not only here but also in every English speaking country, while at the same time "David Harum" has arisen as the lineal successor of Judge Haliburton's "Sam Slick." As a "seller"—and which one of us is there who would not be proud to wear this glorious commercial crown—"David Harum" far outstrips "Mr. Dooley," and is still pursuing his career of prosperity with unabated zeal.

The success of these two books is not without its significance at the present moment, showing as it does that native shrewdness, put in characteristically droll form, and native humor—for *Dooley* is a genuine American creation—have not yet lost their power to charm. More important, however, is the notable degree of interest which has been awakened by "Janice Meredith" and "Richard Carvel." Both are historical novels, and it may be that Mr. Ford and Mr. Churchill have struck a vein which scores of other authors will be able to work with profit during the early decades of the coming century. Both these novels deal with the Revolutionary period. There are other periods, however, as yet untouched by the literary toiler, which promise to yield no less freely; and it is said that Mr. Churchill already has in hand two more novels, both treating of the descendants of *Carvel*, one of whom figures in the Civil War, while another, the son of the last named, draws his sword in the Cuban campaign.

The sales of these four books, which exceed anything ever known in the American market, augur well for the immediate future, although they have served to throw into the shade the works of other writers who have enjoyed what was hitherto considered a great vogue. The history of our country can boast of a great many very interesting periods, so the vein that has just been opened may prove to possess golden possibilities.

#### A RECENT HISTORICAL FIELD.

There is one lead in this historical mine that is forcibly suggested by a recent book

entitled "Thirty Years in New York Politics." The writer, Matthew P. Breen, who is a lawyer and politician as well as an author, has treated his subject not as fiction, but as a narrative of facts that are stranger than fiction.

The three decades that Mr. Breen covers extend from the moment when the Tweed Ring was at the very height of its power down to the year 1899 and the present reign of Richard Croker. The earlier part of this time—the period that began at the close of the Civil War and continued until after the Tweed gang had been swept from power, was a remarkable one in the history of New York. The counterpart of the political ring which robbed the city treasury of millions of dollars by the most barefaced methods cannot be found in the annals of any other municipality of modern times. The present generation has but a vague knowledge of Tweed, Sweeney, Connolly, Fisk, Harry Genet, and the times in which they flourished. It has absolutely no idea of the enormous power wielded by those men; of the deference that was paid to them not only by the populace, but also by men who should have been ashamed to bend the knee to them; of the gorgeousness and extravagance of the Americus Club, where Tweed and his henchmen were wont to recreate themselves and concoct new schemes for plundering the city; and of the idolatrous worship that was accorded to the bizarre financier, Jim Fisk, by fully three quarters of New York's population.

Mr. Breen has touched upon these and other matters in his extremely interesting book. So has Mr. Bryce in his "American Commonwealths"; but what these men have said only serves to whet the reader's appetite for more. The subject offers a great deal to the novelist; for fiction that is founded on fact, and that deals with actual personages, has always seemed to possess a strong charm for Americans, who like to acquire knowledge, but wish to take it in a pleasant, sugar coated form. Moreover, we are just near enough to that period to find it particularly interesting.

#### HUMOR IS A FAIRY GIFT.

Humorists are like poets in that they are born and not made. This being an unalterable fact, how much misery would the world be spared if the young man contemplating humorous writing as a profession would go to a phrenologist and find out whether he is a born humorist. If the phrenologist gave him a clean bill of health, then he could go forth seeking vehicles for the display of his humor; and the search would be easy, for it is an attribute of true humor that like frozen and sunlit rain it transmutes the commonest objects that it touches. To the true humorist even such dull subjects as spring house clean-

ing, mothers in law, and bibulous clubmen may be made provocative of mirth, but the real humorist will pass them by in disdain, and, selecting some unpromising subject for the display of his powers, will by the mixing of natural touches in equal parts with his humor set the whole world in a roar.

No man can learn to be funny. He may learn how to elicit laughter from the injudicious, but it will be as the crackling of thorns under a pot.

"Dooley" Dunne didn't learn how to be funny. James L. Ford went to no night school of humor. Oliver Herford served no wearisome apprenticeship to a humor monger. Mark Twain was self taught. When their first swaddling clothes were wrapped about these men, the divine spark of humor was in their make up. It was as sure as preaching that if they lived to talk they would live to cause laughter. They might never have written a word, but although in that case their audience would have been more circumscribed, the laughter would have been as contagious. For nearly every humorous writer has a spring of humor bubbling within him that does not need to gush out in ink, but wells up in conversation. The funny writer who is not funny personally is as rare as the truly funny man.

But alas, the pages of our dailies and the ends of our magazines teem with the work of men who have not been to the phrenologist, and "funnymen" (opprobrious epithet!) will go on making fun in the face of the fact that manufactured fun is no fun at all.

#### "FABLES IN SLANG."

George T. Lanigan, regarded by some critics as the very best of American humorists, was the first of his race to make successful use of the *Æsopian* form of anecdote. His "Out of the World Fables," reprinted from the columns of the *New York World* about twenty five years ago, enjoyed a wide circulation in their time, and were recently published in England by some pirate with sufficient sense of humor to recognize their value. Since Lanigan's day nearly every professional humorist in the land has attempted a modern version of *Æsop*; but with results that were generally dreary until Mr. George Ade of Chicago produced his "Fables in Slang," a book which is likely to enjoy very great and very well deserved popularity.

Mr. Ade was known previously as the author of "Artie," an extremely clever and amusing sketch of a slangy young Chicago clerk. Indeed, the slang used by Artie was not the least entertaining feature of the book, and it undoubtedly gave its author the idea for a series of stories which should be told entirely in the very latest phrases of the

town. By adopting the *Æsopian* form, with its frequent use of capital letters—thus contrasting the very old with the very new—he invested his matter with an element in humor so novel that it is sure to have many clumsy imitators.

The chief merit of the "Fables in Slang" does not lie in their form, but in the matter which they contain. Mr. Ade is as genuine a humorist as the country can boast of, and thoroughly understands the fundamental law that nothing is really funny which is not founded on the truth. His manner of telling his little stories is amusing enough to provoke the reader to almost constant laughter, and a great many unthinking persons doubtless think that the humorist who can accomplish this result has reached the limit of his art. But true humor is something more than the mere juggling of words, and long after Mr. Ade's book has been laid aside we find ourselves thinking of the amazing amount of truth that lies hidden in it.

In "The Fable of the New York Person who Gave the Stage Fright to Fostoria, Ohio," we have the story of a young man whom we all know. He hails from the metropolis, and, as Mr. Ade truthfully observes in the moral of his fable, he "never begins to Cut Ice until he is west of Rahway." This young man paid a visit to a cousin in Fostoria, demanded artichokes for dinner, and wanted to know if there was a manicure parlor in the "beastly hole." He attended the annual dinner of the bicycle club, and left early because the man next him put ice in his claret. When the manager of the local hub and spoke factory invited him to drink, he remarked that the wine was hardly as dry as he usually got it at Martin's. At this, according to Mr. Ade, "the club members looked at him and said nothing; they thought he meant Bradley Martin's."

In short, as Mr. Ade would express it, the young New Yorker threw a great bluff during his stay in Fostoria; but when the Ohio cousin visited the metropolis a few weeks later, and sought out his urban relative, he found him living in a very queer boarding house, and "that Evening they went to Proctor's and stood during the Performance."

In the sketch of the "Specialty Team" we find a wonderfully graphic picture of two variety actors who played the same thing for seventeen years with only two changes in all that time; one in their seventh year, when one of them changed his whiskers from green to blue, and another in their fourteenth year, when they bought a new "slap stick" and put a card in the *Clipper*, warning the public to beware of imitators. These artists could not understand why the public "stood for Mansfield" when it could get them; and once, when the manager of a variety show

shut them off from public view at the very beginning of their sketch, they accounted for his act on the ground that he was "Mansfield's Friend, and Mansfield was out with his Hammer."

Mr. Ade's work rings true in every line, and is worthy of serious study for its portrayals of certain forms of contemporaneous life, for its genuine humor, and also for its slang. This last is the very newest known to our language, and not that which Thackeray heard when he went down the Bowery—which is still doing service in the work of some of our writers of today.

#### ON GOOD DIALECT AND DEFECTIVE EARS.

There are some who say that all written dialect is bad dialect, that no man ever spoke as the types make him speak in a dialect story, and they don't even except the dialect of Thomas Nelson Page. Now, this simply shows that their own ears are defective. A man with a good ear can often tell whether a written dialect is accurate or not by the way in which it is spelled—the orthography is or is not convincing. Thus John Luther Long's Japanese broken English pretty well assures us by its spelling that it must be the real thing, just as his Pennsylvania Dutch has the true ring. The easy handler of dialect has a good ear; and he knows how to spell phonetically. The spelling reform advocates should go to Long or to Page or to Hopkinson Smith and learn how to spell phonetically—for most of the reformers seem to have defective ears.

The skilful dialect writer knows that he must not spell a word a new way if the old spelling gives the sound accurately, nor must he cut off silent letters in the vain hope that he is thus imparting a different flavor to the word. He must not be led by the eye but by the ear.

The other day the writer saw "country" spelled "caountry" in a dialect story. Now, that was ridiculous, and the carper at all dialect might well say that no one ever spoke like that. The writer of the story had seen "county" spelled "caounty," and he argued that the addition of an *r* in the final syllable need not affect the spelling of the first syllable. But though the man who says "caounty" might say "kentry," he would never say "caountry," as Oliver Wendell Holmes showed us in "The One Hoss Shay," which is a fine specimen of good dialect.

A well known writer dropped the *k* in knowledge, thinking thereby to affect the pronunciation, but he merely made his dialect harder to read—and most people think any dialect hard enough in all conscience.

A writer in the New York *Sun* the other day said that he did not believe the allegation of another writer to the effect that New

Yorkers say "boïd" for bird, "woïld" for world, and so on, and that if they do his ears are at fault. On his way to the aurist's let him stop at the Brooklyn Bridge and listen to the newsboys, and he may find his ear is all right after all, for there you hear "woïld" rolled out with great distinctness.

So, too, not long ago, a man rose up and said that no street boy ever talked the jargon that Townsend put into the mouth of *Chimmie Fadden*. Perhaps no one street boy ever did—*Chimmie* is a type—but Townsend has a fine ear, and the man who made that statement has not, and that explains the whole matter.

The author who goes to the trouble to write dialect generally has an especial aptitude for it, and can speak it as well as he writes it. Hopkinson Smith and James Whitecomb Riley are born impersonators, and the dialects they serve us in the printed page are not dead languages or made up languages, but the breathing spirit of the speech of various localities.

#### UNAUTHORIZED BIOGRAPHIES.

The American reporter, a being much anathematized by foreign geniuses sojourning "in our mist," as *Mr. Dooley's* friend *Hogan* says, could sometimes take lessons in the gentle art of disregarding the personal wishes of his victims, from certain more pretentious literary workers.

Every one knows how odious the reporter is to visiting celebrities. His questions are impertinent, his attentions are constant and uninvited. He advertises them, to be sure—but no visiting celebrity ever wanted advertising. "They respect nothing," cry the celebrities, "these reporters! They do not regard even the sacred rights of privacy."

Every now and then there happens among those who have not the excuse of long familiarity with American journalism, an incident which the much reviled reporter would blush to acknowledge as his work. He could not show greater calm and pertinacity in disregarding the wishes of the Great Living than some others do in disregarding what seems to primitive minds even more sacred—the wishes of the Great Dead.

Thackeray said with a distinctness which left no doubt of his meaning in the minds of his children that he wished no biography of him written. "Let there be none of this when I go," he said to his daughter after reading a just published "life." His children respected his wish. Mrs. Ritchie, his daughter, and Leslie Stephen, his son in law, both of them engaged in literature, have refrained from attempting a biography of him.

Mr. Lewis Melville, however, has not been deterred either by Thackeray's prohibition or by the unwillingness of Thackeray's family to aid him, from writing a life of the great

novelist. He assures us, with a juggling with words which is not as admirable as it is skilful, that Thackeray merely meant by "none of this," "none of this sort of biography." But a real, honest biography such as Mr. Lewis Melville would write, Mr. Lewis Melville thinks Thackeray would have liked.

At the same time Miss E. Blantyre Simpson further disgusts us with biographies by publishing an ornate and affectingly intimate account of Robert Louis Stevenson. It appears that Miss Simpson's brother once went canoeing with Stevenson; hence the volume "Robert Louis Stevenson's Edinburgh Days," by the thrifty young woman.

Surely the American reporter could not be much worse than these ruthless pickers up of little facts about the great dead, and the vision of the author of "The Literary Shop"—the time when there should be published "Recollections of R. B. Hayes, by His Ox and His Ass"—is almost fulfilled.

#### THE LONDON THIEF CLEVERLY SKETCHED.

"Hooligan Nights" is an extremely clever and convincing book of sketches dealing with a young crook, Alf, born in the east end of London, and trained from childhood for the career of thievery which he follows in after life. Alf is supposed to tell all the secrets of his trade in his conversations with the author of the book; and although it may be truthfully said, by way of criticism, that not even under the influence of the opium pipe do crooks—who are by nature the most secretive persons to be found among the free speaking western nations—ever talk about themselves and their methods and their crimes as freely as Alf does, nevertheless the mere fact that that criticism suggests itself is a direct proof of the author's power as a convincing and forcible writer.

It is almost certain that what the author, Mr. Clarence Rook, learned about the life he describes he did not learn from the lips of any one young thief of his acquaintance, but by his own observation. However this may be, he seems to have learned it thoroughly and well. It is no easy matter for a person as far removed from it by birth, education, and feeling as is the author of "Hooligan Nights" to obtain any real knowledge of criminal life. Dickens possessed knowledge of this sort which he had gained during his years of apprenticeship to the trade of letters as a newspaper reporter, and he used it with wonderful force in his portrayals of *Fagin* and *Nancy* and *Bill Sykes*. Other writers in recent years have tried to deal with what is known technically as "low life" without taking the trouble to study it conscientiously, and it is gratifying to know that their efforts have generally been in vain. Mr. Rook, however, has succeeded, for it appears that he

not only knows what he is writing about, but he also has the power to write with good taste and good judgment.

#### GENIUS COMMERCIALIZED.

It is told of one of our great writers that he scribbled off a rhyme for a friend and, in the carelessness of genius, would have sent it. But his wife interposed: "My dear, that sheet of paper will be very valuable some day. Make a copy to send, and we will keep this." And so the impetuous screed was carefully dated and filed in fireproof security; and the wife complacently wondered how genius would have gotten along without her.

Not so well in a financial way, very likely. But there are still other ways. And it is doubtful if even genius can see the price tag attached to ideas and phrases almost before they are uttered, without becoming self-conscious and commercialized. Great work is never born out of complacency and ten cents a word, and when a man begins to realize too keenly the value of his winged words, the wings droop and fall away.

He may still do good work, but it will be as though he were deliberately writing in his own style, instead of spontaneously creating, once he has learned self-consciousness. And he will slip from the way of genius, which is simply doing better than one knows how, to that of talent, which is uninspired skill, fully cognizant of means and ends. The woman who helps to bring a big man down to petty, penny ideas has done him and the world a wrong that can never be made up for. Only, nothing on earth could make her see it.

Alfred Austin, the English poet laureate, has recanted his versified glorification of the Jameson raid. In a letter to Professor Abel, a well known German scholar, he admits that he was "betrayed by misleading statements into a mistaken utterance." Upon the present difficulty between British and Boer he has, up to the time of writing, expressed himself only in the safer medium of prose, apparently fearing to trust himself to the fiery wings of his official Pegasus.

\* \* \* \* \*  
Some of his colleagues, however, have not been so successful in restraining their enthusiasm. Dr. Conan Doyle has not unworthily apostrophized the "old red flag." Mr. Kipling has issued a rather Delphic warning against unauthorized autocrats like him of the Transvaal. Mr. Swinburne has been much more uncomplimentary, describing Mr. Krüger's burghers as "dogs agape with jaws afoam," and requesting General Buller to "scourge them out of life," in an effusion which a less excitable English critic describes as "hysteria."